Dec. 3, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

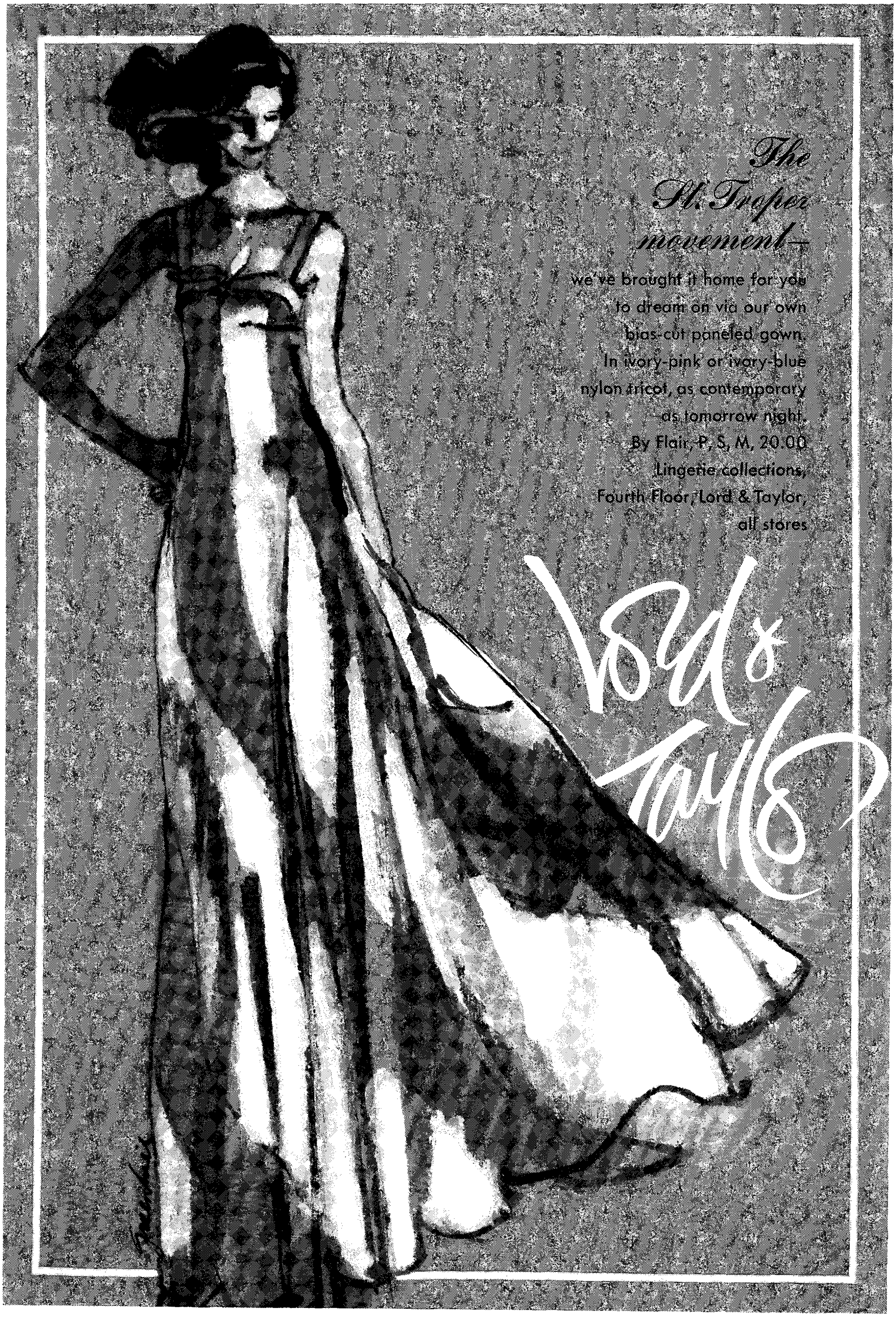
Price 50 cents

NOT CIRCULATING

12
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.

Not all the best things in life are free.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.


The St. Tropez movement—

we've brought it home for you
to dream on via our own
bias-cut paneled gown.
In ivory-pink or ivory-blue
nylon tricot, as contemporary
as tomorrow night.
By Flair, P, S, M, 20.00
Lingerie collections,
Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor,
all stores

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boom Boom Room—An eloquent new play by David Rabe, brilliantly acted by Madeline Kahn, Robert Loggia, and a large cast. Directed by Joseph Papp. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

The Contractor—David Storey's hypnotic play about some Yorkshire workmen who erect a tent on their boss's lawn and then take it down. The acting, under Barry Davis's direction, is flawless. With Kevin O'Connor, Joseph Maher, Neil Fitzgerald, and John Wardwell, among other stalwarts. (Chelsea/Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

Crown Matrimonial—Eileen Herlie as Queen Mother Mary and George Grizzard as Edward VIII in a cleverly dramatized recapitulation of the sad events of 1936 by which Edward lost his throne and gained "the woman I love." The playwright is Royce Ryton and the marvellous setting is by Finlay James. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

The Enclave—Arthur Laurents' play about a homosexual who plans to share an apartment with his lover in the house of a number of his straight friends doesn't add up to much, but the production, under Mr. Laurents' direction, is quite good. With Laurence Hugo and Barton Heyman. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Father—Robert Lansing plays the title role in this revival of Strindberg's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2.)

The Foursome—Sex in Britain, as transplanted to Galveston, Texas. The scene of this grim, joyless play, by the English dramatist E. A. Whitehead, is a beach, and the characters are a couple of dim young men and a couple of dim young women they have picked up. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gigi—Lerner and Loewe have contrived a reprise of a reprise in this old-fashioned musical about a Paris very unlike Colette's. The cast, the costumes, and the settings do as much as the music to make it a happy occasion. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Christopher Plummer in Neil Simon's comedy adapted from or suggested by stories of Chekhov, with music by Peter Link. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The Greatest Fairy Story Ever Told—A play written and directed by Donald Howarth. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 28, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Mein Mama der General—A *third* Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Interview and **The Epic of Buster Friend**—The first play of this double bill is by Peter Swet, and the second by Richard Lenz. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Dec. 3, at 7:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

Irene—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lotta; or, The Best Thing Evolution's Ever Come Up With—An affable little musical (words and music by Robert Montgomery), which is sometimes entertaining and theatrical and sometimes plain silly. The heroine is a girl with supernatural powers, and among the other characters are three gods and a determined young scientist. The performance is lively and accomplished. With Dale Soules, Jeffrey Duncan Jones, and Richard Ramos. David Chambers is the capable director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Night-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 45
"UP IN FRONT, PLEASE" . . . . . *Marshall Brickman* 46
"A PAIR" . . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 48
"THE WARRIOR" (POEM) . . . . . *Douglas Morea* 52
PROFILES (THEODORE B. TAYLOR—I) . . . . . *John McPhee* 54
"THE SHADES" (POEM) . . . . . *John Hollander* 56
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 147
FOOTBALL . . . . . *J. W. L.* 148
U.S. JOURNAL: MADISON, WISCONSIN . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 150
JAZZ (NEW YORK NOTES) . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 160
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 168
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 172
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Desmond Shawe-Taylor* 178
CONCERT RECORDS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 182
BOOKS . . . . . *Jean Stafford* 194

COVER: *Robert Weber*

DRAWINGS: *Dean Vietor, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, James Stevenson, Sam Gross, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, Charles E. Martin, Everett Opie, George Booth, Kenneth Mahood, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Alan Dunn, Charles Barsotti, Henry Martin, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. XLIX, No. 41, December 3, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.

TIFFANY MONEY
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
TIFFANY MONEY REDEEMABLE IN MERCHANDISE AT TIFFANY & CO.

TIFFANY MONEY IN STERLING SILVER

Tiffany invents a brand new idea. If you can't think what to give for Christmas, give them Tiffany Money. Better than a gift certificate and more fun to give. Each one is redeemable for twenty five dollars worth of Tiffany merchandise. Give one or ten or a hundred. Comes in a delightful little drawstring pouch in a Tiffany box.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK, PHONE ORDER (212) 759-9110, FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molly—The bottom of the barrel. Kay Ballard is the star. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—A play, by Michael Weller, that originated in London and was seen last year on Broadway. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Rachael Lily Rosenbloom and Don't You Ever Forget It!—A *musical by Paul Jabara, with* Ellen Greene, Anita Morris, Marion Ramsey, and Mr. Jabara himself. Tom Eyen is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its charming and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Patti Karr and John Gavin, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Veronica's Room—Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy in an implausible failed thriller. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Visit and **Chemin de Fer**—Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in an eight-week engagement presented by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossman and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 3-4, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Thursday and Friday, Nov. 29-30, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)

What Is Going On—A play by Ben Caldwell. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, at 7:30. Free.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,657 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical, (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—At the time of going to press, no performances are taking place at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, because of a strike.

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—A three-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 28: "Dance for Six," "Metallics," "Cry," and "Rainbow 'Round my Shoulder." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 832-1746): "The Lark Ascending," "How Long Have It Been," "A Song for You," and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Dance for Six," "Nubian Lady," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "Streams," "Icarus," "Cry," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 2: "Hidden Rites," "Metallics," "Cry," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 2: "Metallics," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 4: "Hidden Rites," "According to Eve," and "Missa Brevis" (company première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Hidden Rites," "Masekela Langage," and "Missa Brevis.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "Dance for Six," "Nubian Lady," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Streams," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

Manuel Alum Dance Company—Thursday, Nov. 29, at 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Palomas," "East—to Nijinsky," "Steps," and "Deadlines.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2: "Era," "Woman of Mystic Body—Pray for Us," "Palomas," "East—to Nijinsky," and "Deadlines." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Gheorghe Zamfir Rumanian Folk Ensemble—Folk music and dance from nine regions. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

National Folk Ensemble of Pakistan—Khyber Pass and Kafiristan dances to the accompaniment of the tabla, mirdang, sitar, and sarangi. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 6:45; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Blossom Dearie—Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080). Singing at the piano, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Fridays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, from ten. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 4.

John Hammond—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Blues singer. Starting Thursday, Dec. 6, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Earl Hines—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano, with a quintet, from eight to one-thirty, except Sundays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments, leading a sextet, through Sunday, Dec. 2.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Jule Styne, Sheldon Harnick, and Jerry Herman on Sunday, Dec. 2, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Peggy Lee—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Singing at dinner and supper, except Sundays and Mondays, beginning Thursday, Nov. 29.

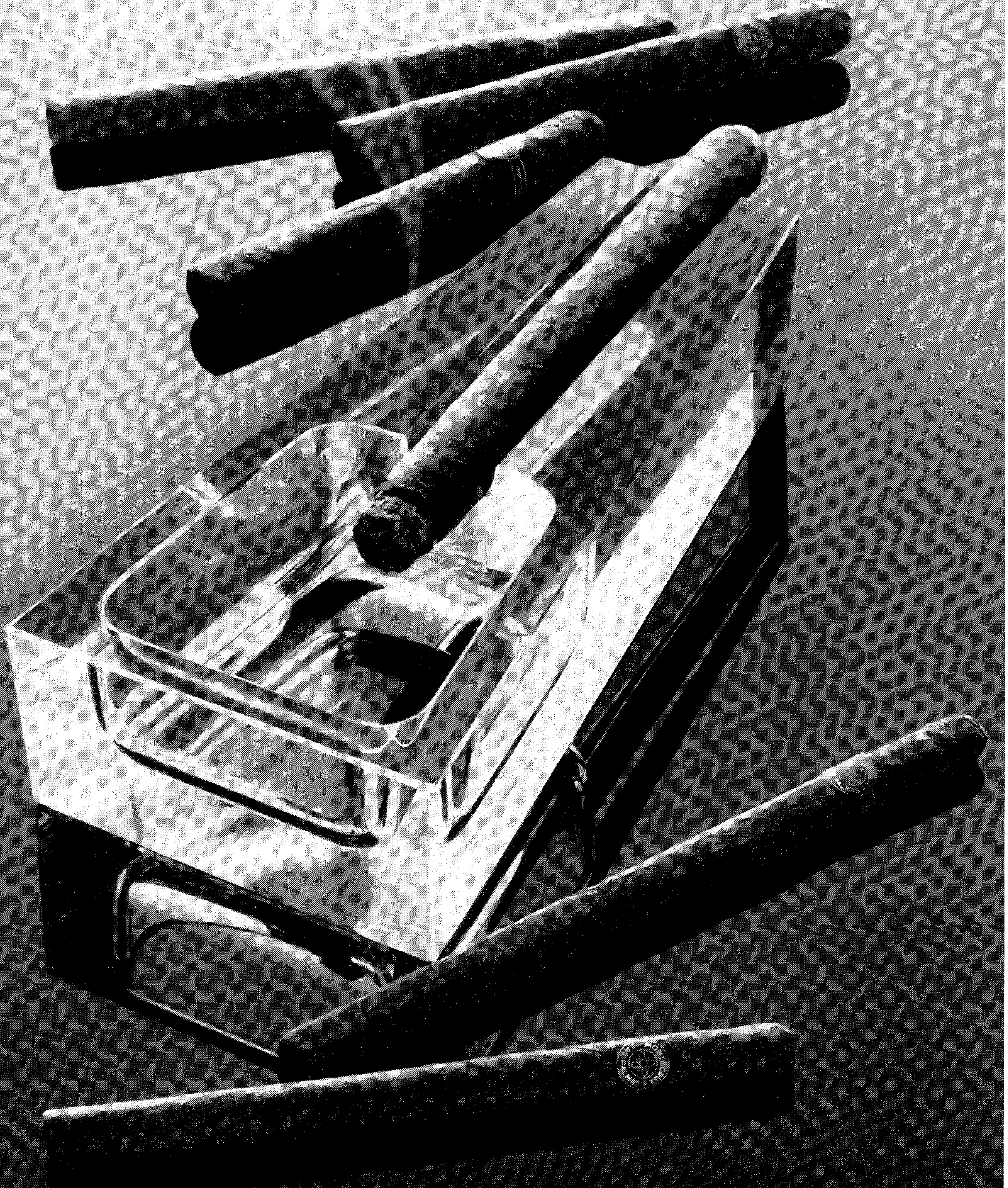
Michel Legrand—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). French singer-pianist-composer, at nine and eleven-thirty, except Sundays.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662). Piano, with a trio, from nine-thirty to one, through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, from ten until three.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E.

THE DUNHILL MONTECRUZ®



Alfred Dunhill of London. Fifth Avenue, at 50th Street, New York. Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco. dunhill

55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

James Moody and Eddie Jefferson—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Saxophone and vocals, respectively, with Moody's quintet, at nine-thirty (Saturdays at nine). Beginning Monday, Dec. 3.

Sonny Rollins—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quintet, Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 28-30, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Dec. 1, from nine.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Randy Weston—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, leading a quartet, Fridays and Saturdays, from ten.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mable Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Uncomfortable rows of grammar-school-type desks border three sides of a small stage occupied by singer and songwriter Melissa Manchester through Monday, Dec. 3. Guitarist Gabor Szabo makes a New York reappearance on Wednesday, Dec. 5. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and/or R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Pianist Cedar Walton heads up a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 1. On Wednesday, Dec. 5, saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck return with their fine quartet to this club, where they began attracting local attention some weeks back. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Pianist Tommy Flanagan and bassist Wilbur Little work together again (they've been co-sidemen many times in the past) through Saturday, Dec. 1. Guitarist Sam Brown plays with pianist Dave Matthews beginning Monday, Dec. 3. Al Haig, another solid pianist who came up during the bop years, plays on Sundays. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectfully enthusiastic voice and piano are well served by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Nightly at nine-forty-five, except Sundays and Mondays. Dinner and supper.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd and three musicians who hold its attention—pianist Brooks Kerr, trombonist Mathew Gee, and drummer Sir Malcolm. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from eleven to four; the rest of the week (Sundays through Tuesdays) is devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. Dining.

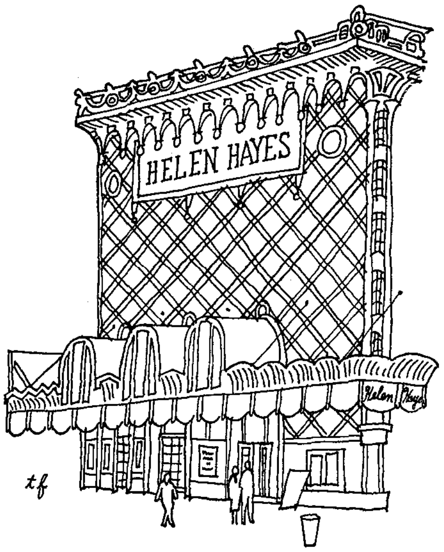
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Suspend your disbelief as Nellie Lutcher, still as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards nightly, except on Sundays when Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom, continuing its current nostalgic bent, presents a roster of honest-to-God folk musicians: Ed McCurdy, who sings Canadian and American folk tunes; Brother John Sellers, a gospel singer; flamenco guitarist and singer Anita Sheer; and Phyllis Lind, who sings traditional folk. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Jule Styne, Sheldon Harnick, and Jerry Herman on Sunday, Dec. 2, from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened in the ground floor of a modern apartment house. A relatively unadorned setting—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Jimmy De Angelis on guitar and Pat Mahoney on bass play through Saturday, Dec. 1. Bill Matthews, a classical guitarist, plays Sunday and Monday, Dec. 2-3. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, guitarist Carl Thompson comes in with a bassist. The strings vibrate from nine to one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—It's hard to imagine sitting back and relaxing in this sombre, modern, almost Tati-inspired setting. (The waiters stand around stiffly, as grim-faced as subscribers to "Casket and Sunnyside.") Nevertheless, the double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Sonny Rollins, one of the bigger draws, is still in evidence in the jazz world. His music has adopted the currently fashionable emphasis on percussion, and even occasionally lapses into Eastern-tinged rock (similar to the old "East-West" Butterfield Blues Band number from the mid-sixties), but the powerful, confident Rollins continues to ferret out the melody no matter where it is hiding. He'll remain here with his young, tightly knit quintet, which includes a fine bluesy guitarist named Masuo, through Saturday, Dec. 1. Don Friedman, a skillful keyboard man, opens the sets. James Moody, another great reedman, follows Rollins in, beginning Monday, Dec. 3. His quintet, which also backs singer Eddie Jefferson, will alternate with singer Joanne Barry. Sets begin at nine-thirty and on Saturday at nine. Assorted Sunday musical offerings from nine-thirty to two-thirty.



Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Gino Bionne on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Whatever is evolving in the jazz world can usually be sampled here. Long, narrow, and darkly lit, this club might pass for a silent-movie theatre—until the music starts. Vibraharpist Johnny Lytle and his band are on hand through Saturday, Dec. 1. Danny Mixon, a young and talented pianist, leads a trio starting Tuesday, Dec. 4. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Some solidly grounded jazz emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit); i.e., Barry Harris is on piano with Lawrence Evans on bass Mondays through Saturdays, from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the downstairs **52nd Street Room,** French composer Michel Legrand sings with a combo. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Danser's Inferno, a fourteen-piece jazz-rock ensemble, is prominent here. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—More humid than the jungles of Borneo, more crowded than the Sistine Chapel, this enterprise nonetheless offers sturdy, reliable entertainment. Singers Tim Buckley and Kathy Dalton share the facilities through Monday, Dec. 3. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an overly solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. David Amram, a skillful player of the French horn, guitar, kazoo, and other instruments, also recites a few songs, through Tuesday, Dec. 4. On Thursday, Dec. 6, singer-harmonica player-guitarist John Hammond begins re-creating the blues mannerisms and inflections of the Robert Johnson period. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A pleasantly Anglomanic restaurant with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box. The Marian McPartland trio delights, and occasionally astonishes, those who choose to listen in these noisy quarters. Tuesdays through Saturdays

How to get the highest price for that old emerald necklace you didn't even remember you owned.

Did you know you can leave your excess jewelry with Sotheby Parke Bernet and have it sold at auction? Most people think of us only in connection with art masterpieces and rare furniture.

Actually, our jewelry auctions have grossed over $30 million in the last five years. We've sold magnificent antique jewelry as well as representative items from the 30's, 40's and 50's. Important collections as well as single pieces. And usually for the highest bids obtainable anywhere.

How do we get the best bids? With galleries in New York, Los Angeles, London and Zurich, we've learned to predict just where the right buyer is likely to be found. Park Avenue and Beverly Hills have comparable purchasing power but different preferences.

If you wish, your sale can remain entirely anonymous. Your best friend need never know. Sotheby Parke Bernet's modest percentage is the same either way.

Our experts will be happy to estimate the probable auction value of any jewelry you'd like to show us. There's no obligation.

To ask for an appointment, call Miss Fay in New York or Miss Hartley in Los Angeles. They can be reached at 980 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 879-8300; or 7660 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90036, (213) 937-5130.

Sotheby Parke Bernet

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, will be here with his trio Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret. Novella Nelson, utilizing her striking dramatic powers, is singing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at *nine and midnight. Singer Jack Landron* shares the bill with her through Saturday, Dec. 1, and on Tuesday, Dec. 4, she will be joined by Gotham, a trio of males who sing. Pianists Edward Morris and Lewis Friedman play from eight-thirty to two between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080)—Blossom Dearie is singing and playing in the Gallery, a long, drawing-room-styled nook in this East Side restaurant complex. Her clear, small, unembellished voice is unique, and so is her material: one song, "The Pro Musica Antiqua," written by the late lyricist Stephen Vinaver and composer-arranger Jonathan Tunick, is a twentieth-century maid's tale of her undoing after a Cloisters' concert by the Pro Musica, and it's done in an Ars Nova style that any fan of des Prés, Dufay, or even Byrd (and especially of Blossom Dearie) can appreciate. The sets are handled as concerts, with a fifteen-minute intermission for reordering, drinking, smoking, and talking, all of which are frowned upon (and ordering is not even possible) during her performance. Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer has returned with her treasure house of songs and with her accompanist, pianist Jimmy Lyon. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Tenorman Zoot Sims collaborates with Bucky Pizzarelli, a subtle, chord-dominated guitarist, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, from nine-thirty until one.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by the David Friedman trio on Thursday, Nov. 29. Drummer Al Dreares heads up a trio on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma engage in friendly rallies. Music from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—Americana on the thirty-ninth floor. Maple walls, china closets, bookshelves, and shutters make this high-flying Stouffer's the genuine article. Junior Mance takes off himself (with his trio) from nine-thirty to one, through Saturday, Dec. 1. Pianist Ray Bryant's trio makes the ascent on Monday, Dec. 3. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Nina Sheldon, a pleasantly animated singer and pianist, is currently sequestered here with a bassist. On Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Randy Weston and his quartet concentrate on African and Latin polyrhythms. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is also featured on Wednesdays. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Reedman Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who can play more instruments, simultaneously or otherwise, than just about anybody else around (including David Amram), tears through intense sets with his sextet through Sunday, Dec. 2. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans descends the narrow stairway with a fifteen-piece band. Mondays are given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. D. will be away on Saturday, Dec. 8. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's potluck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, pianist Earl Hines and his quintet (with singer Marva Josie) are alternating with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Lou Kovack provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Through Saturday, Dec. 1, singer-pianist Jacques Kayal will be the dinner and supper specialty in the PERSIAN ROOM. On Monday, Dec. 3, Ada Cavallo will start singing. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the PALM COURT, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play *Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty* to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. Singer Teresa Brewer is on deck at nine and eleven-fifteen every night but Sunday. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. The piano duo of DeMaio and Silver present an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays *through Sundays, from seven to* midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by soprano Julie Budd. On Monday, Dec. 3, she will be replaced by Lana Cantrell. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . LA BOITE RUSSE, the next-door sylvan glade, offers violin-and-piano music as well as a Russian singer named Aelita, from eight to one, every night but Sunday and Monday. A Russian menu.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Rhythm-and-blues singers Gladys Knight and the Pips are presenting the dinner and supper shows in the EMPIRE ROOM. Beginning Thursday, Nov. 29, Peggy Lee will become the resonance. The dance band of Bob Rosengarden plays all evening long. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Artschwager—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugene Berman *(1899-1972)*—Paintings and drawings done in Hollywood from 1940 to 1945. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Constructions and sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Bowling—Two shows of large abstract paintings. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Through Jan. 13. Daily, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Kinetic sculptures, plus related graphics. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Button—Sunsets over cityscapes. Through Dec. 13. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings of small towns. Through Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Three sculptures suspended from the ceiling. Through Dec. 17. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Ken Danby—Superrealist paintings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ad Dekkers—Wood reliefs and incised-wood pieces. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Josef Drapell—Huge abstract canvases. Through Dec. 13. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ready-mades, and etchings, from 1904 to the year of his death. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Fangor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Dec. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Cecily Firestein—Colored etchings. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Peter Gourfain—Wood sculptures. Through Dec. 13. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Graves—Flower paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

William Gropper—Paintings under the heading "The Political Scene." Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Dec. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Abstract paintings of the Hampton shores. Through Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Kahn—Watercolors. Through Dec. 15. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

William King—Bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through Dec. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Bronzes, plaster models, and drawings. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

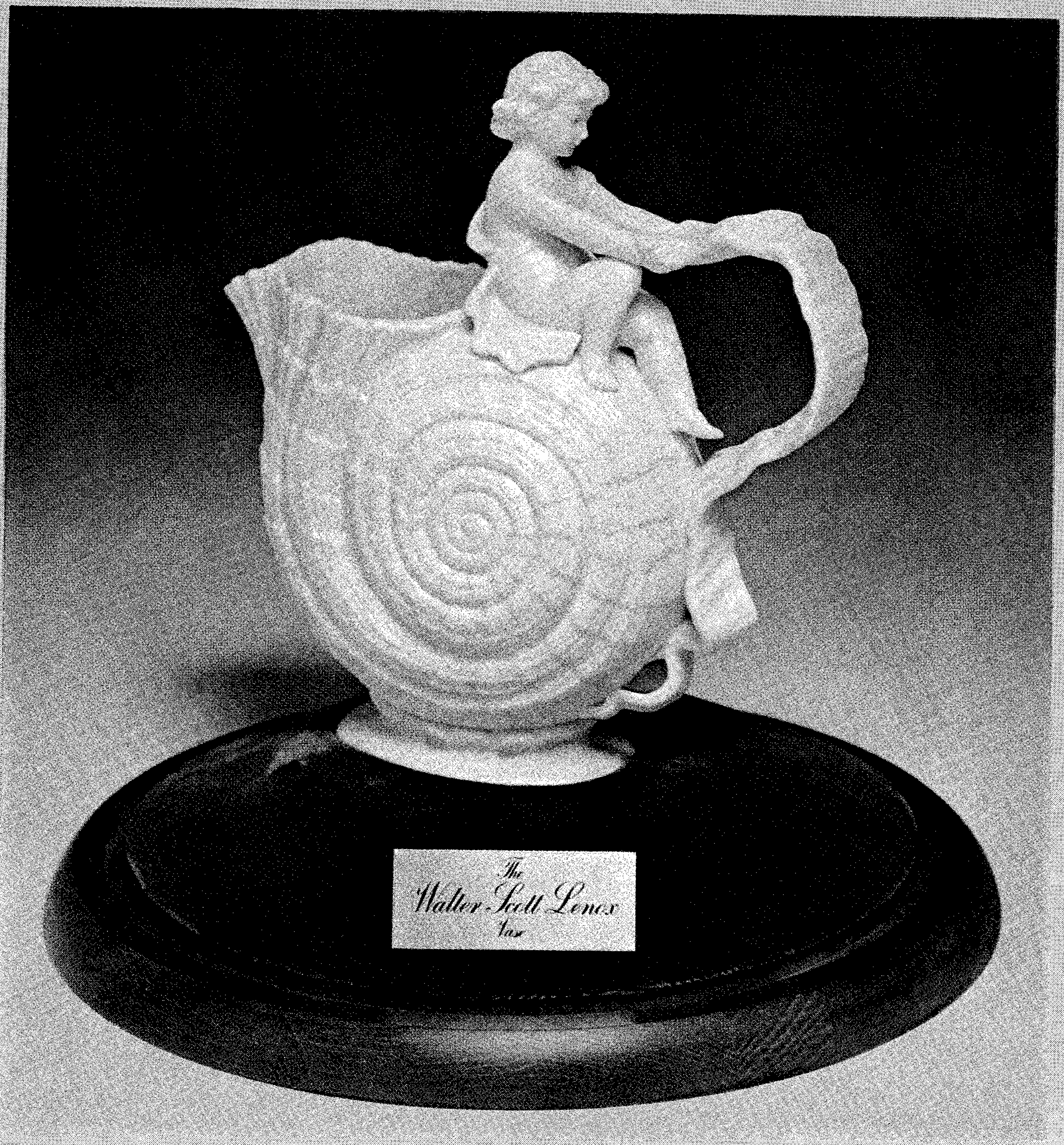
Fred Laros—Collages. Through Dec. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Twenty gouaches from 1930 to 1955. Through Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Levine—Figures and Coney Island scenes

Hello, Beautiful! Prettiest dress at the party: a cape-collared column under a cloud of coat. Nice idea, floating that print over itself. Like chiffon veiling satin. But the best news is this: it's sleepwear. All nylon. And only about $45. 32 to 38. The print is our own Fantasia: inspiration for a new dream world of lingerie, loungewear, foundations. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

VANITY FAIR A company of V corporation



A Unique Example of Ceramic Art

This exquisite vase designed by Walter Scott Lenox, in 1887, exemplifies the skills and aesthetic sense reflected in all Lenox China. The original, from which an issue of only 5000 will be created, has been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Each handcrafted fine china vase is numbered and comes in its own glass dome. Height of vase 8." Base and dome 11½." $250. Available at selected fine stores.

LENOX
CHINA·CRYSTAL
Trenton, New Jersey 08605

The Lenox fair trade price shown here is for use only where fair trade is permitted by local law.

in watercolor, and satirical drawings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isadore Levy—Abstractions suggestive of still-lifes and interiors. Through Dec. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings from 1923 to the present, with related drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—A brilliant benefit loan show of fifty-seven paintings representing all phases of his development. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Jan McCartin—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes. Through Dec. 21. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract granite sculptures. Through Dec. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figure drawings on canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—A new series of paintings by this Mexican artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Objects (headboards and dustpans), paintings, collages composed of Tarot cards, and works on paper by the Spanish artist. Through Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Paintings of figures and objects. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American landscape paintings by O'Keeffe, Bluemner, Hofmann, Burchfield, Avery, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: English illustrations of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit show of French and American paintings sold by the gallery during the past twenty years. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.). . . **solomon**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Friday, Nov. 30. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Twelve Years of Collecting," a benefit loan exhibition of fifty paintings from the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh; it encompasses Old Master, Impressionist, and Post-Impressionist works. Through Dec. 15.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Arman—Assemblages of objects imbedded in plastic. Starts Friday, Nov. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allen Blagden—Portraits and Maine landscapes in watercolor. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marc Chagall—Oils, gouaches, and stone, marble, and bronze sculptures, all executed within the past ten years. Through Dec. 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Francesca Chandon—Abstract paintings; first solo show here. Through Dec. 15. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Gene Davis—Stripe paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Fischbach, uptown at 29 W. 57th St., and downtown at 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—New paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Greenleaf—Welded-steel sculptures. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—An environmental work. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrew Jansons—Color-field paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. Raymond Katz—Abstracts in impasto. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—A benefit show of sculptures done in this country between 1941 and 1972. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Autobiographical paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

I. Païlés—Paintings of figures and still-lifes. Through Dec. 10. (Schoneman, 63 E. 57th St.)

Hans Richter—A double exhibition: Dada drawings and early work at the René (6 W. 57th St.), and recent paintings, reliefs, drawings, and collages at the Parsons (24 W. 57th St.). Through Saturday, Dec. 1.

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Stevenson—Paintings of black figures that resemble Greek statuary. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

James Strombotne—Paintings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Paintings of Ireland, Italy, and Maine. Through Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Turku Trajan (1887-1959)—Sculptures and reliefs. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Feininger, Matisse, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: American prints and graphics from Pollock and Newman through the Pop artists and sharp-focus realists, including Warhol, Segal, and Oldenburg. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American paintings, watercolors, and sculptures by Hopper, de Creeft, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.). . . **seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the late fifties' Happenings. Through Jan. 19. (Onnash, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Buchwald / Ben Schonzeit—Abstract paintings and drawings. / Realist paintings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Colmer / Gabriele Roos—Horizontal lines painted with a spray gun. / Painted bands of iridescent color. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Olga de Amaral / Richard Aakre—Woven sculptures. / Large paintings done on paper. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

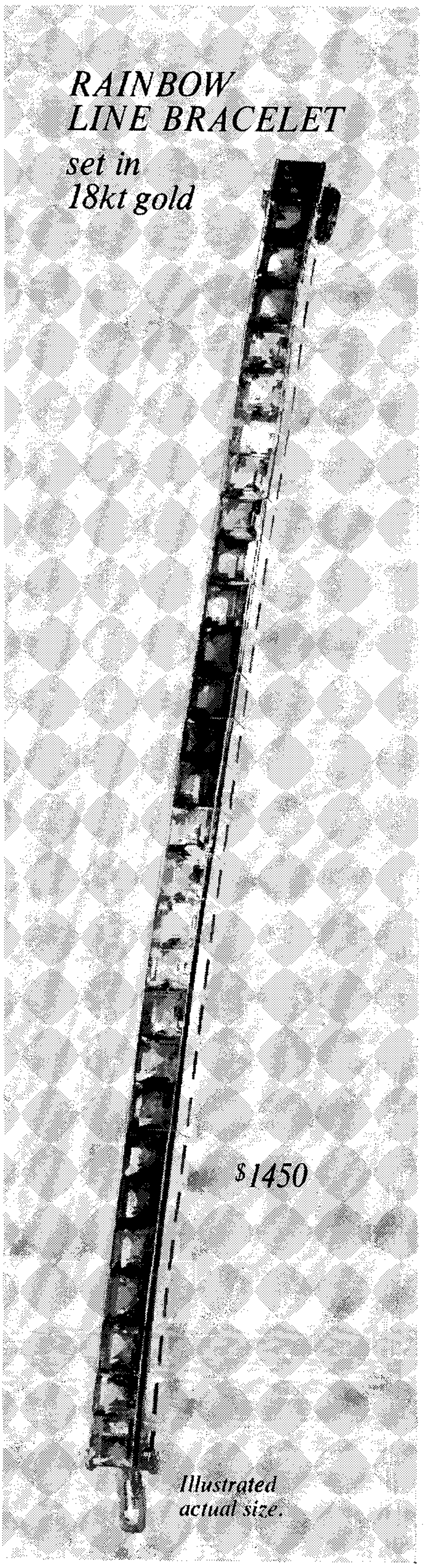
Paul Garland / Suzanne Szlemko—Abstract watercolors. / Paintings. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gilbert and George—Photographs of Gilbert and George themselves, drinking. The atmosphere is of days gone by. Through Dec. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Glueckman / Mary Ann Gillies—Figurative works in mixed mediums. / A stone sculpture, a kinetic welding, and several woven pieces. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

John Grillo—Erotic drawings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Priscilla Heep—Abstract sculptures and paintings. Through Dec. 12. (14 Sculptors, 75



Tourmalines, amethysts, aquamarines, peridots, garnets, topaz citrines, in varying shades.

Olga
Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

The matchmaking shirtdress

The softest, beige shirtdress, pack-up perfect in silky, washable Qiana® nylon, striking a match with thin stripes in strong, sharp colors. In 6 to 16 sizes, $54. Sportsdress Collections.
611 Fifth Avenue, New York,
and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Douglas Huebler—Conceptual photographs. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Stevan Jennis—Paintings, sculptures, and collages, all concerned with dogs. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Buffie Johnson / Carol Haerer—Representational paintings. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

Louise Kruger—Cloth and wood sculptures. Starts Friday, Nov. 30. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Pat Lasch—Works of stitching on raw linen. Starts Saturday, Dec. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Hector Leonardi—Paintings featuring gradations of light. Through Dec. 13. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson / Mario Merz—Drawings. Through Dec. 12. / One large sculpture in wood and cloth. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Liliana Porter—Graphics and mixed-medium works. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Kes Zapkus—Large abstract paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **bykert**, 484 Broome St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by Lucio Pozzi, Paul Mogensen, and Eve Sonneman. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **cunningham ward**, 94 Prince St.: Paintings by Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Starts Thursday, Nov. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Robert Rohm and paintings by Douglas Bond and John Fawcett. Through Saturday, Dec. 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstract landscapes in a show that is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Dec. 15. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John Chamberlain—Three constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through March 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

William Crutchfield—Watercolors, drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 15. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

James Denmark—Scultpures, collages, and charcoals. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

George McNeil—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings from 1968 to the present. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Margot Robinson—Paintings and sculptures; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Eric Sloane—Paintings and drawings of rural scenes. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Tran Tho—Stone sculptures and paintings on wood by a Vietnamese artist. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **pratt graphics center**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A loan show of chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Some Things They Never Told You About the 1940's, '50's, and '60's," a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Julian Beck, Frederick Kiesler, Landes Lewitin, and Philip Pavia, selected by the art historian and critic Thomas B. Hess. Through Dec. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Laura Gilpin / Leland Rice—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians. / Portraits and interiors. Through Dec. 15. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—Photogravures. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **metropolitan museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Over a hundred landscapes and cityscapes by twentieth-century American photographers, among them Alfred Stieglitz, Walker Evans, and Berenice Abbott. *Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45;* Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.) . . . **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Surrealist etchings, lithographs, photographs, collages, and photomontages by Ernst, Duchamp, Man Ray, and others, juxtaposed with some of their early antecedents. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: André Kertész, David Chalk, Dan O'Neill, Alix Olivera, and Mark de Mello. Through Tuesday, Dec. 4. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt, from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Thirty Japanese prints representing two hundred years of Japanese printmaking, exhibited along with a hundred netsuke and inro. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. At press time, employees were still picketing the museum, but the exhibit rooms were open.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums emphasizing the Futurist and Dada periods, lent from the Winston/ Malbin collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by Lee Krasner, dating from 1951 to the present. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs, in a show labelled "Extraordinary Realities," mainly by artists who have not exhibited in New York. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Abstract black-and-white collages and drawings by Mahler B. Ryder. Through Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Jan. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ A program of theatre music by Marc Blitzstein and Al Carmines, presented by the Composers' Showcase and performed by Mr. Carmines, the Gregg Smith Singers, and others, will take place on Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. Tickets to this concert [and to two subsequent concerts, to be announced] on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., mosaics from New York City subways. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Morris Broderson, Lois Dodd, and Raymond Saunders, eligible for purchase under the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada. Through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by thirty-five members of the Academy and Institute. Through Dec. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and *the Arts of Isfahan,*" *an exhibition of* paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit (for both addicts of detective novels and for the uninitiated) honoring Edgar Allan Poe as father of the genre. It opens with the original manuscript of his first detective story and includes books and manuscripts by Arthur Conan Doyle, Ross Macdonald, Agatha Christie, and other master obfuscators. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy bronze and steel sculptures, many on religious subjects, by Luise Kaish, along with some of her drawings. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

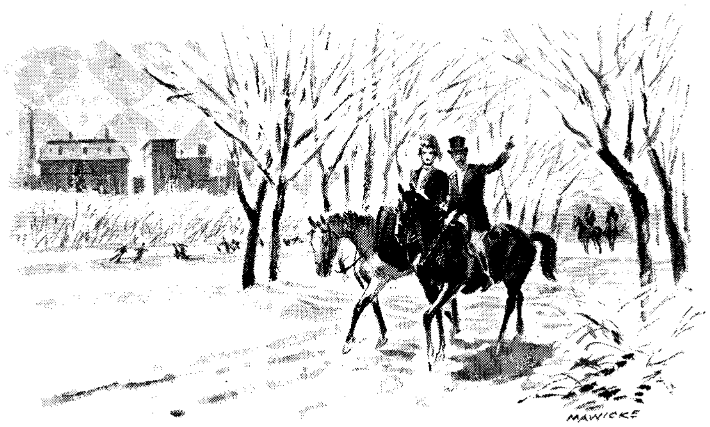
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books, from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York by Cecil C. Bell, done between 1930 and 1970, the year of his death. Through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Over fifty primitive Haitian paintings from the nineteen-forties to the present. Through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Caseins, acrylics,



ESTABLISHED 1818

Holiday Riders in the Park, 1881

BROOKS BROTHERS GIFTWARE
distinctive new and traditional items
reflecting our quality and good taste

Highball and old-fashioned glasses featuring English decals of Duck, Gamebird or Foxhead designs. Set of eight, $11.50 *and* $12.50

The 1974 Brooks Brothers Diary, $13.50

Exclusive new backgammon set from Italy, in wood box illustrated with fine art reproduction, $27.50

Oval lobster or steak plates designed in England with colorful hunt scenes or gamebirds, $6.50

New 14" round wood tray featuring hunt scenes on grounds of scarlet or forest green, $17.50

Brass lion's head door knocker. 7½", $16.50

English military brush set with satinwood top and natural bristles, $21.50

New sterling silver key chain with handy attached whistle, $18

We accept the American Express Money Card.

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

watercolors, crayons, and silk screens by Lawrence Calcagno, some abstract and some reflecting landscape. Through Dec. 16. A complementary show is at the Roko Gallery, 90 E. 10th St.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, sculptures, medals, engravings, books, and bookbindings produced in Antwerp in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through Dec. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first of a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by Nelson Stevens. Through Jan. 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 28: "Il Trovatore," with Elinor Ross, Nell Rankin, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 29: A new production of Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 3: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 4: "Die Zauberflöte," with Anna Moffo, Edda Moser, Luigi Alva, Donald Gramm, Jerome Hines, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke; Peter Maag.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

ST. STEPHENS OPERA—An orchestra, a chorus, and soloists in a series of nine performances of Benjamin Britten's church parables, staged by Nathaniel Merrill. Wednesday, Nov. 28, and Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30: "Curlew River."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 2, at 4, and Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: "The Burning Fiery Furnace." (St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Jaromir Weinberger's "Schwanda the Bagpiper," in English, conducted by George Schick and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, and some concerts have been moved to other halls, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—The concerts will resume when the labor negotiations are resolved.

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY—Henry Lewis conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, with Hermann Prey, baritone.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8, with Jorge Bolet, piano.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—Performing the cycle of Bach's Brandenburg concertos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss directing an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Michael Ponti, piano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; and a chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 1, from 6 to 10:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Morley Meredith, baritone; and Emile Renan, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St., a change of site from Avery Fisher Hall. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CONCERT BAND—Roger Nierenberg conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Peter Eros directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

MANNES CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first three in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Bonita Glenn, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; William Metcalf, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE GLEE CLUB AND CONCERT CHOIR AND CORO MOUNT HOLYOKE—Donald Chen and Catherine Melhorn directing a Christmas concert, with the Orpheus Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

RECITALS

LEONID KOGAN—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

FERNANDO VALENTI—Harpsichord, in the last three in a series of recitals presenting a hundred Scarlatti sonatas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 28-30, at 8.)

ANTONIA LAVANNE—Soprano, in an all-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

SERGIO AND EDUARDO ABREU—Classical guitarists. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

HERMANN PREY—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

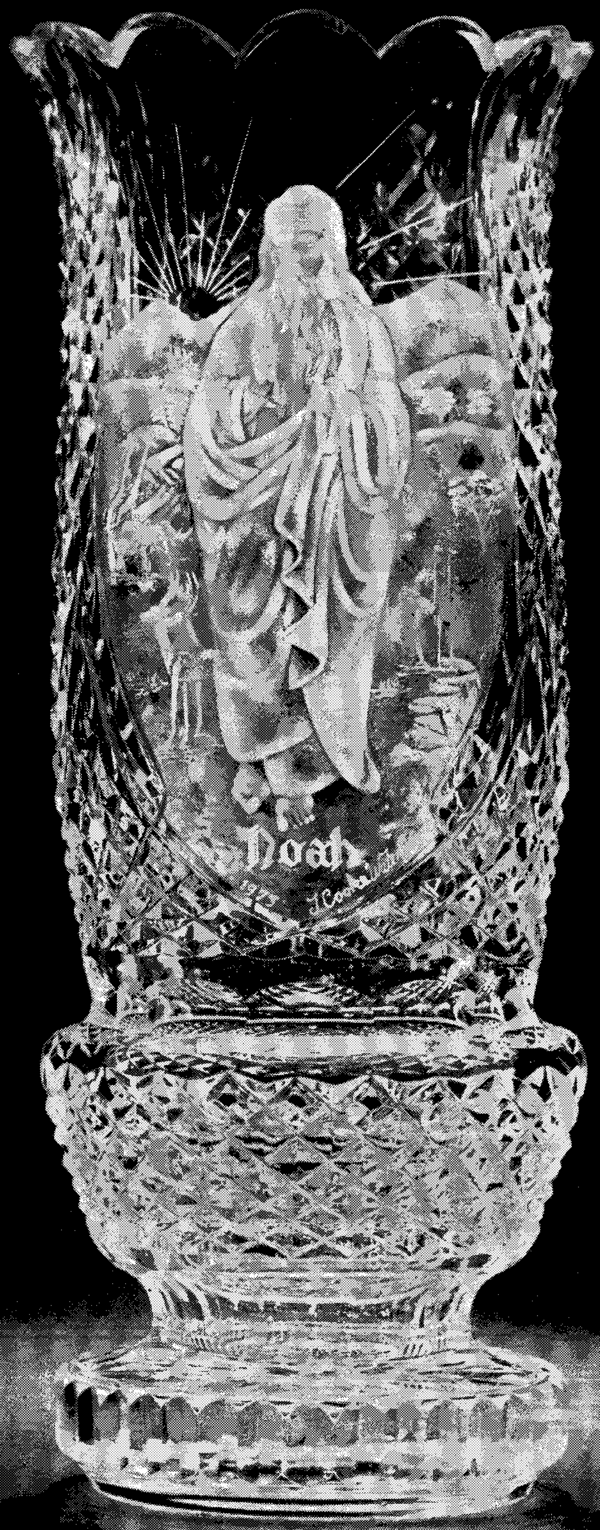
GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan

Bedtime beauty. Flowering with freshness. A robe and gown beautifully coordinated in blue, peach and green twin prints of polyester and cotton. The gown with fitted front, loose tie back, $14.95. The robe, $17.95. Sizes P-S-M-L. From Nighttime Lingerie on Three. Marshall Field & Company, 111 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

Marshall Field & Company

There's nothing like it back home.

Waterford
Crystal



A LIMITED ISSUE OF 250 PIECES! Third in a series of vases made by Waterford of Ireland. This hand-made crystal glass vase depicts Noah on Mt. Ararat. A certificate of authenticity accompanies each signed piece. 11 inches high. $1450.00

J.B. HUDSON
MINNEAPOLIS

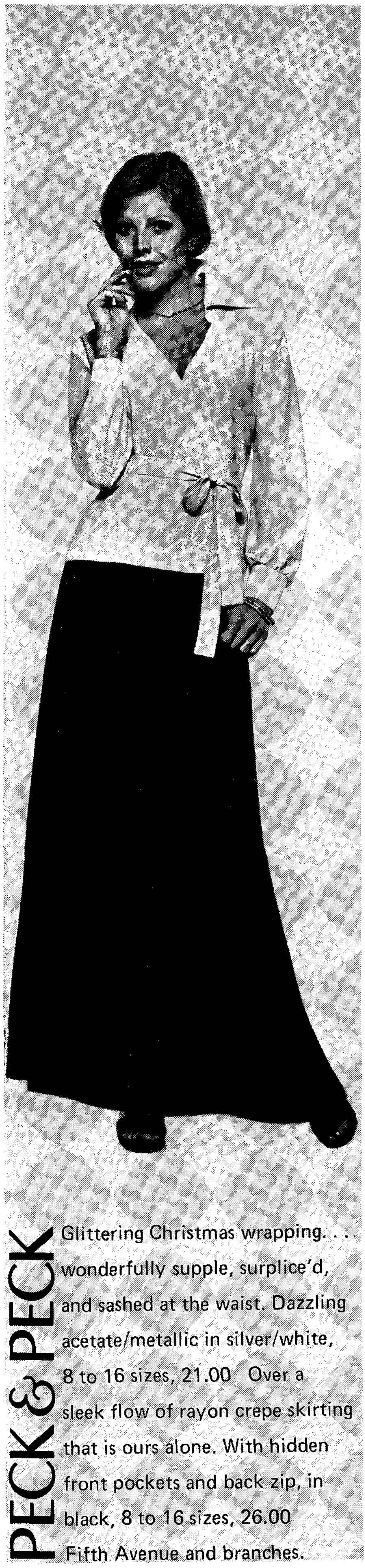
C.D. PEACOCK
CHICAGO

SHREVE'S
SAN FRANCISCO

CHARLES W. WARREN
DETROIT

JESSOPS
SAN DIEGO

J.E CALDWELL
PHILADELPHIA



PECK & PECK

Glittering Christmas wrapping. . . wonderfully supple, surplice'd, and sashed at the waist. Dazzling acetate/metallic in silver/white, 8 to 16 sizes, 21.00 Over a sleek flow of rayon crepe skirting that is ours alone. With hidden front pockets and back zip, in black, 8 to 16 sizes, 26.00

Fifth Avenue and branches.

Mail orders to 677 Fifth Avenue or call (212) 883-6570. Add applicable tax plus 1.25 handling beyond delivery area. No c.o.d.'s.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ali Akbar Khan—Sarod. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, and Malcolm Frager—Soprano, baritone, and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Victor Yoran—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Viardo—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Mihály Virizlay—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman—Flute, with Jonathan Abramowitz, cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The first of two programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Paco de Lucia—Flamenco guitarist, in the second of two concerts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo, Leslie Parnas, and Ruth Laredo—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 5:45: IRVING CAESAR. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 5:45: ODETTA.

J. Geils Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Roger McGuinn Band, Papa John Creach, and Phillip Goodhand Tait—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

David Amram Four—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3. No tickets necessary.

The Pazant Brothers and the Beaufort Express—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.

Eubie Blake and Bill Bolcom—A program of ragtime and Gershwin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, and Mose Allison—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.

Bette Midler—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday, Dec. 3, through Saturday, Dec. 22. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30.

Sly and the Family Stone, and Earth, Wind & Fire—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

World's Greatest Jazzband of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

Dizzy Gillespie and Kenny Burrell Quartets—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.

B. B. King, Z Z Top, and the Average White Band—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Houston, Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Nov. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Sunday, Dec. 2, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Dec. 7, at 7:35.

College Football—Saturday, Dec. 1: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 2: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Dec. 2, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Dec. 6.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 28; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 1; the Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 5; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 1-2, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Dec. 8, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 1-2, at 1 and 3:30.). . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Rainbow Junction." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays at 2.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . ROBERT F. KENNEDY THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: Benefit performances of "Bah! Humbug." (219 W. 48th St. 586-1929. Friday, Dec. 7, at 7, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 1:30 and 4:30.)

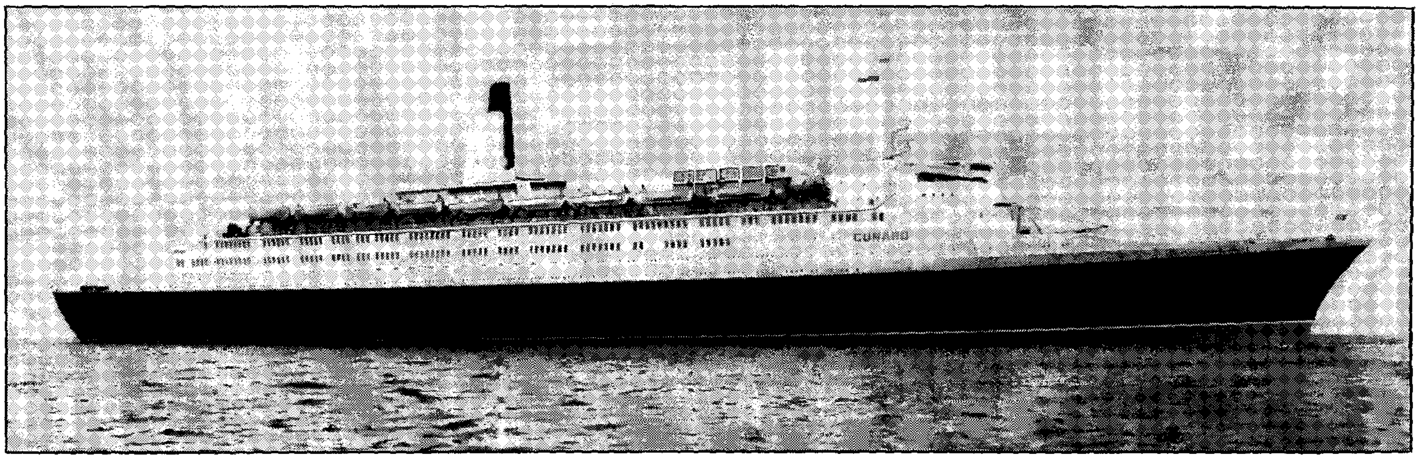
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11



On January 10, 1975 Queen Elizabeth 2 will sail on her first voyage around the world. 80 days, from $4,800 to $86,240.

On a cold Saturday night in January, The Greatest Ship in the World will slip from New York harbor to circumnavigate the earth. She will return at nine in the morning on Monday, March 31st.

Around the world in 80 days.

Her itinerary includes the most fascinating and exotic ports of call on four continents and seven seas. She'll sail to Curaçao and Cape Town, Mombasa and Mahé in the Seychelles, Bombay and Bali, Hong Kong and Honolulu and fourteen other ports in between. She will, of course, cross the international date line and the equator, and sail through the Panama Canal.

Queen Elizabeth 2 is the perfect world cruiser. She was built as both a transatlantic liner and cruise ship. As a result she is capable of great port-to-port speed, allowing more time in major ports. It would take slower ships many more days to traverse her glamorous route and would require a proportionately higher fare.

Queen Elizabeth 2 is magnificent inside and out. She's 65,000 tons and 13 stories high. Her staterooms and public rooms have been designed by noted interior designers. And there is a great variety of things to see and do aboard her; nearly as much as there is in many of the ports to which she can take you.

Queen Elizabeth 2 will provide a dimension of comfort and luxury never before known on a world cruise. Room for room, her staterooms are the largest afloat and nearly three-quarters have a view of the sea. The service is British, and impeccable; with two crew members for every three passengers.

The food will be impeccable as well. You will be travelling with three of the world's most superb restaurants. Each has an ocean view. Each has its own kitchen. Each has only one sitting, so dining is relaxed and unhurried. And the food will be, in preparation and presentation, some of the best the world has to offer.

Because it is her premiere world cruise and space is limited many of the most desirable staterooms are being reserved. If you would like to reserve space, or if you would like more information, simply call your Travel Agent. Or write Cunard, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. We'll be happy to send you our brochure.

Queen Elizabeth 2

The Greatest Ship in the World®

Great Ships of British Registry since 1840.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
Where Jewelry Fashion Begins

Black Onyx
is Casual
Elegance

A triple-strand cultured pearl necklace, caught with 18 kt. gold spheres, and highlighted with black onyx links, $2,900. Green onyx links, $2,800.

Chain of octagonal black onyx links, with diamonds, 18 kt. gold, $9,700. Jewelry designs copyrighted

NEW YORK 744 FIFTH AVENUE
BEVERLY HILLS 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE
PALM BEACH 249 WORTH AVENUE
PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES
DEAUVILLE • GENEVA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Frank Bidart and Peter Everwine reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ARTS—Virgil Thomson, with pianist William Masselos, presenting Erik Satie's "Sports and Diversions," followed by a discussion period. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 3, at 7:30.)

ANTONI GAUDÍ (1852-1926)—Photographs of the architect's designs, including furniture, streetlamps, fireplaces, partitions, porticos, and even an elevator, plus his interior environments. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ARCHITECTURAL TOURS—A benefit tour focussing on the interior of the main branch of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., will take place on Sunday, Dec. 2. Meets at the 42nd Street entrance at 1:30. For reservations, call 838-7262.

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: Impressionist paintings, from the collection of Arthur Sachs and from other owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 2: Old master paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that the film showings will resume when the labor negotiations are resolved. . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 28: "Going Hollywood" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Marion Davies and Bing Crosby. . . . ¶ Nov. 29: A film by Ernst Lubitsch, to be announced. . . . ¶ Nov. 30: "The Party" (1968), directed by Blake Edwards, with Peter Sellers. . . . ¶ Dec. 1: "Topaze" (1933), directed by Henry D'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Dec. 2: "Smart Money" (1931), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney. . . . ¶ Dec. 5: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Walter Huston and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Dec. 6: "Where East Is East" (1929), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Nov. 29-Dec. 5: "My Girlfriend's Wedding," directed by James McBride. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 6: "David Holzman's Diary," directed by James McBride. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:10, 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40 (plus 6, 7:15, 8:30, and 9:45 on Tuesday evenings); on Dec. 6 at 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its seventy-five hundred red, green, blue, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at 5:30 on Thursday, Dec. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Dec. 11 (Phoenix), Dec. 15 (Kansas City-Omaha), Dec. 22 (Detroit), Dec. 25 (Capital Bullets), Dec. 29 (Philadelphia), Jan. 1 (Atlanta), and Jan. 5 (Buffalo). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Dec. 12 (Carolina), Dec. 14 (San Diego), Dec. 16 (Utah), Dec. 19 (Kentucky), Dec. 21 (Virginia), Jan. 2 (Carolina), Jan. 4 (Denver), and Jan. 6 (Kentucky).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**SUNDAY, DEC. 9**: Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . **MONDAY, DEC. 10**: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles. . . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 16**: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Ranger games on Dec. 9, 12, 16, 20, 26, and 30, and Jan. 4 and 6. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on Dec. 11, 15, 18, and 23, and Jan. 3, 5, and 8.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 2-March 16.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 15-16.)

TRACK MEET—Knights of Columbus. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Jan. 12.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Dec. 26-March 2.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season will continue (if the labor negotiations are resolved) through May 18. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 10 and Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 12 and 14. . . . ¶ Roberta Peters, soprano, and George Shirley, tenor, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir boys, Dec. 28-31. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Budapest Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 13 and 15. . . . ¶ Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra of New York, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 30. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, harpsichord and piano, Dec. 30. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 14 and 16 and Jan. 6 and 8. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica Antiqua, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Nuits Musicales, Jan. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Nathan Milstein, violin, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 21 and Jan. 5-6. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): National Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Gyorgy Sandor, piano, Jan. 5. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): "The Composer Speaks," Dec. 17.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—At the City Center: Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, Dec. 18-Jan. 6. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, Jan. 8-Feb. 3.

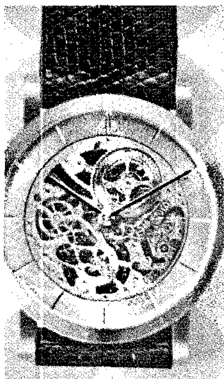
THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of "The Pajama Game," a musical with a book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, based on the latter's novel "7½ Cents." The score and lyrics are by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and the cast is headed by Barbara McNair, Cab Calloway, and Hal Linden. . . . ¶ A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," starring James Earl Jones. . . . ¶ The City Center Acting Company will present four plays in repertory: Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," and James Saunders' "Next Time I'll Sing to You.". . . ¶ A London play, "Find Your Way Home," by John Hopkins, in which Jane Alexander and Michael Moriarty will appear. . . . ¶ "Holiday," with Charlotte Moore and John Glover, the final offering of the New Phoenix Repertory Company's limited engagement. . . . ¶ Julie Harris and Charles Durning in a two-character Irish play, "The Au Pair Man," by Hugh Leonard, a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center.

OTHER DATES—World Festival of Magic and Occult, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 12-30. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Tuesdays. . . . ¶ The Comet Kohoutek will be at its most brilliant visibility between Jan. 1 and 17. . . . ¶ Wonderful World of Horses, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 3-13. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 8-20. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Jan. 15.

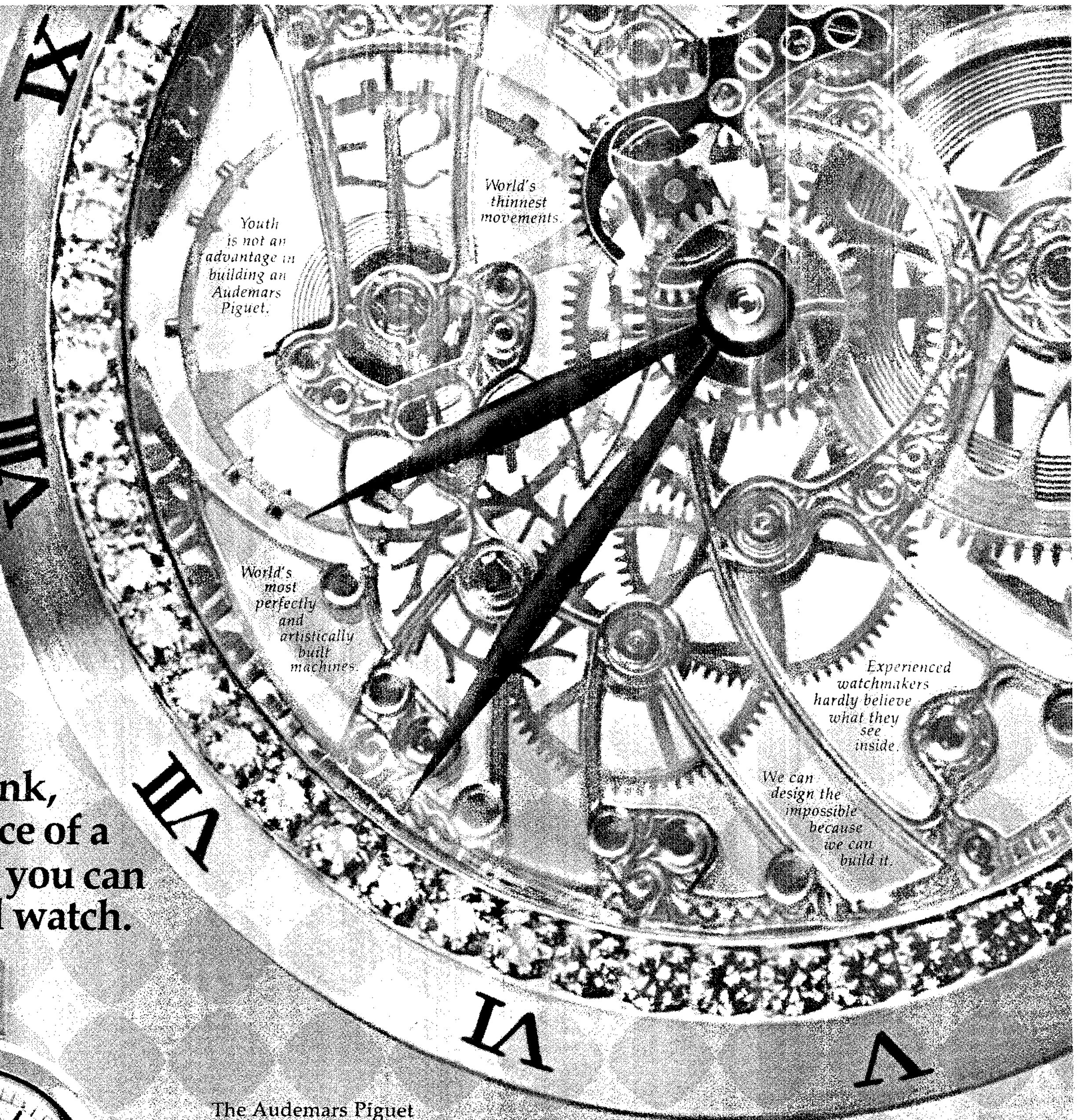
Audace
Parfums
Rochas

Participate in the creation of a new classic. Wear Audace.

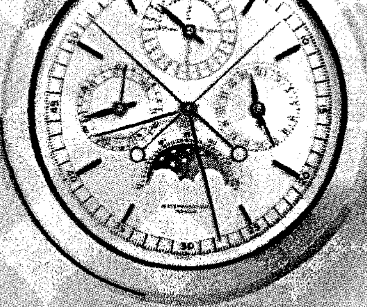
Parfums Rochas



Hand-engraved Skeleton Watch, 18k gold, $2,300. Skeleton Pocket Watch, shown enlarged at right, 18k gold, $6,500.


Youth is not an advantage in building an Audemars Piguet.
World's thinnest movements.
World's most perfectly and artistically built machines.
Experienced watchmakers hardly believe what they see inside.
We can design the impossible because we can build it.

Just think, for the price of a Rolls Royce you can own a good watch.



The Grande Complication tells the second, minute, hour, day, date, month, leap year—even phases of the moon. Minute repeater chimes hours, quarter hours and minutes.

The Audemars Piguet "Grande Complication" watch costs $25,000. If you want one, you'll have to wait two years. Because this watch represents the sum of our knowledge and skill. But there in the palm of your hand you'll have what hundreds of years of Swiss watchmaking have all been leading up to. Of course there are Audemars Piguet's that are somewhat more available, at the prices of Ferraris, Mercedes, Cadillacs, even Fiats.

Few women will know the pleasure of reading the time from diamond hands. All Audemars Piguet watches are made in very small numbers by watchmakers who are in very short supply. At Audemars Piguet, production means nothing. Perfection everything.

Every Audemars Piguet is made entirely by hand. The cases are all 18 karat gold, hand-finished to a warm and satisfying patina. In the automatic watches it was found that gold had the perfect weight to serve as the rotor, so every automatic model has a rotor of 21 karat gold.

AUDEMARS PIGUET
The costliest watch in the world

Men's and ladies' 18k gold watches from $675 to $25,000.
Prices subject to change.
For free brochure write
Audemars Piguet Ltd.,
301 East 57th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“Westworld.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 1: “Trade Winds” and “Stand-In.”
Dec. 2-4: “The Rich Are Always with Us” and “20,000 Years in Sing Sing.”
From Dec. 5: “Torch Singer” and “Imitation of Life.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 1: “Last Tango in Paris” and “Sunday Bloody Sunday.”
Dec. 2-4: “Last Tango in Paris” and “Women in Love.”
From Dec. 5: “The Last of Sheila” and “Something for Everyone.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 4: “Paper Moon” and “Play It Again, Sam.”
From Dec. 5: “Le Sex Shop” and “Take the Money and Run.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Hurry Up, or I’ll Be 30.”

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Billy Jack.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Jonathan Livingston Seagull.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“The Long Goodbye.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“Day for Night.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 4: “Executive Action.”
From Dec. 5: “Serpico.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Executive Action.”

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
“Westworld.”

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“Westworld.”

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
“A Touch of Class.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Mean Streets.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe.”

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Nov. 28: “Duck Soup” and “Horsefeathers.”
Nov. 29-Dec. 5: “The Cocoanuts” and “Monkey Business.”
From Dec. 6: “A Night in Casablanca” and “Love Happy.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“The Paper Chase.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“Breezy.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
“American Graffiti.” (No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 28.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“The French Conspiracy.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“The Way We Were.”

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 4: “Last Tango in Paris.”
From Dec. 5: “A Clockwork Orange.”

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 4: “Don’t Look in the Basement.”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“Westworld.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
“A Touch of Class.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 6 (tentative): “The Don Is Dead.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“The Way We Were.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“Ash Wednesday.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
“Hurry Up, or I’ll Be 30.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
“Battle of the Amazons.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
“Five on the Black Hand Side.”

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
“The Grande Bouffe.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 4: “What’s Up, Doc?” and “Get to Know Your Rabbit.”
From Dec. 5: “Massacre in Rome.”

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 29: “Sambizanga.”
From Nov. 30: “A Touch of Class.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 4: “Cabaret” and another feature, to be announced.
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 4 at one or another of the theatres: “Heavy Traffic” and “Drive, He Said”/“Midnight Cowboy” and “Where’s Poppa?”/“I. F. Stone’s Weekly”/“The Devil in Miss Jones” and “Heat.”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 1: “Money, Money, Money” and “A Thousand Clowns.”
Dec. 2-3: “The Producers” and “The Ruling Class.”
Dec. 4: “Les Biches” and “La Femme Infidèle.”
From Dec. 5: “Slaughterhouse-Five” and “Little Murders.”

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 4: “Midnight Cowboy” and “Where’s Poppa?”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“A Boy Named Charlie Brown” and “Snoopy, Come Home.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
“Robin Hood.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“Don Quixote.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
“The Gold Rush” and “City Lights.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“The New Land.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 29: “The Exterminating Angel” and “8½.”
Nov. 30-Dec. 2: “Horsefeathers” and “Monkey Business.”
Dec. 3-4: “My Night at Maud’s” and “La Collectionneuse.”
Dec. 5-6: “The Stranger” and “Persona.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“England Made Me.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 4: “The Big Sleep” and “To Have and Have Not.”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 4: “Heavy Traffic” and “Three in the Cellar.”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 4: “The Grande Bouffe.”
From Dec. 5: “Cops and Robbers.”

Loews 83rd St., B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 4: “Don’t Look in the Basement” and “Last House on the Left.”
From Dec. 5: “Bang the Drum Slowly.”

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 4: “Modern Times” and “Monsieur Verdoux.”
From Dec. 5: “East of Eden” and “Rebel Without a Cause.”

Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 4: “The Last of Sheila” and “The Thief Who Came to Dinner.”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 4: “Women in Love” and “The Passion of Anna.”
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Note: A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes at two. . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman. No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 28.)

Ash Wednesday—With Elizabeth Taylor and Helmut Berger, directed by Larry Peerce. (Loews Ciné.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin’s disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 5.)

Les Biches (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler’s private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn’t exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Dec. 4.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental “freedom school.” There’s a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it’s violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it’s good it’s good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Eastside Cinema.)

A Boy Named Charlie Brown (1969)—A very sad excuse for a children’s picture—a pathetically limp animation feature that barely taps the verbal wit or the great charm of the comic strip it’s derived from. (Guild.)

Breezy—With William Holden and Kay Lenz, directed by Clint Eastwood. (Columbia II.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Greenwich; through Dec. 4.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Playboy.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick’s film might be the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (72nd Street East; starting Dec. 5.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 29-Dec. 5.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3-4.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by middlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 5.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Don Is Dead—With Anthony Quinn, directed by Richard Fleischer. (U. A. East; through Dec. 6, tentative.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Festival.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 28.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 5.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Coronet. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 4.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The French Conspiracy—The stars in this political thriller bring so many associations from other political thrillers (better ones) that it's almost a satire. But this movie, based on the Ben Barka kidnapping, isn't satire; it isn't anything. No thrills and no political content, just a lot of stars—Gian Maria Volonte talking heroic hogwash as Ben Barka, while Jean-Louis Trintignant, Michel Piccoli, Michel Bouquet, and Philippe Noiret connive and intrigue, and Jean Seberg worries. All the film's energy must have gone into meeting the payroll. Yves Boisset directed. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 4.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Playboy.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 4.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Quad Cinema, and Regency; through Dec. 4.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30—With John Lefkowitz and Linda DeCoff, directed by Joseph Jacoby. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter did a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but, at least, the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 5.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton.)

Last House on the Left (1972)—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 4.)

The Last of Sheila—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Symphony; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 5.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Dec. 4.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; starting Dec. 5.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 6.)

Massacre in Rome—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 5.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (New Yorker; through Dec. 4.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Elgin; through Dec. 1.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 29-Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironics: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (New Yorker; through Dec. 4.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3-4.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy, the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as their films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 6.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Columbia I.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Gramercy; through Dec. 4.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Thalia; through Dec. 4.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5-6.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Gramercy; through Dec. 4.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Elgin; Dec. 2-3.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 5.)

The Rich Are Always with Us (1932)—A Warners melodrama starring Ruth Chatterton, with Bette Davis and George Brent. Alfred E. Green directed; with John Miljan, Robert Warwick, and Berton Churchill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2-4.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; Dec. 2-3.)

Sambizanga—Directed by Sarah Maldoror. In Portuguese. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Serpico—With Al Pacino, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Baronet; starting Dec. 5.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 5.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; starting Dec. 5.)

Snoopy, Come Home (1972)—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him

SEA
FOOD
FLORIST
LOBSTER
FISH
MONTAUK
EICKE

more than Charlie Brown does. The set-piece farewell scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 5.)

Stand-In (1937)—An erratic script about a high-strung Hollywood director (Humphrey Bogart, howlingly miscast); a classy efficiency expert (Leslie Howard) trying to make sense of the motion-picture business; and a sensible girl (Joan Blondell) who was once a child star. At one point, she does a wicked imitation of Shirley Temple. The movie was moldy even when it came out, but it's harmless and good-natured. With Alan Mowbray and Jack Carson; Tay Garnett directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 1.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5-6.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 1.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 5.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Symphony; through Dec. 4.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adapation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; through Dec. 1.)

Three in the Cellar (1970)—With Wes Stern, Joan Collins and Larry Hagman, directed by Theodore Flicker. Originally called "Up in the Cellar." (Regency; through Dec. 4.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Dec. 4.)

Torch Singer (1933)—A Paramount musical melodrama of no great distinction but with a Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger song that couldn't be shaken off: "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." Claudette Colbert is the lead, and the cast includes Lyda Roberti, Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, and Baby LeRoy. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 5.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Ciné Malibu, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Nov. 30.)

Trade Winds (1939)—Hedy Lamarr was the rage in Hollywood the year this was made, so Joan Bennett, in a witchy, prankish mood, turned from blonde into sultry brunette, *à la* Lamarr—and had no trouble at all outacting her. It's a very entertaining comedy-melodrama, with wisecracking Ann Sothern (Dorothy Parker had a hand in the script), Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Thomas Mitchell, and Sidney Blackmer. Directed by Tay Garnett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 1.)

20,000 Years in Sing Sing (1933)—Spencer Tracy as a wise-guy hood, and Bette Davis as his vulnerable, sweet-tough moll. This Warners mixture of social reform and comedy and sentimentality was very loosely based on a book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes; the plot creaks, but the director, Michael Curtiz, keeps things moving. The cast includes Lyle Talbot, Louis Calhern, Arthur Byron, and Warren Hymer as "Hype." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2-4.)

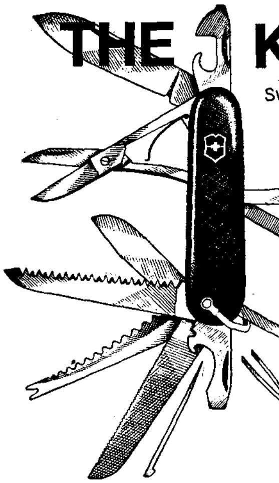
The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (Art, East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Juliet 2.)

What's Up, Doc? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy, the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 4.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

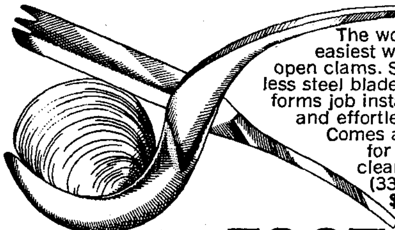
Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Thalia; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 2-4.)



THE KNIFE

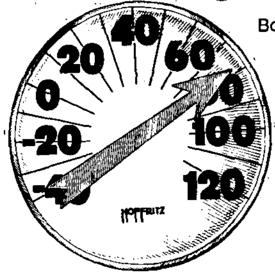
Swiss Army Officer's Knife. Stainless steel. Red scales. 2 blades, scissors, tweezers, 3 screwdrivers, awl, 2 saws, fish-scaler/hook disgorger, can opener, cap lifter/wire stripper, toothpick, nail file, shackle. 3½" (11045) **$29**

CLAM OPENER



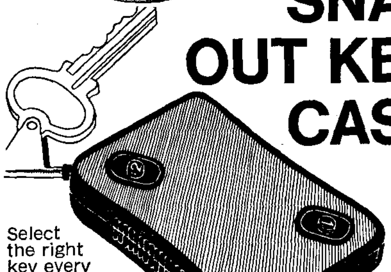
The world's easiest way to open clams. Stainless steel blade performs job instantly and effortlessly. Comes apart for easy cleaning. (33693) **$6.50**

1½ FOOT THERMOMETER



Bold black numbers. Huge red pointer. White face. Weatherproof glass. Aluminum case. (71188) **$12.** Not shown: 12" diameter. (71161) **$8.50**

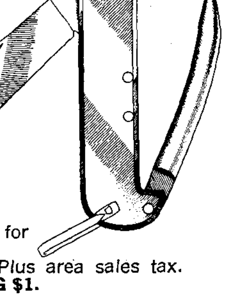
SNAP OUT KEY CASE



Select the right key every time. Press the appropriate button, and out comes the one you want. Holds 4 keys. Red leather case (84611) **$4.** Black leather case (84603) **$4**

YACHTSMAN'S KNIFE

Everything is stainless steel: the shackle; the 3½" locking marlinespike; the scales; the 3" blade. Overall size closed: 4⅛" (18791) **$5**



When ordering by mail add 75¢ pstg. & hndlg. for each item except $1 for Thermometer. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards. **CATALOG $1.**

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N27, N.Y.C. 10003

PARKER 75

©1973 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

One of life's few certain investments. Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen at $12.

How do you measure an investment? No matter which yardstick you choose, the 75 Classic is recommended for long-term hold.

Quality of Offering. Your investment is in silver. Solid sterling silver. Yet the silver is for function. It gives the case heft and balance, through hours of comfortable writing.

Performance. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen writes better months longer—fully three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. In addition, the tungsten-carbide ball won't wear out of round. And its microscopic texture assures a firm grip on any writing material.

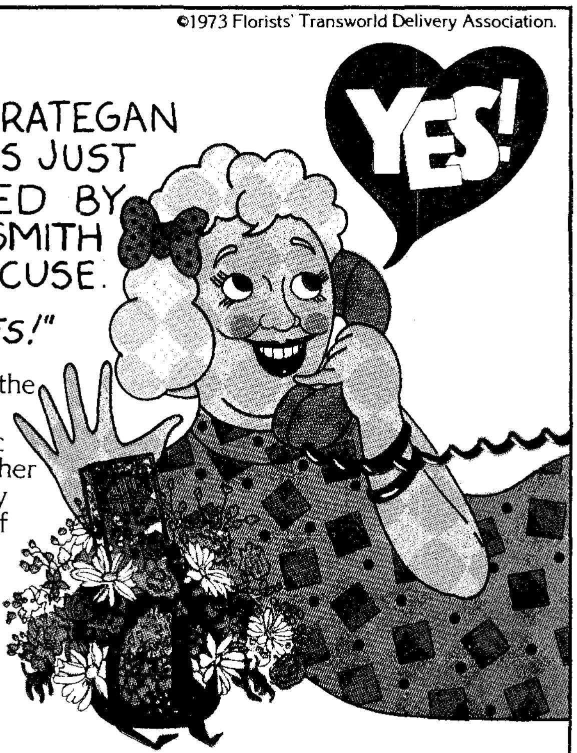
Risk. There is none. Parker guarantees it, in writing. If the 75 Classic fails due to defects during its owner's lifetime, we will repair or replace it—free.

Appreciation Rate. At $12, the pen is an outstanding buy, an investment certain to make memorable both gift and giver. Someone you know deserves one.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen in sterling is $12; in vermeil, $25; in 22K gold electroplate, $8.50; in brushed stainless steel, $5. Matching pencils. You'll find the distinctive arrow clip trademark on every Parker, from the famous $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

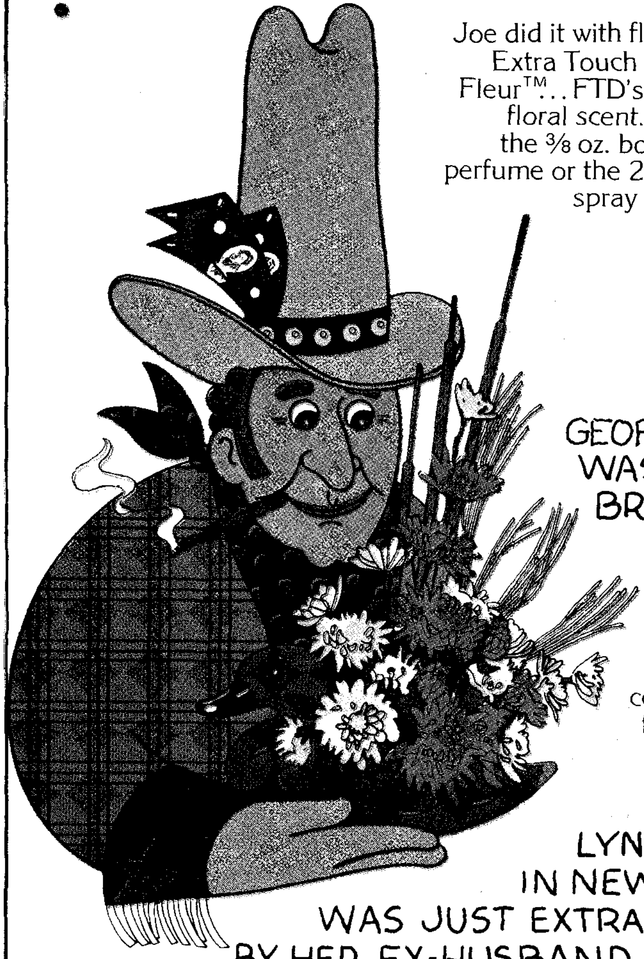
©1973 Florists' Transworld Delivery Association.



ALICE RATEGAN
IN DES MOINES WAS JUST
EXTRA-TOUCHED BY
JOE SMITH
IN SYRACUSE.

SHE SAID "YES!"

Joe did it with flowers with the Extra Touch of Joie de Fleur™... FTD's own classic floral scent. Choose either the ⅜ oz. bottle of spray perfume or the 2 oz. bottle of spray cologne.



GEORGE JOHNSON IN DALLAS
WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HIS
BROTHER-IN-LAW IN DETROIT.

GEORGE SENT THE MONEY!

George's brother-in-law did it with flowers with the Extra Touch of the Sportsman's Duck Decoy. This hand-finished ceramic duck is a handsome accessory for desk, dresser or den.

LYNN SANGER
IN NEW ORLEANS
WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED
BY HER EX-HUSBAND IN MIAMI.

*SHE'S GETTING HIM FOR
NON-SUPPORT, ANYWAY!*

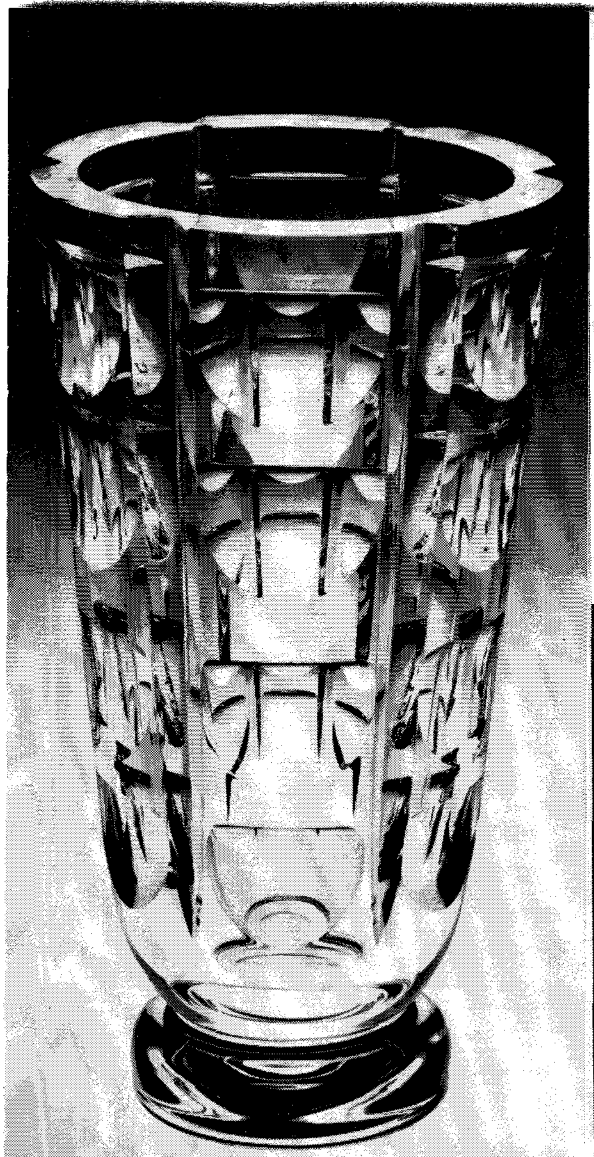
Lynn's ex tried flowers with the Extra Touch of an imported Snack Tray. Now when Lynn entertains her new gentlemen friends, she serves snacks or chips in a lovely wooden bowl from the Philippines.

"Your Extra Touch Florist"

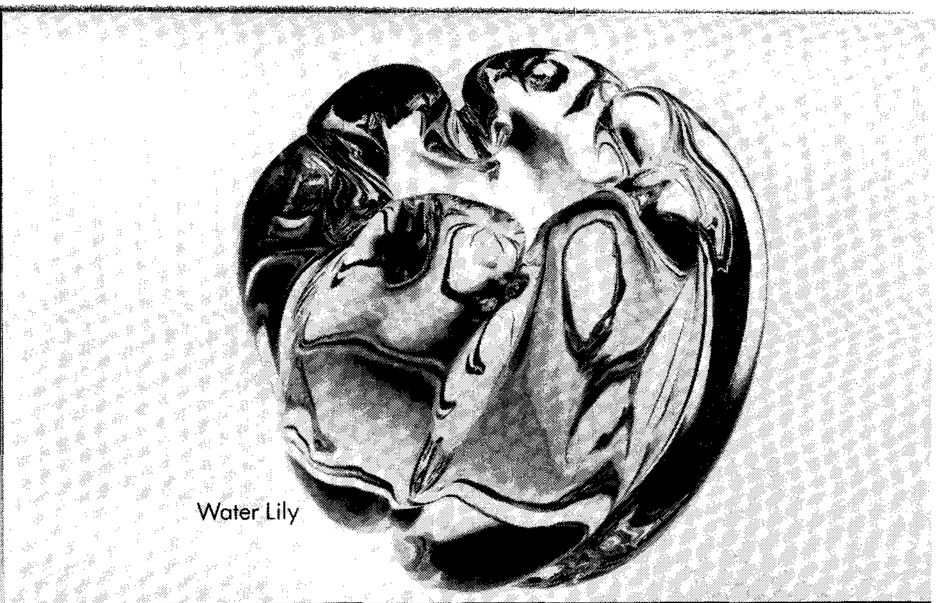
Now send flowers with the FTD Extra Touch.™

A wonderful new way to say you care, you remember. So different and so easy to do. Sent almost anywhere by wire, the FTD way. And the Extra Touch you see, is the Extra Touch they receive. Call or visit your FTD Florist. They'll never forget you extra touched them.

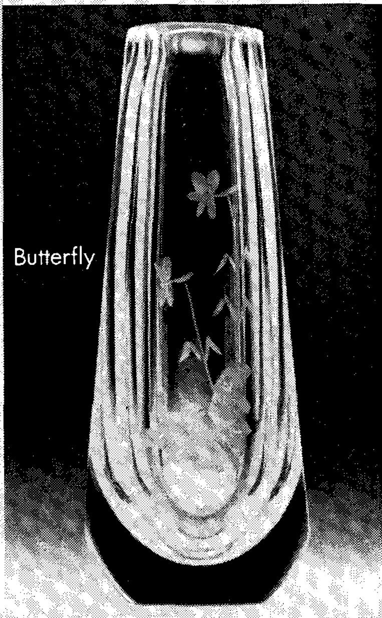
(Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.)



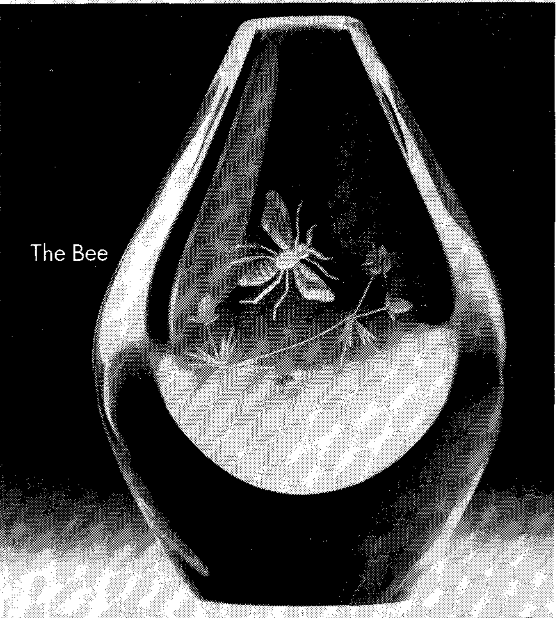
Thousand Windows



Water Lily



Butterfly



The Bee

ORREFORS

If you're looking for a vase that's *equally beautiful without flowers—Orrefors is clearly for you.*

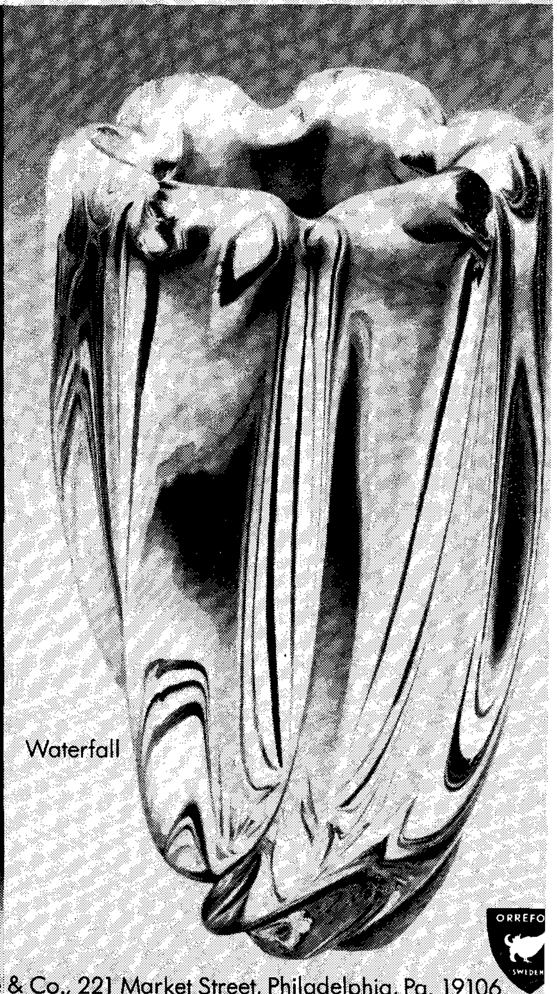
In Sweden we think a vase should do more than the obvious.

So at Orrefors we design them to be centerpieces. Then we engrave them, and cut them, and shape them into showpieces as well.

To be kept on display. So you can admire the hand-craftsmanship. Appreciate the exceptional brilliance—the kind of sparkle and fire only true lead crystal emits. Enjoy their timeless elegance. Anytime.

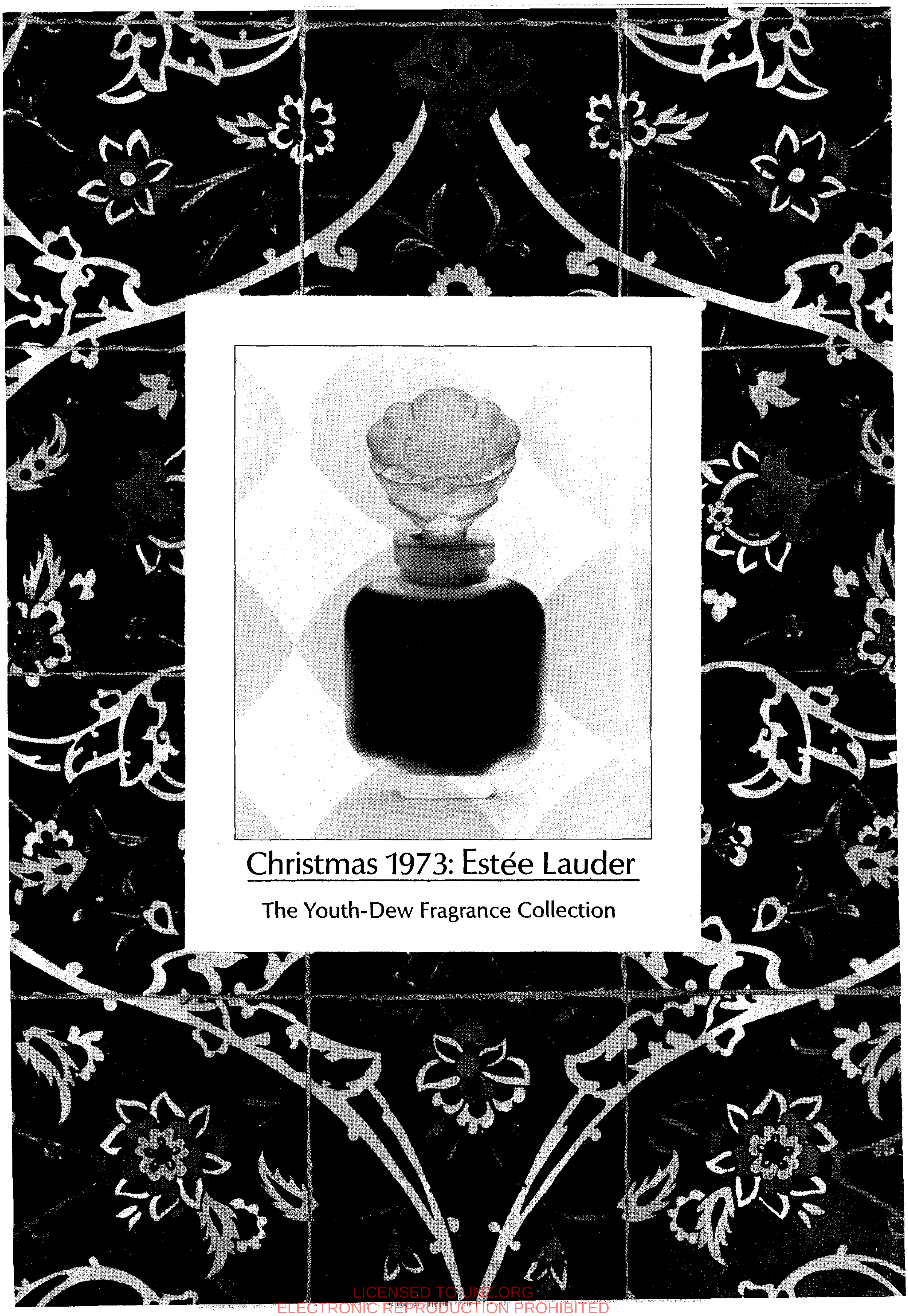
Like any true work of art, their beauty is lasting. Even if the flowers aren't.

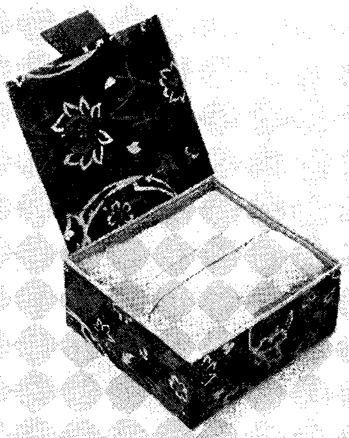
Wish to the Moon



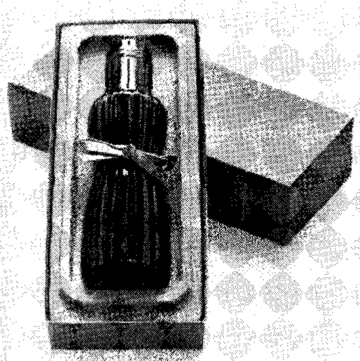
Waterfall

For literature and names of stores nearest you write: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.

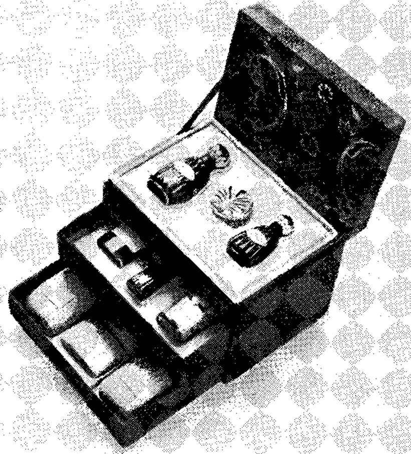

Christmas 1973: Estée Lauder
The Youth-Dew Fragrance Collection



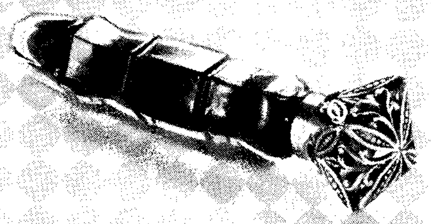
Youth-Dew Dusting Powder $6.50



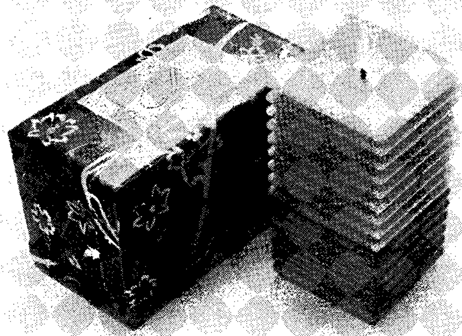
Youth-Dew Boutique
Eau de Parfum Spray $7.00



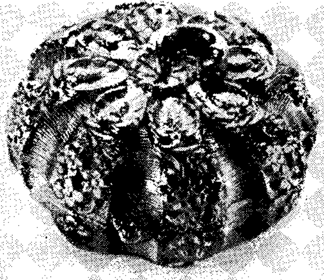
Youth-Dew Sovereign Collection $30.00



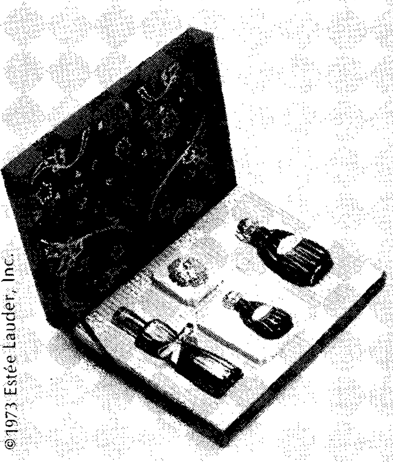
Youth-Dew French Purse Flacon $8.50



Youth-Dew Fragrance Candle $8.50

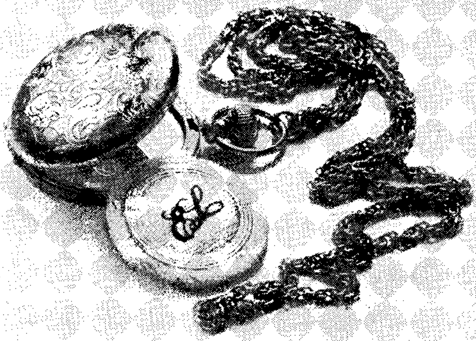


Youth-Dew Flowering
Tangerine Compact $10.00

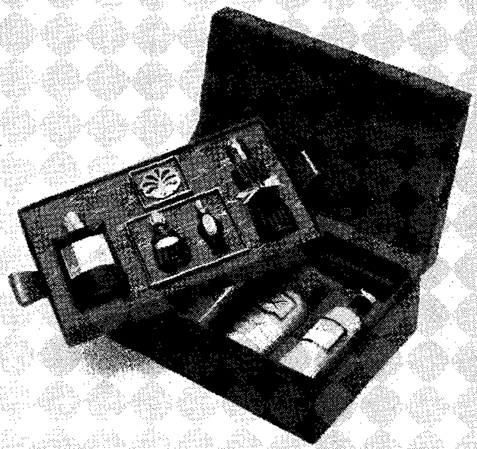


Youth-Dew Luxury Suite $22.50

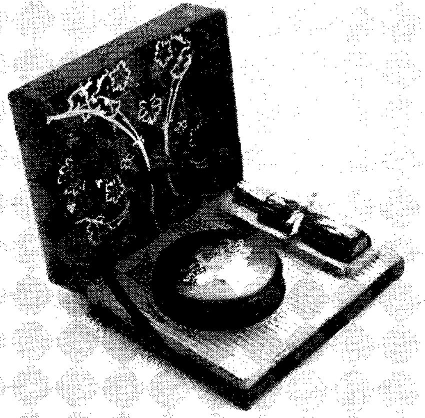
©1973 Estée Lauder, Inc.



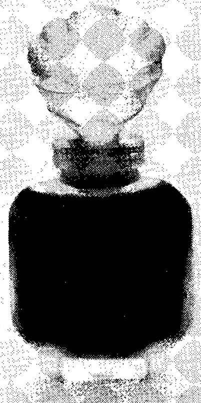
Youth-Dew Filigree Watch
Compact Necklace $10.00



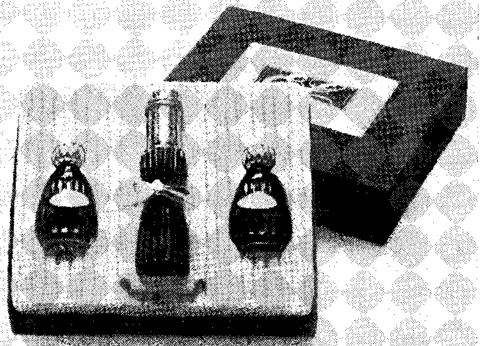
Youth-Dew Fragrance Chest $65.00



Youth-Dew Collector's Treasures $10.00



Original Youth-Dew Perfume
$12.50, $18.50, $28.50



Youth-Dew Royal Suite $6.50

Crouch & Fitzgerald's Christmas gift suggestion No. 7

A Moveable Feat.

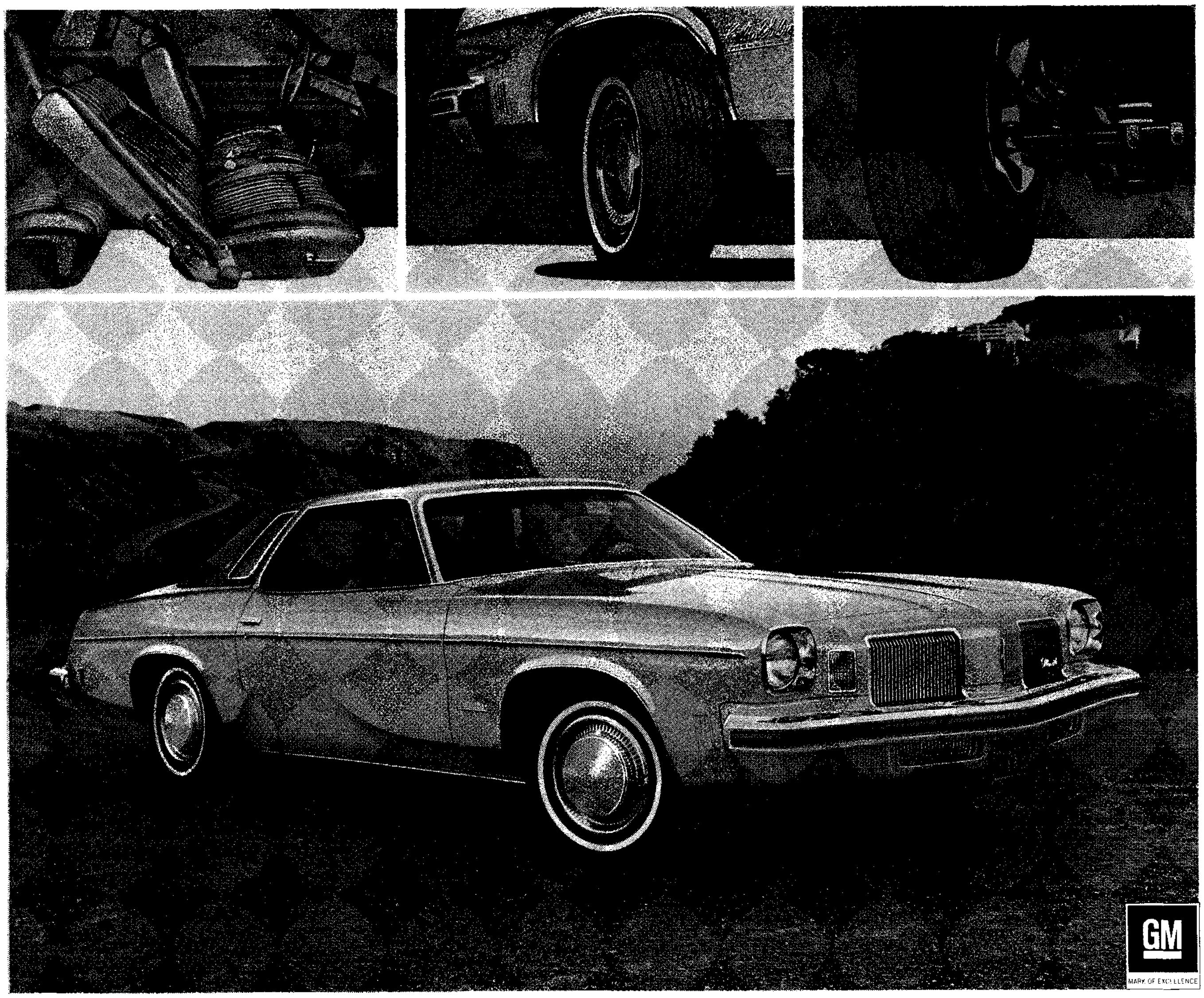
For people who like to have their clothes and wear them! Our own exclusive, handsome collection in Natural Belgian Linen bound and trimmed with Real Harness Leather; brass combination locks.*

A. Taxi Wardrobe (16 hangers)	190.00
B. Ladies' garment bag	138.50
C. 29" Case	105.00
D. 26" Case	90.00
E. Tennis Case (racquets and balls not included)	69.50

Not shown:

32" Case	145.00
29" Jumbo	125.00
24" Case	75.00
21" Case	69.50
Train Case	69.50

(Mail and phone orders filled promptly. Free shipping within our 50 mile U.P. Zone radius. Outside our U.P.Z. applicable shipping costs will be added. N.Y.C. residents add 7% tax, N.Y. State add taxes applicable. Complimentary monogramming and gift wrapping. Please order by size and price. IMPORTANT: We will set the 3-digit combination number desired. Please include the number with order. American Express and all major credit cards honored. Please indicate card name, number and expiration date. **Crouch & Fitzgerald, 400 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017 (212) PL 5-5888**)



Reclining seats. Steel-belted radials. Special suspension. All Grand Touring features. Without a Grand Touring price.

A Grand Touring car is made for long, hard driving without being hard on you. That's why Cutlass Salon offers the traditional GT things you see above.

Things like contoured lounge seats. Steel-belted radial tires. Special suspension and steering. Automatic transmission. Plus the traditional dependability of an Olds Rocket V8.

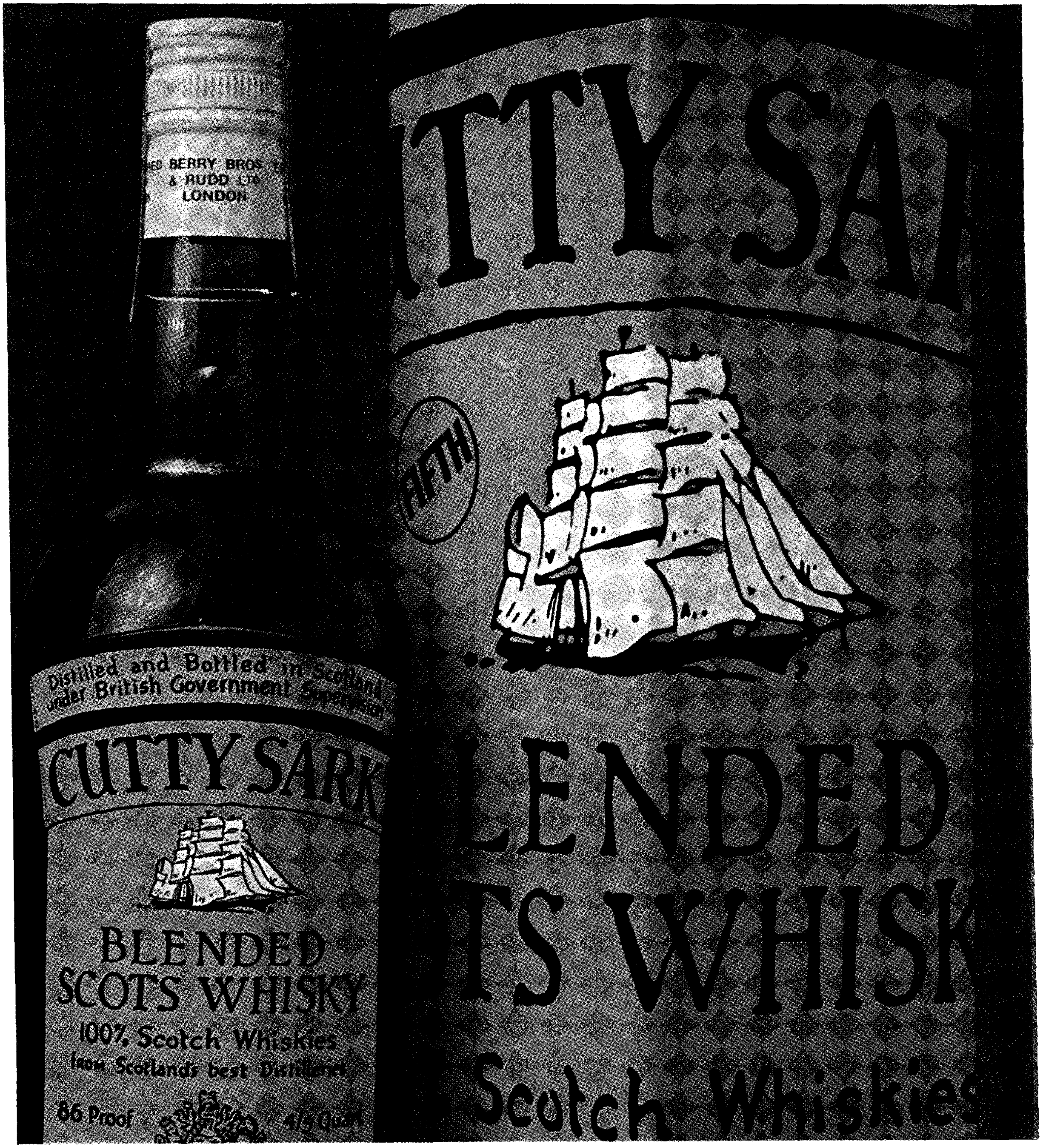
Cutlass Salon coupe or sedan. Driving one can be an authentic Grand Touring experience. Pricing one isn't.

from Oldsmobile

Cutlass Salon

Built in the Grand Touring tradition.

When you're making a list
and checking it twice...

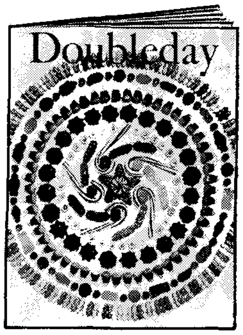

BERRY BROS.
& RUDD LTD
LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
FIFTH
TTY SA
LENDED
TS WHISK
Scotch Whiskies

"Don't give up the ship!"

You know how you feel
when you're given
a bottle of great Scotch.
Well, that's how
everybody else feels.
Make someone happy.

The Christmas Gift Story Chapter V

In which you remember a couple of people you forgot.



Doubleday Fulfillment Center, 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. 02107
Or by telephone: In New York area: 212 832-1500 In Boston area: 617 542-2313

Please send me the following:

Title	Price

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me: L-5

Title	Price

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________ Zip ________

Send to: ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________ Zip ________
Enclose card signed: ____________________

Prices quoted are secured in advance and subject to change without notice.
On purchases under $14.95 add 50¢ mailing charge. Allow $2.00 per package for overseas shipment. Overseas deliveries not guaranteed. Massachusetts residents add 3% sales tax and appropriate local tax.

☐ *Christmas wrap free* ☐ *check enclosed* ☐ *I attach gift list for additional orders*
Credit card (Circle one) BankAmericard, American Express, Master Charge, Diners' Club, Carte Blanche

Number ____________________ Expires ____________

***OR:* Use coupon to order any of these titles—from any of these fine stores:**

The Old Corner Book Store
50 Bromfield St.
Boston, Mass. 02107

Books 'n Things
321 West University Dr.
Rochester, Mich. 48063

Martha Merrell's Bookstores
312 Sixth Street
Racine, Wisc. 53403

Harbour Books
322 Pacific Avenue
Bremerton, Wash. 98310

Univ. of Penn. Bookstore
3729 Locust Walk
Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

Victor Lundeen
Lundeen Bldg.
Fergus Falls, Minn. 56537

Kidd's
626 Vine Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

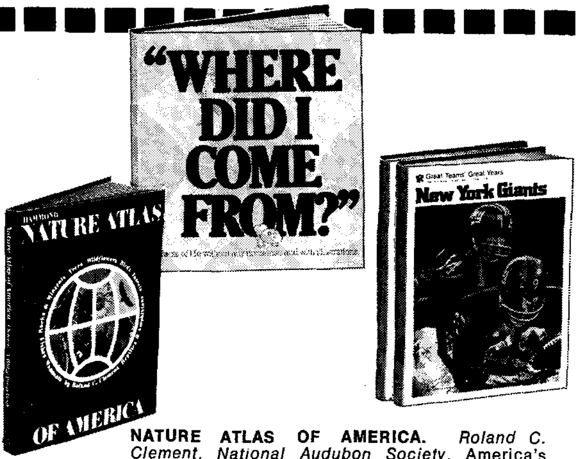
Carroll's Gifts & Books
122 North "K" St.
Tulare, Calif. 93274

College Book Co. of Calif.
1002 Westwood Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Book Barn
964 Third Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Belk-Beery Book Dept.
P.O. Drawer 1230
Wilmington, N.C. 28401

The Films of Mae West
Cary Grant
Chevalier
The Films of Marlon Brando



The Indians
The Cowboys
Mark H. McCormack
The Wonderful World of Professional Golf

THE FILMS OF MAE WEST. *Jon Tuska.* Hundreds of rare photos and stills. **THE FILMS OF CARY GRANT.** *Donald Deschner. Intro.: Charles Champlin.* 450 illus. **CHEVALIER: The Films and Career of Maurice Chevalier.** *Gene Ringgold and DeWitt Bodeen.* 400 illus. **THE FILMS OF MARLON BRANDO.** *Tony Thomas.* 400 illus. Each a film buff's delight. Citadel Press. Each $12

NATURE ATLAS OF AMERICA. *Roland C. Clement, National Audubon Society.* America's natural resources in clear text, color photos, multicolor maps and charts. Hammond. $17.95.

WHERE DID I COME FROM? *Peter Mayle.* This big, warm, happy book is written and illustrated with such tender loving care that it makes telling your child the facts of life a pleasure for both of you! Lyle Stuart. $5.95

GREAT TEAMS, GREAT YEARS SERIES. *Ed.: NFL Creative Services Div.* New, authoritative, in-depth chronicles of great NFL teams' top years. Each, 200 illus., with 8 page, full-color section. **NEW YORK GIANTS. CLEVELAND BROWNS. DETROIT LIONS. LOS ANGELES RAMS.** Macmillan. Each $7.95

THE OLD WEST SERIES. Each book features as many as 250 illus., many in full color. Paintings, photos, show the West as it was. Embossed, gold-stamped covers. 8½ x 11". **THE COWBOYS.** Frontiersmen and cattle barons. **THE INDIANS.** 32 tribes. **THE TRAILBLAZERS. THE SOLDIERS.** Time-Life. Each $9.95

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PROFESSIONAL GOLF. *Mark H. McCormack.* The man most responsible for taking golf into the big money tells its story. Where the game came from, tournaments, conquerers, challenging top courses. 94 full-color and black-and-white illus. Atheneum. After 12/31, $20; now $17.95

Books to help you wind up your Christmas shopping

THE JOY OF SEX. *Ed.: Alex Comfort, Ph.D.* Is to human sexuality what *Cordon Bleu* is to cooking. Crown. $7.95. Illus. Ed. $12.95

THE SCHOOL BOOK: For People Who Want to Know What All the Hollering is About. *Postman & Weingartner.* Lively guide. Delacorte. $7.95

THE EARTH FROM SPACE. *J. Bodechtel & H. G. Gierloff-Emden.* 100 rare full-color photos, maps, drawings. Arco. $16.95

THE DEFENDERS. *Murray Olderman.* Over 100,000 words, 48 pp. of color and 300 b&w photos, diagrams plus football lore. Prentice-Hall. $14.95

GOOD CLEAN VIOLENCE: A History of College Football. *Ivan N. Kaye.* 103 years of college football. Profusely illus. Lippincott. $8.95

THE SMOKED-FOODS RECIPE BOOK. *Jack Sleight.* Enhance smoked game, fish, meat, cheese! 16 pp. color illus. Stackpole. $8.95

THE PRO FOOTBALL EXPERIENCE. *Ed.: David Boss. Intrp.: Roger Kahn.* 290 full-color photos, foldouts. Abrams. After 12/31, $25; now $22.50

THE SEASONAL KITCHEN: A Return to Fresh Foods. *Perla Meyers.* 300 recipes. Holt. $12.95 **SEASONAL KITCHEN CALENDAR.** $4.95

ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS. 3rd Ed. Best synonym book; groups words by ideas. Crowell. $5.95. Thumb-indexed. $6.95

CRICKET: A Children's Literary Magazine. *Clifton Fadiman.* Superb 9-issue-gift (Sept.-May) for ages 6-10. Illus. Open Court. $10

HOLLYWOOD BABYLON. *Kenneth Anger.* Hollywood expose. Complete, unexpurgated. Large format. Illus. Stonehill. $9.95

PENTIMENTO: A Book of Portraits. *Lillian Hellman.* From an extraordinary life—people, theatre, places, events. Little, Brown. $7.95

BLOODLETTERS AND BADMEN: A Narrative Encyc. of American Criminals from Pilgrims to Present Day. *Jay Robt Nash.* Illus. Evans. $16.95

ROSEY GRIER'S NEEDLEPOINT FOR MEN. *Rosey Grier.* Handsome how-to-book for men. Belts to chairs. Color illus. Walker. $10

THE COMPLETE CAT ENCYCLOPEDIA. 650 illus. $15. **THE SILENT MIAOW.** 200 illus. $4.95. **HONORABLE CAT.** Illus. Crown. $10

BEYOND CRAFT: The Art Fabric. *Constantine & Larsen.* Color examples of the robust art. Van Nostrand. After 12/31, $35; now $29.95

HORSE WORLD ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR 1974. Full-color photos. **CAT WORLD. DOG WORLD. MUSEUM MASTERPIECES.** Crown. Each $1

POPULAR PRINTS OF THE AMERICAS. *A. Hyatt Mayor.* 195 illus., 47 in full color. Crown. After 12/31, $15.95; now $12.95

NEEDLEPOINT DESIGNS FROM AMERICAN INDIAN ART. *Nora Cammann.* 20 designs: pillows, belts. Color and b&w. Scribners. $9.95

THE READER'S DIGEST BOOK OF CHRISTMAS. Stories, poems, history of traditions, customs. 300 illus., most color. Norton. $12.95

THE STEIN & DAY HANDBOOK OF MAGIC. *Marvin Kaye.* Reveals techniques, psychology of illusion. Illus. Stein & Day. $10

ERICA WILSON'S EMBROIDERY BOOK. *Erica Wilson.* 7 kinds of needlework. Over 500 diagrams. Color and b&w. Scribners. $14.95

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF NEEDLEPOINT. *Elaine Slater.* Left-handed or right-handed—shows you how. Specify l. or r.-handed ed. Quadrangle. After 12/31, $17.50; now $14.95

THE VOGUE SEWING BOOK. Rev. Ed. Over 1,500 drawings, patterns, figure analyses. 56 full-color pages. Butterick Fashion Mktg. $15.95

THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES. *Ed.: W. S. Baring-Gould.* Complete—4 novels, 56 stories. Illus. Potter. 2 vols. Boxed set. $25

THE INDIGO BUNTING: A Memoir of Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Vincent Sheean.* A spiritual portrait of the great poet. Schocken. $2.95

THE COLOR DICTIONARY OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS FOR HOME AND GARDEN. *Hay & Synge.* 2,048 color illus. Green-thumb's joy. Crown. $15

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF MAGIC. *Milbourne Christopher.* Magic greats. Photos, posters, memorabilia. 300 illus. Crowell. $14.95

not with a whimper but with a bang!

THE COMPUTER DIET Vincent Antonetti
MILTON GLASER GRAPHIC DESIGN
THE AMERICAN COWBOY Harold McCracken
THE SYMBOLISTS PHILIPPE JULLIAN
NORTHERN ITALIAN COOKING Francesco Ghedini
HOW TO WINE YOUR WAY TO GOOD HEALTH
Dawn Wakes in the East Audrey Topping
Elegant Desserts JUNE ROTH
LIGHT FROM THE LIVING BIBLE
HOW TO COOK HIS GOOSE (and other wild games) Karen Green/Betty Black
Thoughts of Christmas
RAYMOND BRIGGS Father Christmas
i'll tell them i remember you by the author of THE EXORCIST william peter blatty

THE COMPUTER DIET. *Vincent Antonetti.* Calories count! Charts, diets, menus individualized for you. Evans. $6.95

MILTON GLASER: GRAPHIC DESIGN. Art Retrospective by the pre-eminent designer. 97 color plates. Overlook. After 12/31, $30; now $27.50

THE AMERICAN COWBOY. *Harold McCracken.* History plus 148 illus., 21 full-color—Remington, Catlin. Doubleday. $15. Ltd. Ed. $75

THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE. *Hugh Johnson.* "Splendid." *House Beautiful.* 143 color maps, 1000 labels. Simon and Schuster. $25

THE SYMBOLISTS. *Philippe Jullian.* Over 200 illus., 50 in color—Moreau, Odilon, Redon. Praeger. After 12/31, $29.50; now $25

NORTHERN ITALIAN COOKING. *Francesco Ghedini.* Regional specialties for Americans. 148 divine delights. Illus. Hawthorn. $7.95

HOW TO WINE YOUR WAY TO GOOD HEALTH. *Herbert M. Baus. Foreword: Harold C. Torbert, M.D.* Documents benefits, pleasures. Mason. $8.95

DAWN WAKES IN THE EAST. *Audrey Topping.* Stunning photo study of today's China. 125 color, 85 black and white. Harpers. $17.50

ELEGANT DESSERTS. *June Roth.* Easy directions guarantee success. Cremes to tortes. 256 pp. Illus. Dodd, Mead. $7.95

LIGHT FROM THE LIVING BIBLE. *Perry Tanksley.* Quotations from *The Living Bible.* Illus. Gold-embossed padded cover. Revell. $4.95

HOW TO COOK HIS GOOSE. *Karen Green & Betty Black.* Step-by-step how to handle and prepare birds, fish, game. Winchester. $6.95

THOUGHTS OF CHRISTMAS. A joyous gift of love. Also: **CHILDHOOD. WISDOM. LAUGHTER. LOVE. FRIENDSHIP.** Crown. Each $1

FATHER CHRISTMAS. *Raymond Briggs.* A hilarious cartoon look at Britain's Father Christmas (Santa to you!) Ages 4-8. Coward. $4.95

I'LL TELL THEM I REMEMBER YOU. *William Peter Blatty.* An inspiring personal story by the bestselling author of *The Exorcist.* Norton. $5.95

THE TOWER. *Richard Martin Stern.* Novel of a new Manhattan skyscraper, its flaw and events that threaten destruction. McKay. $7.95

THE POSTERN OF FATE. *Agatha Christie.* Tuppence and Tommy Beresford are back and all the Christie magic is at work. Dodd. $6.95

THE ROHAN MASTER. "The most surprising masterpiece of French Art." 127 plates in 4-color, plus gold. Braziller. After 12/25, $45; now $40

THE GLADIATORS. Everything from inside a professional training camp to photos of today's football superstars. Prentice-Hall. $14.95

SEASONS. *Hal Borland. Photos: Les Line.* Magnificent evocation in text and 64 full-color photos. Lippincott. After 12/31, $14.95; now $12.95

COMPLETE ORGAN MUSIC OF J. S. BACH. *Walter Kraft.* All preludes, fugues, chorales, sonatas—18 records. Orig. $80. Now $19.95

A NEWSPAPER HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *Michael Wynn Jones.* Stories of the past 300 years as reported *at the time.* 200 illus. Morrow. $15

THE FIGHTERS. *Colin Willock.* Moving novel about WW II in Europe—in the air and on the ground—from both sides. St. Martin's. $7.95

THE ISLAND. *Robert Russell.* The blind Mr. Russell's joyous account of life on his island. "Inspiring."—*James Dickey.* Vanguard. $6.95

BEETHOVEN COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC. 21 records. $100 value. Now $19.95. **Krips' COMPLETE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES.** London Philharmonic. 7 records. $40 value. Now $9.95

THE RADOVIC RULE. *Igor D. Radovic.* How the Subordinate can manage his Superior and control the *real* power in any organization. Illus. Evans. $5.95

BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR THE WORLD: The Pleasures & Perils of an Unseasoned Traveler. *Peg Bracken.* Harcourt. $6.95

THE WORLD AT WAR. *Mark Arnold-Foster.* WW II events telescoped—supplements the TV series. Illus. Stein & Day. $10

CITIES IN THE SAND. *Aubrey Menen.* Recreates Phoenician cities in days of Imperial Rome. 200 photos, incl. 16 full-color pp. Dial. $15

AGATHA CHRISTIE Postern of Fate
THE TOWER Richard Martin Stern
THE Rohan Master
The Gladiators
COMPLETE ORGAN MUSIC OF BACH
Seasons
A NEWSPAPER HISTORY OF THE WORLD
THE FIGHTERS COLIN WILLOCK
The Island by Robert Russell
21 RECORDS BEETHOVEN COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC
Igor Radovic
Peg Bracken But I Wouldn't Have Missed It for the World!
THE WORLD AT WAR MARK ARNOLD-FOSTER
Aubrey Menen Cities in the Sand

Use coupon up front

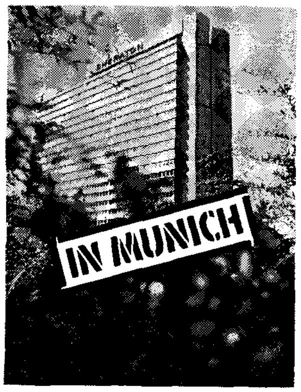
What has Sheraton done for you lately?

IN COPENHAGEN

The **Sheraton-Copenhagen** is one of Scandinavia's most impressive hotels, only two blocks from famous Tivoli Gardens.

IN STOCKHOLM

The fabulous **Sheraton-Stockholm** is right in the heart of the city, overlooking the Old Town.



The fabulous new **Sheraton-Munich** has a year-round indoor pool and a convenient location near the international airport.

AT LONDON AIRPORT
Sheraton Heathrow Hotel
Hotel

The new **Sheraton-Heathrow** has a swinging discotheque and free bus service to and from the airport and Central London.

Sheraton has spectacular hotels all over Europe.

From Munich to Copenhagen, from Stockholm to London Airport. And there are two new Sheraton Hotels in Portugal... one right in Lisbon and the other on the island of Madeira. And a magnificent new Sheraton Hotel right in the heart of Brussels.

Now there are more than 300 exciting Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns around the world... all across Europe, Africa/Middle East, Asia/Pacific, Latin America, and coast to coast in the United States, Hawaii and Canada.

For immediate reservations call:

800-325-3535.

Or have your travel agent call.

Sheraton Hotels in Europe

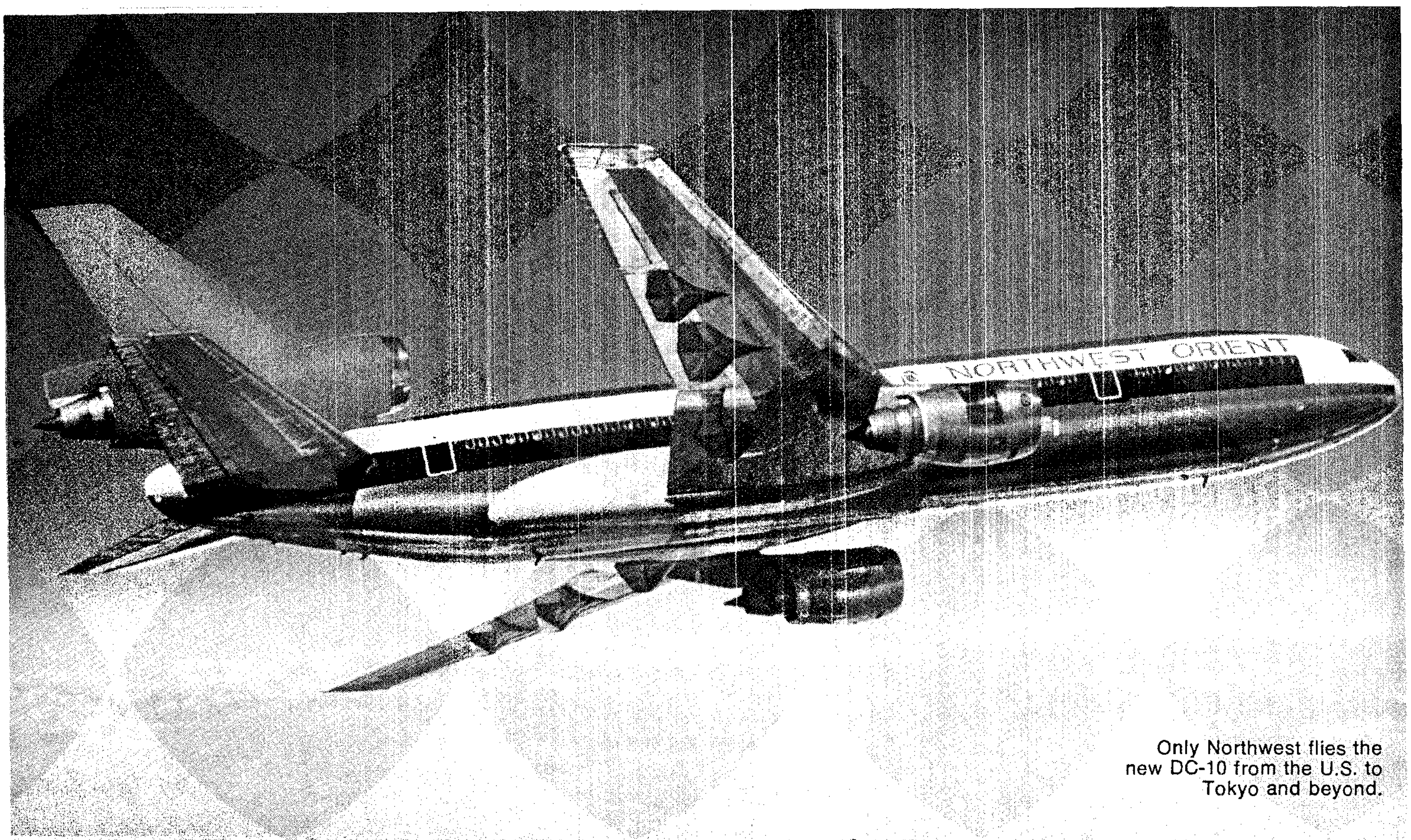
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF **ITT**
BRUSSELS • COPENHAGEN • LONDON HEATHROW • LISBON • MADEIRA • MUNICH • PARIS ('74) • STOCKHOLM

EVERYTHING THE FRENCH KNOW ABOUT MAKING PERFUME IS SEALED IN THIS LITTLE PACKAGE.

Sealed Only In France
Fleurs du Monde

Fleurs du Monde by Parfums Fabergé, Paris. Made, bottled and sealed only in France. Available at selected fine department and specialty stores

© 1973 FABERGÉ INC. NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO PARI


NORTHWEST ORIENT

Only Northwest flies the
new DC-10 from the U.S. to
Tokyo and beyond.

Wide cabins give you more
seat room, more room to roam.

The magnificent 747 — first of
the Northwest wide-cabin jets

THWEST ORIENT
FLY THE

Northwest has the only wide-cabin jets direct to Tokyo and the Orient from New York and Washington.

Flight 7. Orient Express from New York and Seattle/Tacoma.

The only wide-cabin 747 nonstop to Seattle/Tacoma and straight across the Pacific to Tokyo and the Orient.

A convenient 10:00 am New York departure time.

Distinctive Regal Imperial Service.

And lots of extra comfort for no extra money.

Flight 3. Orient Express from Washington, Cleveland and Chicago.

Only Northwest offers big, roomy DC-10 service to Anchorage and on to Tokyo. Plenty of extra room and the biggest picture windows in the sky.

Regal Imperial Service, too.

You get famous Regal Imperial Service on both flights!

Something to look forward to: hot, scented Oshibori towels. Exotic hors d'oeuvres, delicious entrees and luscious desserts. And your favorite cocktails.

Plus stereo and movies across the Pacific to help pass the time ($2.50 charge required by all airlines).

The Orient Express has through and connecting service to Osaka, Seoul, Okinawa, Taipei, Manila and Hong Kong.

When you're going to the Orient, don't settle for less than the Orient Express. For reservations, see your travel agent or call Northwest Orient.

Daily Express flights to Tokyo and the Orient

New York	10:00 am **747**	**Mpls./St. Paul**	11:00 am **747**	**Seattle/Tacoma**	1:45 pm **747**
Washington, D.C.	8:00 am **		11:35 am **	**Anchorage**	3:30 pm **DC-10**
	9:15 am **DC-10**	**Los Angeles**	7:20 am **747**	**Honolulu**	2:00 pm **747**
Cleveland	11:15 am **DC-10**		1:30 pm **747**		6:10 pm **747**
Chicago	10:00 am **	**San Francisco**	9:30 am **747**		
	12:20 pm **DC-10**				

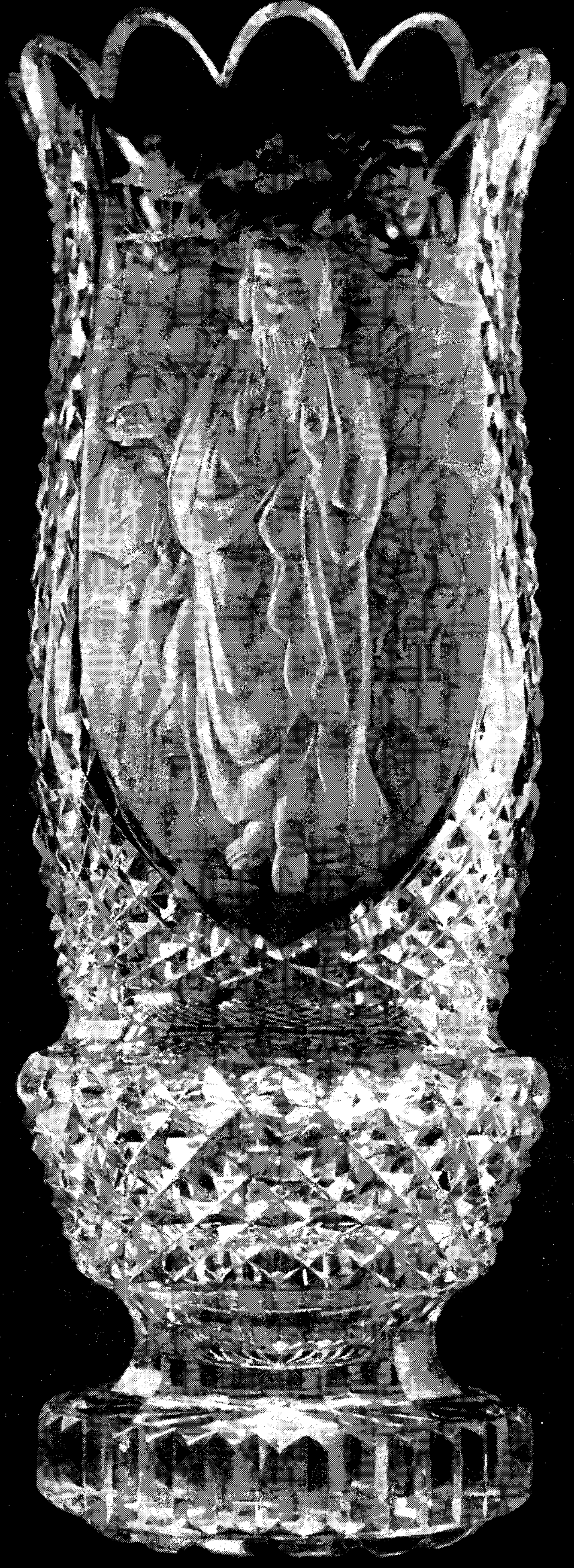
**Via connections.

NORTHWEST ORIENT ®

ORIENT EXPRESS

Why settle for less...

INVEST IN A MUSEUM PIECE BY WATERFORD. $1450.



Invest in a very limited edition. In all the world, there will be just 250 of these original works of art by Waterford. "Noah," depicted on Mount Ararat, is blown, cut, engraved and made wholly by hand with heart. Eleven inches tall, each vase is signed and numbered. A certificate records the number for historical purposes. "Noah" takes its place as the third in a series of limited editions by Waterford. $1450.

Waterford Irish Crystal,
225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York 10010.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

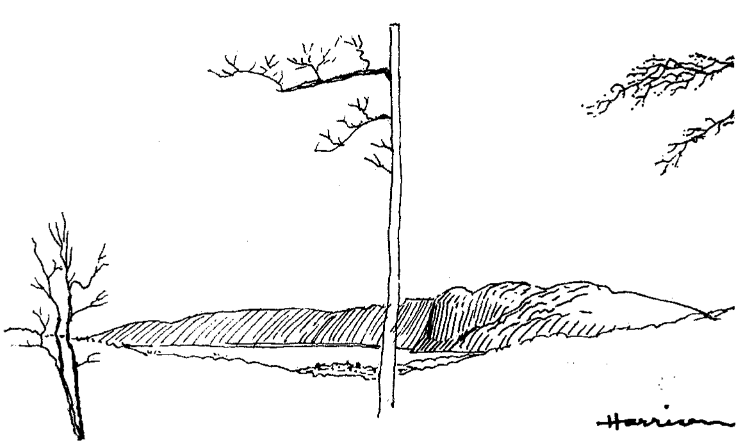
LAST week, shortly after the Dow-Jones industrial average fell more than twenty-eight points in a single day, and shortly after we had seen a smiling, vigorously gesturing, rapid-speaking President telling a group of editors at Disney World, "I'm not a crook," we picked up our issue of *U. S. News & World Report* and turned to the "Tomorrow" section—the typed yellow "Newsgram" near the front of the magazine which, with copious underlinings, gives the reader "a look ahead from the nation's capital." The news coming into the *U. S. News* offices from the future was basically good. The latest bulletin revealed that "some Americans worry that *today's troubles*—political, economic, and international—signal start of a *decline* by the U.S. as world's *leading power*," and went on, "There's no doubt that it's a time of *adjustment*—some of it painful. But fact remains that this nation *is still No. 1* by nearly any measure. What's more, Americans *should stay on top for years*." As evidence, the "Newsgram" noted, among other things, that "*diplomatic clout* backed by plenty of *military force*" had helped us obtain a cease-fire in the Middle East, and that the dollar was regaining strength. Some of the good news for us consisted of bad news for our allies: "Nations that have been *gaining ground* on the U.S. are running into the same problems facing this country's businessmen—inflation, pollution, labor unrest. *Japan* and *Western Europe* are prime examples." It would be some time before *they* were No. 1, anyway. There was other reassuring news, too: "*Beginning to spread* in Washington in mid-November: belief that worst of the Watergate crisis is *over*, that heat on the President is *dissipating*."

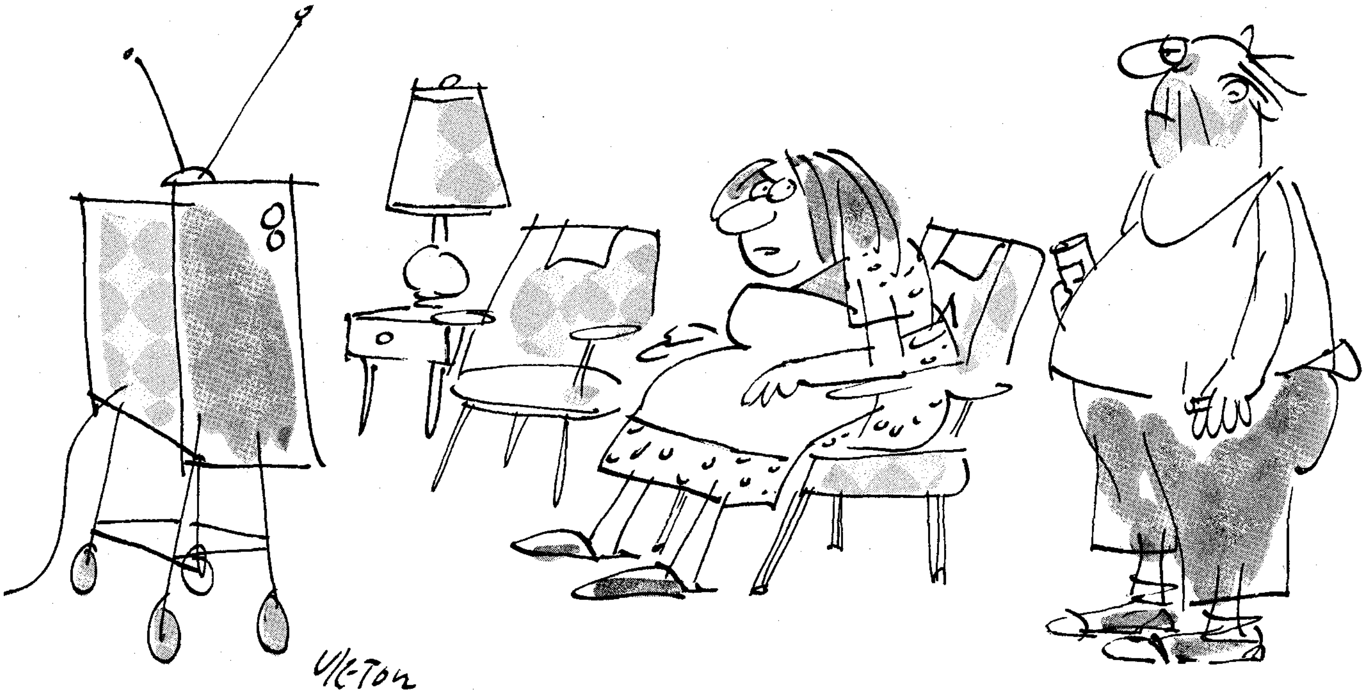
The news about this nation's No. 1 status and the news about the President's status went together. President Nixon, after all, was the first President in our history to make remaining No. 1 a national goal. He had continued the war in Vietnam for four years to keep us No. 1. His people had waged the dirtiest, most expensive campaign in our history to keep the Presidency out of the hands of a man who in the President's view hardly cared whether we were No. 1 or No. 10. Oddly, though, it was under President Nixon that our people first began to doubt whether we were No. 1. Before the United States was a world power, people did not doubt whether we were No. 1—they *knew we weren't* No. 1. And in the early days after we became a world power, our people were quietly confident, on the whole, of our strength—some were even a shade embarrassed by it—and few talked about it very much. The boasting and the doubting began at the same time.

The "Newsgram" also reported a strong feeling that "forcing the President out of office *won't help*," and "could even *make things worse*," as far as our remaining No. 1 was concerned. As we looked over the news, it seemed to us that his staying in might also make things worse. He was in the midst of "Operation Candor," and one Republican governor, intending a compliment, had summed it up perfectly when he said that the President, in his efforts to be candid, had achieved "a great deal of verisimilitude." But, whichever way things turned, the "Newsgram's" final piece of news was unchallengeable: "For some time . . . life in the U.S. *may not be the same* as it has been."

Following Up

WHEN professors of journalism begin compiling lists of the press corps's Watergate tigers, we hope they will not forget the name of Edward D. Miller, executive editor of the Allentown, Pennsylvania, *Call-Chronicle*, who asked the President a follow-up question—in fact, three follow-up questions—at Disney World. A lack of follow-up questions is often cited by critics of the press to explain the fact that Presidential press conferences do not differ as much as they might from Presidential press releases. The importance of follow-up questions is easily appreciated if one tries to imagine what day-to-day conversation would be like without them. A man might be asked by his wife at the dinner table, for instance, whether he had remembered to mail the light-bill payment necessary to prevent the power company from cutting off service. He might say something like "The power companies have altogether too much power" or "I suppose your former husband was very prompt about paying household bills" or (if it's that kind of family) "Command is a lonely task," and then turn to his eldest daughter for a question about whether or not she would be permitted to use the family car during the weekend. Our excitement over Mr. Miller's questions may have been aroused partly by the hours we have spent in front of the television set during





"It's a love story. Nobody's ahead."

the press conferences of the last few Presidents, waiting in vain for follow-up questions—a vigil that was beginning to seem comparable to spending hours on the floor of the Stock Exchange waiting for someone to give something away free. "Follow it up," we would mutter toward the set as the President ended his answer to a two-tier question about the hundred thousand dollars that Howard Hughes gave Bebe Rebozo without answering the part about what campaign-committee position Mr. Rebozo had held which might authorize him to accept campaign contributions. "Follow it up. Follow it up." For years, we have watched friends shout "Turn around! Turn around!" at the television set as a tight end seemed to be running his pattern without considering the possibility that a football might be coming in his direction, and we were beginning to contemplate the theory that all Americans end up talking to their television sets, differing only in what they say.

That morbid contemplation was ended by the appearance, at the press conference President Nixon held for Associated Press editors, of Edward D. Miller, of the Allentown *Call-Chronicle*. Other questions asked in Presidential press conferences might be categorized as follow-up questions if they were subjected to close textual analysis, but Mr. Miller's first, historic follow-up question was the type that could not be mistaken for anything else. Harry Rosenfeld, assistant managing editor for metropolitan news at the Washington *Post*, had asked Mr. Nixon if he had authorized the Secret Service to tap the telephone of his brother Donald Nixon and, if so, why. Mr. Nixon said that the Secret Service had indeed tapped Donald Nixon's phone, for "security reasons," and that Donald Nixon had been aware of the tap. Then he turned to Mr. Miller, who asked, "Was your brother aware before or after the fact of the surveillance?" That is a follow-up question. When Mr. Nixon had answered it—he said, "During the fact"—Mr. Miller followed up his own follow-up question with two more follow-up questions. When Mr. Miller finally sat down, the President had hinted that a foreign power was involved, and had acknowledged—at least, as far as we can tell after some research into the meaning of "during the fact"—that there was a time when Donald Nixon's telephone was being tapped without his knowledge.

Being curious about how Mr. Miller had found himself setting a world's record (according to our exceedingly unofficial statistics) by asking a President three follow-up questions in a row, we telephoned him at Disney World, where he was still attending the A.P. editors' meeting. Mr. Miller, it turned out, had more or less been appointed a follow-up questioner by a committee of editors preparing for the press conference. The editors were aware of the criticism that reporters do not follow up questions, and of the feeling some people had that the White House press had been badgering the President, and of the speculation that the President might only be giving the illusion of subjecting himself to press questions at Disney World, because the editors would have neither the specific knowledge nor the inclination to ask him tough questions. Mr. Miller reminded us that the members of the White House press corps—the editors' knowledgeable employees—were sitting in the auditorium, forbidden by the President's ground rules to ask questions themselves. "All we had to do was come off like a bunch of turkeys," Mr. Miller said. "We'd have to live with that."

Among other preparations the editors made, they decided to permit questions from only four microphones—an arrangement that gave the press conference a less bloodthirsty appearance than some of the noisy White House conferences had had, and also gave Mr. Miller time to ask his second question, and then his third, before a dozen other people began shouting "Mr. President!" Mr. Miller, who had done some research on the matter of the White House tapes, had thought of following up an early question on the tapes by asking why the President had not become aware of gaps and technical difficulties when he listened to the tapes for twelve hours at Camp David on June 4th. He had also wanted to ask the President why he couldn't clear up speculation about the milk-price case by releasing a tape of the conversation he had had on the subject with Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin. Then he changed his question when, while he was standing at the microphone, he heard the President say that Donald Nixon knew about the phone tap. Through quick follow-ups, Mr. Miller managed to expand what was on the record about the Donald Nixon incident, but—we realized after studying the transcript—the President still managed to avoid telling Mr. Rosenfeld whether or not he had authorized the tap on his brother.

Disorientation

"THERE are, naturally, girl cheerleaders at Harvard these days," writes an acquaintance, Harvard '48, who attended his first football game in twenty-five years this fall. "They wear the same baggy red sweaters and baggy white pants as the boy cheerleaders, and I was feeling pretty much at home all during the first half. But when the band came out to perform at halftime, it was accompanied by a female, resembling no Radcliffe girl I ever saw in my day, who wore boots with pompons, fancy belts and epaulets, and a tall visored hat. She was twirling, if you please, a baton. She could throw it high in the air with one hand and catch it with the other as she strutted about. Behind her back, through and under her legs—the entire routine. Well, at cocktails after the game I expressed my astonishment over this spectacle to Alan Heimert, Class of '49, the Master of Eliot House and the Powell M. Cabot Professor of American Literature. His response was that at the time the young lady in question was accepted for matriculation, her unusual interest was definitely not known to the admissions committee. I should hope not. Incidentally, did you know that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Class of '04, was a cheerleader for a while? He gave it up, though. Said it made him feel like a damn fool."

Class

SURPRISINGLY, George Balanchine led a class of the New York City Ballet last Tuesday morning. It was surprising because the dancers of the company are on strike and Balanchine is, in a sense, their employer. They are striking because they were afraid the musicians were about to pull a strike and because the management, which had similar fears, refused to guarantee the dancers pay for a whole season. A few hours after the strike vote, a group of dancers approached Balanchine, the company's artistic director, and asked him if he would continue the company class anyway. It was all right with him.

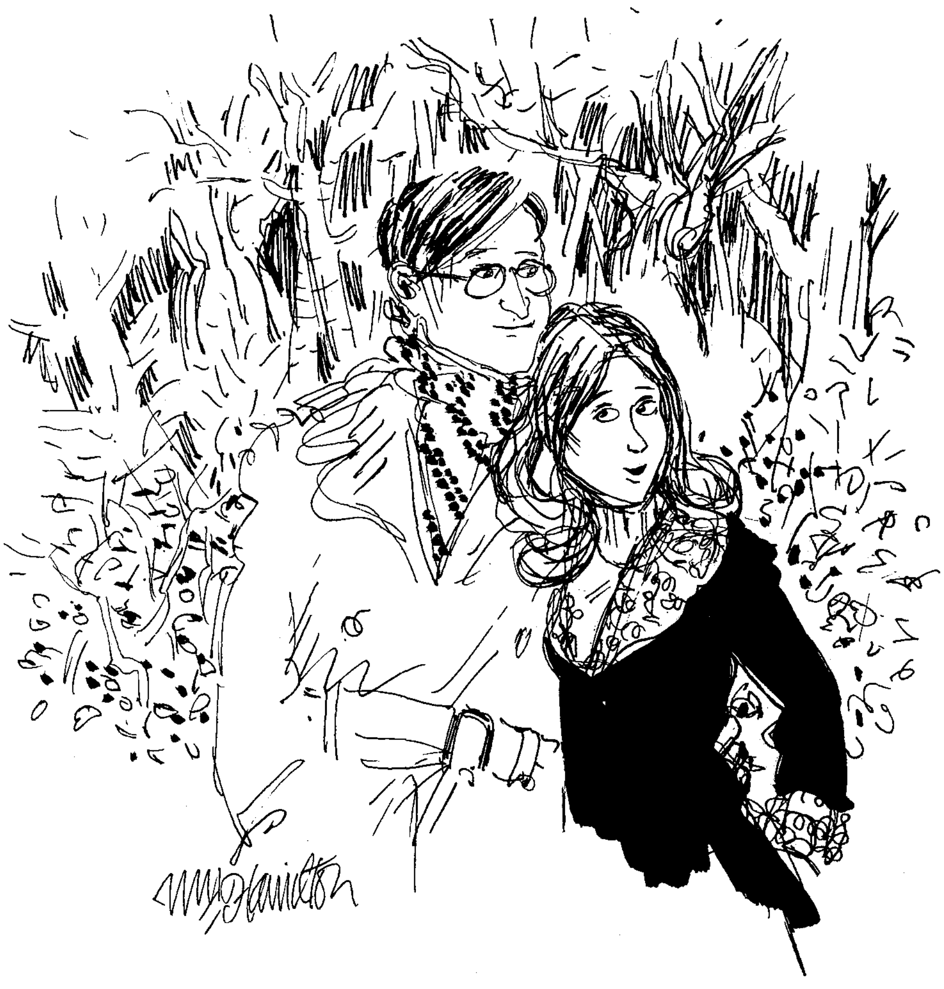
We dropped in on the class. Another surprise: it was an entirely normal class. The only unusual circumstances were: (1) the class was held in a much nicer room than the usual room at the New York State Theatre; (2) there was a union meeting after class. The class was held in a room at the School of American Ballet, on the third floor of the Juilliard building—a room full of sunlight. Balanchine led the dancers in a difficult sequence of moves: two deep knee bends in fifth position, two forward bends from the waist, and then a port de bras—a backward swoop with arms arched over the head. Balanchine was distressed by the execution. Stopping the pianist, he said, "You've got to go all the way down to the floor." And he illustrated his instruction with a sudden graceful dip that made him look like a twenty-year-old.

Precisely at twelve, as is his wont, Balanchine bowed to his dancers and headed for the door. Would there be another class the next day? "*Ja, ja*," said Balanchine, with a little bit of a smile.

After the union meeting, we collared Edward Villella, one of the City Ballet stars. "The vote was just about unanimous to stay out," he said. "We're tired of being pushed around by—shall I say?—other factors. But if something doesn't happen in the next two weeks—before, that is to say, 'The Nutcracker' is scheduled to begin—I think the whole season will go down the drain. Most of the dancers are out looking for work as waiters, busboys, salesgirls—you name it."

High C

ALSO at Lincoln Center, the Pro Musica Antiqua, an organization of ancient-music buffs who think of Bach as a modern, celebrated their twentieth birthday last week with a concert at Alice Tully Hall. Afterward, Pro Musica had a party at the house of the Consul-General of Great Britain. The concert was called "The Course of Love," and it was a sparkling program of four-hundred-year-old songs and madrigals and instrumental pieces about a love affair that progresses from joy to sadness. The instrumental pieces were performed on two lutes, three viole da gamba, a



"Don't you think even if there'd been no John Gardner and no Common Cause, we'd have found each other anyway?"

crumhorn, a rauschpfeife, a wooden transverse flute, a harpsichord, a portative (or small) organ, and a collection of recorders. There were five singers and five instrumentalists.

The party was on Beekman Place. Our host, the Consul-General (his name is John Ford), told us he had been exposed to Elizabethan music when he was a lad. "I was sent to a choir school," said Mr. Ford. "St. Michael's College, in Worcestershire. Unfortunately, I was one of five or six boys whose voices were regarded as completely untrainable, so the only role I ever played was a member of the priestly chorus in a school production of 'The Magic Flute.'"

We talked with a countertenor and with a harpsichord-, clavichord-, and virginal-maker from Boston. The countertenor's name was Earnest Murphy, and he explained what he was. "A true countertenor is a very high tenor, who can sing a high C easily," he said. "Not a full, vocal, operatic high C, mind you, but a bright, clear, medium-loud sound. The other kind of countertenor is a bass or a baritone who sings the high notes falsetto. We think Henry Purcell, the English composer, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, was a true countertenor. At any rate, countertenors reached their peak in his time; he wrote a lot of music for us."

The harpsichord-maker, Carl Fudge, talked about wood. "Believe it or not," said Mr. Fudge, "a boxcar of Sitka spruce arrived in Boston a few weeks ago. I was there when it was opened, and I selected enough soundboard wood to last me six years. I also use poplar, beech, linden, pine, ebony, and rosewood."

"Persimmon wood is wonderful wood," said a Pro Musica harpsichordist who was listening.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Fudge, "I'm veneering a virginal in persimmon at this very moment."

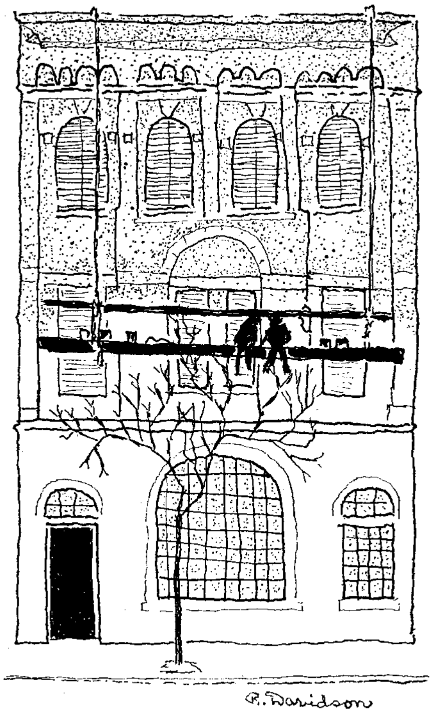
High D

AT the Metropolitan Opera, a little after eleven in the morning (Lincoln Center once more), a rehearsal of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" was in progress. Mr. Richard Bonynge conducted, and Mrs. Richard Bonynge sang all four soprano roles. Mrs. Richard Bonynge is Joan Sutherland. We arrived in time to catch most of the Prologue, which takes place in Luther's Tavern, and found ourself listening to a good deal of unfamiliar music. So when we talked to Mr. Bonynge during a musical break, we asked him what was up.

He said, "I've opened some cuts in the original score. And I've thrown out everything that we know Offenbach didn't write. The problem with this opera is that Offenbach died before it was ever presented. He never orchestrated the last two acts, and we know that the directors of the Opéra-Comique made a lot of changes. They put in the famous 'Diamond Aria' from another Offenbach opera, and they threw out the entire Giulietta act—the story of the courtesan Hoffmann meets in Venice. Some time later, they reinstated the Giulietta act, put in a septet adopted from the quartet in the Epilogue, and added a saccharine ending that had the lady going off in a gondola with a new lover. In our production, Giulietta dies—she takes poison by mistake—and the Epilogue quartet has been returned to its original place. This, I think, is what Offenbach intended."

"What are the main musical problems in your version of the opera?" we asked.

"Well, the four soprano parts are all written for different registers, but they really must be sung by the same woman, because all four of Hoffmann's loves are the same woman," Mr. Bonynge said. "When you have four ladies, the dramatic point is lost. The voice must be geared very high for Olympia, the doll—a coloratura role. Then she drops to a nice fruity voice for Giulietta, and has to go up again for Antonia, the woman who sings herself to death, and for Stella, the prima donna who deserts him at the end."

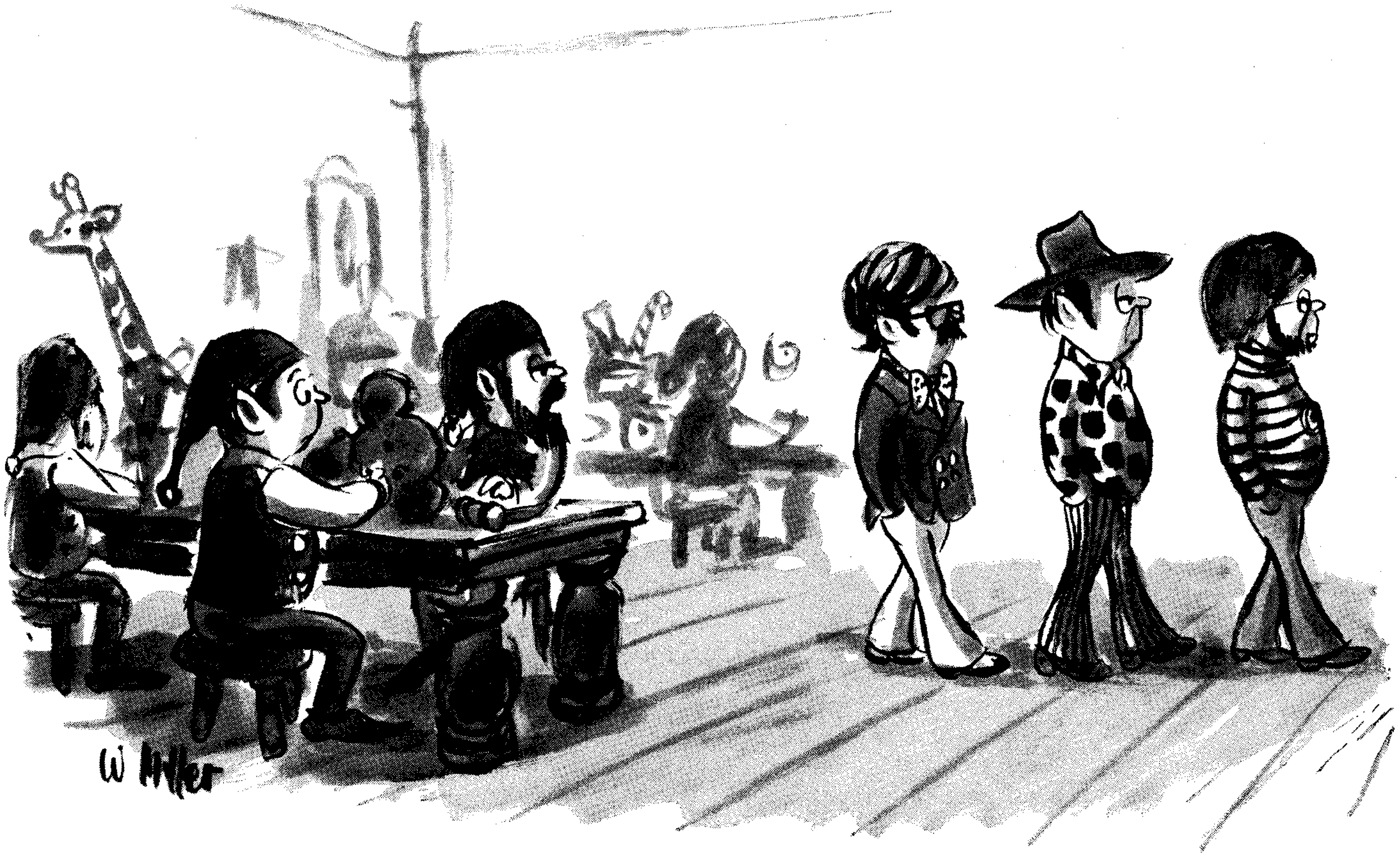


The rehearsal resumed, and Miss Sutherland sailed through the fiendishly difficult Olympia aria, mugging broadly and throwing in a couple of deliberate growls. At the end of the act, just before Olympia falls to pieces, Miss Sutherland approached a high D, and decided to skip it. When she got to the note, she stopped, voiceless, and merely pointed both index fingers at the ceiling.

Word from Folsom Prison

JOANNA HARCOURT-SMITH LEARY came to town the other day and filled in the members of the press on the latest developments in the continuing saga of Dr. Timothy Leary. Dr. Leary has been having quite a time of it ever since 1961, when, while a lecturer in psychology at Harvard, he first took LSD. He spent most of the decade suggesting that everyone turn on, tune in, and drop out. A lot of people accepted his advice, with cultural, or countercultural, results that are well known. In 1970, Dr. Leary was convicted in California of possessing two marijuana cigarettes and was given six months to ten years in prison. Later that year, with the help of the Weathermen, he escaped from jail and ended up in Algeria, where Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panther leader, eventually had him put under house arrest for "revisionism." The American federal narcotics police finally caught up with Dr. Leary in Afghanistan last January. He is now in Folsom State Prison, near Sacramento. In a few days, a court will hear his petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The writ may or may not be granted, but since Dr. Leary and Miss Leary, who are not related, will be together with a judge handy, they plan to take the opportunity to get married.

The press conference was held in the upstairs room at Max's Kansas City, where the walls are dark gray and the ceiling is low. It had been announced beforehand that Miss Leary would "unveil plans for the forming of an alternative community on a massive scale," and that a Timothy Leary-discovered cure for aging might also be in the offing. And in introducing her Paul Williams, the editor of a new magazine called *Rallying Point*, which organized the conference, promised a "cosmic news development." If Ron Ziegler were to make such a promise to the White House press corps, there would probably be a lot of excitement, but most of the journalists at the Leary press conference were from what is left of the underground press, where "cosmic news developments" are routine. They were in a



"Them? Oh, they're the guys that make the Ken and Barbie dolls."

• •

wistful mood, edged with a sort of affectionate cynicism.

Miss Leary, who is slim and has a wide, thin mouth and lank red hair, said that Dr. Leary had been receiving messages from intelligent life elsewhere in the universe. "Dr. Leary and I have been very conscious of the arrival of the comet Kohoutek, which, six months ago, we renamed the comet Starseed," she said, in an undeterminable European accent. "It is clear to us that Dr. Leary and I were brought back to the United States to decode the message of the comet Kohoutek. The Starseed transmission was received by Dr. Leary six weeks ago in his cell in Folsom Prison. This is the transmission translated into English." Then Miss Leary recited part of "The Starseed Transmission": "One. The comet Starseed is to leave the womb planet Earth. The Starseed is a comet of prophecy. Two. Life seeds egg planets throughout the galaxy. When life leaves the womb planet, it attains immortality in the galactic star school. Three. When the embryonic nervous system can decipher the genetic code, it receives instructions for leaving the earth-womb and contacting higher intelligence. Four. There is no choice. Life must leave the womb planet to survive and evolve."

Having announced the cosmic news development, Miss Leary sat down, and an interview with Dr. Leary which was filmed at Folsom was shown. Dr. Leary's hair was gray, as were the walls of the bare room in which he sat and the prison sweatshirt he wore. When he caught sight of the camera, he flashed his famous grin, and the people in the upstairs room cheered with relief.

In the interview, Dr. Leary seemed alert and enthusiastic. He didn't say a word about messages from outer space. He described himself as a philosopher, and said that while jail was a very interesting place, he would prefer to be elsewhere. "All the philosophers and all the men that I think have really liberated humanity have done their time on the outside," he said. "I want to get back in. I think I belong in American society. I think that a society that imprisons its philosophers is playing with very bad magic. You can't imprison ideas. And the one thing that we can see in societies that become constricted and repressed is that the life flow goes out. It's a scandal, a national scandal, that I'm here."

Eventually, the interviewer got around to asking him if he had suffered any brain damage from using LSD, and Dr. Leary said that he thought he was pretty sane, and that his friends and his publisher, who gave him a quarter-of-a-million-dollar advance on his last book, seemed to agree. "There's something very ominous about this tendency to call anybody that you don't agree with insane," he said. "A few hundred years ago, they said that you were possessed by the Devil, or you were a heretic. Twenty years ago, they'd say you were a Communist. Now the really sophisticated totalitarian method is to say that someone who is a dissenter, who is against the society, is insane. In Russia, they're very smooth; they take their philosophers and their dissenting poets and they don't put them in Siberia anymore—they put them in an insane asylum. Now, maybe it's insane to be against what's happening in the United States. Maybe it's insane to have hope that something could be done about it. If that's insane, count me in. But otherwise make up your own mind."

"You're an optimist," the interviewer said.

"Yes, I've been called an irrepressible optimist," Dr. Leary said. "Now, the opposite of an irrepressible optimist is a repressive pessimist, and I think that's what's running the country today."

Nothing ever did get said about the cure for aging or the massive alternative community, but the people at the press conference didn't seem to mind. Their friend Dr. Leary was in good spirits, and that, for the moment, was enough.

UP IN FRONT, PLEASE

(A Short History of One Man's Music)

A CONCERT was held last night at Carnegie Hall to honor the great French modernist Marcel Crise for his seventy-five years as a leader of the avant-garde. As is now well known, Crise first startled his contemporaries in 1914 by commissioning Lyon and Healy, the Chicago instrument-makers, to build a person-shaped case of green plush for him to squat in while on tour—an alternative, as he put it, to "the garlic-and-*saucisson* stench of the common French railway carriage." He said that he much preferred to ride in the baggage car, along with the mailbags and the bass viols, who "know their place and aren't always asking to borrow your newspaper." An intense aristocratic iconoclasm and a passionate loathing of all modern French composers, including himself, surely mark him as an original and the most influential figure of the destructionist school (École Crise, 78 Rue des Grenouilles Mortes, Paris) that bears his name.

In a continuing effort to fully involve all those present with last night's musical experience, the musical director, Clément Loges-Complètes, had the members of the orchestra dispersed among the ticket-holders, in regular seats. Loges-Complètes himself sat in Seat C-103 throughout the evening and conducted with the aid of a small dental mirror held in his left hand. The strings and winds were concentrated mainly in the side aisles, while the xylophonist, who arrived late owing to a "hassle with a gypsy cabbie," set up in the cloakroom, whose acoustics, it soon became clear, rival, if not exceed, those of the main hall. The total effect was electric and startling; the daring juxtaposition of performers with listeners stimulated members of both groups to leave the hall humming and conversing animatedly, many of them during the first selection.

Although most of last night's program was devoted to the daring Crise *œuvre*, a bow to the classics was made in the opening choice of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 25 in C (K. 503). Even here, however, Loges-Complètes, doubling at the keyboard, broke new musical ground by inviting volunteers from the audience to come up onstage and help him play the Alberti bass, a repetitious left-hand arpeggio figure that he claimed to find boring. The execution of the figure by Elvira (Mrs. Hermann) Rosebud, a baker's wife from Maspeth, L.I., showed clarity, style, and wit.

Crise himself, now eighty-six but in magnificent form, arrived at the concert after the completion of the Mozart selection ("Just late enough to miss the little Viennese ponce," he said, twinkling), and had his limousine drive him directly to his seat in Row D, thus provoking a sensation perhaps rivalled only by the famous world première of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," over half a century ago. In the first Crise piece on the program, "Morceau pour Clarinette en Revers," the composer is seen to employ the standard sonata form; however, the soloist is directed to inhale on his instrument instead of blowing into it, as is traditional. When this is correctly performed, only the bell of the clarinet is visible after the end of the first movement, at which point a short intermission is called. The selection is then customarily completed at any nearby throat clinic. Last night, events exceeded all expectation; by the fiftieth bar of the opening rondeau, the soloist's face resembled a damson plum, and the sound "gak" was clearly heard in duple time, precisely as called for by the score. Crise, highly stimulated by the performance, had to be calmed by his wife, Mme. Crise, who repeatedly smacked him on the back of the head with a knotted towel.

"Look, if you don't like my answers, ask your fifteen-year-old Perfect Master."

ORIGINALLY a member of Les Six ("The Group of Seven," which included Poulenc, Chabrier, Auric, Glinka, Winka, and Nod), Crise broke from their "absurd posturings" in 1926 to evolve some absurd posturings of his own, among which his "Opus 12" is the best example. Crise's "Opus 12" is actually Mahler's Ninth Symphony, transcribed and reduced to a single wind part. Originally characterized by Hindemith as "a cheap frog trick," this piece has stubbornly

SALE
SALE
SALE
SA
SALE
S.GROSS

• •

remained in the concert repertoire, probably because it is the only one in the entire literature which calls for the English horn to be used as a drumstick. Crise's protégé, the English hornist Hampton Bays, flew to New York especially to honor his mentor, and after the performance contributed some insight into Crise's early training. In an exclusive interview, Bays reminded this reviewer that "although Maestro studied daily with Boulanger, he always walked home with Varèse." When asked to list the qualities required for artistic immortality, Bays suggested, "The heart of an angel, the courage of a lion, the white of an egg, and the juice of a lemon."

Crise spent the winter and spring of 1915 collecting the folk songs of Bulgaria, which became the basis of the Double Pianoforte Concerto in J Flat. (When asked by the aging Debussy just what the key of J Flat was supposed to mean, the *enfant terrible* replied, "What would you *like* it to mean, beard-face?" Debussy is then supposed to have picked up the young composer by the ear and hung him on a coat hook.) The Argentinian piano duo of Cranshaw and Casába Melón performed the Concerto last night with their customary brio, stopping after each twelve bars to acknowledge the applause with smiles and mutual back-slapping.

The atonal "Five Queries for String Quartet and Theremin" was composed by Crise while recovering from an eye infection contracted by peering through a keyhole into his own closet. For years, Crise had decried serial composition and its practitioners—Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern—as "artificial, dry, fetid, ugly, loathsome, repulsive, and devoid of any meaning," and then, in 1938, he abruptly embraced the technique, explaining, "I was only kidding—they're a great bunch of fellows." Crise maintained a curious love-hate relationship with Schoenberg. The two exchanged many letters, which neither of them read, and once, in 1934, Schoenberg rang Crise's bell and ran. The next day, a letter appeared in the *Neue Deutsche Zeitung* which read, in part, "Today someone hand-delivered a bad cheese to my studio and fled before he could be identified . . . but I know who it was. It was Schoenberg. How appropriate! Schoenberg and a bad cheese—impossible to tell them apart! The joke is too delicious! Yours truly, Marcel Crise." The Quartet, like many twelve-tone works, is a highly intellectual composition, dissonant in the extreme, that brilliantly characterizes the helplessness of the European petit-bourgeois intelligentsia before the onslaught of the flower-print sports shirt. Fleming Twit, the soloist, enlivened the evening considerably by standing in a basin of salt water while playing the theremin—an innovation that dimmed nearby street lights and caused his head to glow like ectoplasm.

CRISE never composed for the musical stage: opera was, to him, a perplexing form. The notion of adults opening their mouths and something other than speech coming out gave him extreme anxiety. Once, at a party in Hollywood at the home of Oscar Levant, Crise was introduced to George Gershwin, whose "Porgy and Bess" was gathering raves in New York. Fixing the American with a blank stare, Crise sang, "Bess, ee-yoo izz uh-mah woo-man-uh na-a-a-h-oow," distorting each dipthong like a demented baritone. Though intended as a joke, the effort fell flat; Gershwin, offended, retired to his room and in ten days wrote the score of "Show Boat"—a magnificent but unnecessary accomplishment, since "Show Boat" had already been written by Jerome Kern.

In 1952, Crise read a description of Scriabin's "color organ," a device that projected various hues onto a screen as music was played, thus synthesizing a visual experience with a musical experience. Crise, after a series of conversations with his dog, drew up plans for a "Console Viande," through which various musical themes could be represented by different cuts of meat—sirloin, porterhouse, top round, and so forth. At the only public performance, Crise played the Rachmaninoff Second Piano Concerto on the instrument, and a riot ensued when the orchestra was overwhelmed by ground chuck. Order was restored only after the police arrived with buns and relish.

In his seventh decade, Crise became intensely reflective and turned to the Eastern philosophers in an attempt to solve the mystery of man's place in the universe and to make his necktie ends come out even. The short but poignant "Cymbal Sonata" is, many feel, the definitive Western comment on the writings of Lao-tzu. At the performance last night, the Zen percussionist Sri Murtishamaramayana appeared, as usual, with one cymbal, but couldn't seem to get anything going and quit the stage after forty-seven minutes. The spotlight then picked out Marcel Crise in his seat, and the crowd, exhilarated but emotionally drained by the events of the evening, gave him a crouching ovation.

—MARSHALL BRICKMAN

•

WORD OMITTED IN POLITICAL AD

STROUDSBURG—A word was inadvertently omitted from an advertisement in Tuesday's Pocono Record on behalf of James Somers, Jr., Stroud Township supervisor.

The copy should have read: "A good man, a good husband-father, a good fireman and a good full time township supervisor". The word "full" was left out, for which The Record apologizes.

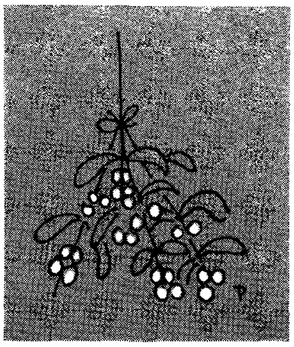
—*Stroudsburg (Pa.) Pocono Record.*

But we *liked* it that way.

A PAIR

AMONG those who ran away from Hitler and managed to reach America was the poet Getzele Tertziver—a tiny, dark-complexioned man with a small head, shoulder-length hair, and on his chin a wisp of a beard. He had a crooked nose, widely spaced teeth as black as lead, and large, black, wandering eyes—the right one looked up, the left one down. Years after pelerines went out of fashion, Getzele's apparel was a pelerine hanging to his ankles, a flowing tie, and a black, wide-brimmed hat. He smoked a long pipe. The humorists in the Warsaw Yiddish press often printed jokes about his wild appearance and his poems, which not even the critics who believed in modernism could understand. Getzele Tertziver had published one book—a mixture of poems, aphorisms, and vignettes, titled "The World History of My Future." It was said that only one typesetter in Warsaw could decipher his handwriting.

Getzele Tertziver, like his grandfather the Tertziver Rabbi Alterel, slept in the daytime and stayed awake at night. Even though the Tertziver Chassidim considered him a nonbeliever who shamed his pious ancestors in Paradise, they surreptitiously sustained him. Old Chassidim who remembered Rabbi Alterel when he was young swore that Getzele resembled him like two drops of water—the same face, the same way of walking, the same mannerisms. True, Rabbi Alterel ascended in his saintliness toward the mansions of Heaven while Getzele had fallen into apostasy. Still, they would not allow the rabbi's grandson to starve.



How strange that wild-eyed Getzele, who could not make himself understood either in his writing or in his speech, which he spewed forth quickly and in a Chassidic singsong, had married three times, each time a beauty. When the writers in the Yiddish Writers' Club in Warsaw tired of discussing literature and reviling one another, it was enough to mention the name Getzele Tertziver to revive the conversation. Everyone asked the same question: What had those rich girls, beautiful and educated, seen in Getzele?

I was a beginner then and did not dare speak up in front of well-recognized writers, but I knew Getzele Tertziver when he wore sidelocks, a gaberdine, rabbinical breeches and stockings. For a time he was a friend of my older brother Joshua. It happened this way: Rabbi Alterel had only one son, Jonah Jerucham—a silent, melancholy recluse. Jonah Jerucham married the Rimpiner rabbi's daughter, Ittah Shevach. But ten years later she ran away from him. She took their child, Getzele, with her to Rimpin. After some time, Jonah Jerucham left his father's court and drifted around Warsaw, avoiding the Tertziver Chassidim. Some said that he was starving, others believed that he had fallen into the net of the Christian missionaries. When it became clear that with Rabbi Alterel's demise Jonah Jerucham would have no following, the Tertziver Chassidim began to praise Getzele; they maintained that he was growing up a God-fearing man, a great Talmudic scholar, and that he would be worthy to sit in Rabbi Alterel's chair. His mother, however, used him as a pawn: if the Tertziver Chassidim wanted access to Getzele, they would have to make Jonah Jerucham give her a divorce. Some rich Tertziver Chassidim tried to persuade Jonah Jerucham to divorce his wife, but he vacillated. One day he promised, the next day he changed his mind. He would disappear for months, and no one knew what had happened to him. Finally, in 1909, Jonah Jerucham divorced Ittah Shevach. Within four weeks he was found dead in a basement room occupied by paupers. He left a sack of manuscripts, which the Tertziver Chassidim burned.

After Jonah Jerucham's death, Ittah Shevach married a rich wine merchant in Warsaw. She took Getzele, who was now sixteen, with her. Rabbi Alterel had become senile in his old age, and his demise was expected any day. Getzele was about to take over the court, but he started to show deviant traits. He quarrelled with his mother and stepfather. He stopped going to the study house of the Tertziver Chassidim, began to read worldly books, and became a frequent visitor to the house of the heretic writer Peretz. A few times he visited our house, since my brother Joshua, too, had left the path of righteousness. Getzele expressed himself so vehemently and conducted himself so wildly that even my father, accustomed as he was to Chassidic fervor, was baffled. Getzele ran from wall to wall like a caged animal. My mother offered him a glass of tea, which he immediately dropped. My sister Hinda asked him why he didn't go to visit his sick grandfather. Getzele cupped his ear as if he were deaf, looked at her with astonishment, and recited a Chassidic obscurantism which meant: Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies. He snatched my father's pen, dipped it in ink, and seemed to be writing in the air. Then he put it back into the inkwell. He ran to the open window, leaned out so far that my mother wrung her hands, afraid that he would fall from our third-floor apartment to the stone pavement below. When he had left, my mother said, "I don't envy the girl who'll get *him*." To which my sister replied, "A crazy creature, but he has charm."

Rabbi Alterel died in 1915, by which time the Germans and the Austrians had occupied Poland. Getzele had already discarded his Chassidic attire, he wrote worldly poems, and was carrying on a love affair with the daughter of a Warsaw builder. Without the knowledge of my parents, I went to Hazamir Hall, where my brother Joshua was then the secretary, organizing lectures and concerts, and where Getzele was to read his poem "The Queen of Unrest." He ran onto the stage, read from bits of paper in a shrill voice. He stumbled against the podium, he waved his fist, chortled, laughed, and cried. He finished the first part of his long poem with a strophe that I still remember:

"Queen mean
Strike with a cane,
Swallow the ocean
Eat hurricane."

The audience clapped their hands, cried "Bravo," and would not stop applauding. My brother, who was sitting next to me, whispered, "The power of insanity has no limit."

AFTER the war Getzele's popularity abated. Communism came into fashion, and Getzele was against Communism. The Poale Zion tried to involve him in their movement, but Getzele did not believe in Zionism. His third wife divorced him, and for the next years Getzele's romantic adventures ceased. His room was a garret. He became a mystic and made his living from begging. Every fall, the Yiddish Writers' Club organized an evening benefit for him. Getzele always read poems that were supposed to reveal the secret of creation. The audi-

"It's a great rhythm section, but the piano player's nowhere."

• •

ence laughed. Once, someone threw a rotten potato at him. Like his father, Jonah Jerucham, Getzele would disappear for months. People began to say that he had died, then he would emerge again. They asked him where he'd been and he answered, "Who knows?"

In 1935 Getzele vanished for a longer time than usual. The date was approaching for his evening benefit, and he was not to be found. The secretary of the Writers' Club went to look for him in his garret; it was occupied by another tenant. Suddenly it became known that Getzele was in Paris. How he got the fare and managed to acquire a visa remained a riddle. Warsaw painters who went to Paris to familiarize themselves with the new trends in art and Yiddish actors who went on tour to Paris brought news of Getzele. He was to be seen late at night in the cafés. He read his poems on the streets in the Jewish section of Paris, Belleville, and collected donations. He was having an affair with a half-crazed woman painter, and he himself had begun to paint—the kind of painting for which no training is necessary. At that time, I had emigrated to America and was working for a Yiddish newspaper. The Second World War had begun. I had almost forgotten about Getzele.

Then, in 1944, as I sat in the editorial room writing an article, I saw Getzele. He stood at my table, ragged, with a dishevelled beard, his long, matted side-hair hanging down to his shoulders, and he asked me in a nasal voice, "For whom are you scribbling—for Hitler?"

"Getzele!" I exclaimed.

"You considered me dead, ha? I have risen from the grave."

It was the same Getzele, although there were now streaks of gray in his head. He wore the same kind of black hat he had worn in Warsaw, and instead of a pelerine a broad caftan with gilded buttons that might have once been a military coat or the uniform of a letter carrier. In one hand he held a briefcase, in the other a satchel bound with string. He smiled, showing a single crooked tooth. When the writers saw him, they all put down their pens and came over to my desk. The chief editor also came out of his room. Seldom did anyone in these years manage to get to America from Europe. But Getzele had run away from the Nazis to Morocco, had lived for some time in Palestine, got to Argentina, and had entered the United States through Cuba—at least, this was his story. His speech was disjointed; he swallowed words and mixed up dates. The Litvaks could not understand his gibberish at all. He made jokes that had to do with the Warsaw Writers' Club and the Tertziver Chassidim, and he used idioms recently coined by Polish refugees. He mentioned names I had long forgotten. He coughed, giggled, and suddenly became angry. Then he said, "Why don't you publish some of my poems? Here they are."

He opened his briefcase and pulled out dirty pieces of paper, scribbled and scrawled, with ink spots and erasures. On the margins he had doodled snakes, thorns, and horned fishes. The writers tried to read his poems. Some smiled, others shrugged. The chief editor adjusted his spectacles, read a few lines, and asked, "What is this—Turkish?"

"If you don't understand poetry, organize an evening for me."

"We don't organize evenings."

"What do you do? You're all going to be wiped out. Even the stain of a dog's urine won't be left. It is the twilight of all values. You sit here in your American offices and invent lies while there the War of Gog and Magog is raging. The House of Edom is burning red. A black plague on all of you! Where is the toilet?"

I showed Getzele the way to the bathroom. He went in and stayed for a long time. He was shaky when he came out. "It's worse here than there," he said. "Let's go and eat something."

I put aside my article and went with him to the cafeteria. He asked for dry bread with onion and black coffee. Into the coffee he poured salt. He told me

VANYA
JASCHA
MISCHA
FRED
TOM
REGGIE
SAM
BILL
JOE
U.S.S.R.
U.K.
U.S.A.
Richter

• •

that on the freighter from Egypt to Buenos Aires he became seasick and while passing the equator he experienced a revelation: The whole history of the world, all the seven wisdoms are hidden in the first chapter of Genesis, which is based on mystic numerical values and acrostic patterns—*gematria* and *notarikon*. Everything is foretold there: Napoleon's wars, the First World War, the Second, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Roosevelt. The secret of redemption is also there, less obscure than in the Book of Daniel. Every word has to be read backward. One has to watch the small numbers and the big numbers—*mispar koton* and *mispar godol*—and especially the cryptic musical symbols. Getzele was saying, "Who was Adam? Who was Eve? What did the Serpent want? Why did Cain kill Abel? You'll find the answers to the smallest detail. Once you've got the key to the code, your entire being lights up. I am not alone here. I came with a woman. She is the one who saved me. Don't ask any questions. Jewish but assimilated. A Polish poetess. One of the greatest—perhaps the greatest of all times—but unknown. The esoteric well of instinct. A first vessel, not a second vessel. How do you go from here to Third Avenue?"

"To what street?"

"Huh? She has a relative there. An old deaf woman. Malicious, too. She is not in her right mind. Where do you find the Joint Distribution Committee? They helped me. I was sinking into the depths, toward the abyss. I began to think, Who knows? Since the messengers of evil were granted powers, perhaps they are the men of destiny—I mean both sons of Amalek, Stalin and Hitler. The first is primeval Satan, the second is the scum of Asmodeus, therefore father of all defilement. In Cuba I met someone who escaped from both the Nazis and the Red ones. He is a genius of an escaper but a perverted writer. He told me many things.

"What the Nazis are everybody knows. But Russia is still a puzzle. For a moment, they raise you up to the very skies, and then they throw you, as the Talmud says, from a high roof into a deep ditch. One day they want to know your biography down to the smallest particular, and the next day they spit on you and throw you into jail to die.

"As to Morocco, they haven't eaten yet from the tree of knowledge. Not everyone. In all this debasement you find a spark of the Godhead. Palestine is a chapter in itself. They try to force the End of Days. To make it short, I surrendered. Since there has to be slime, perhaps the deeper the better. Then the revelation came. Be so good, hand me the pepper."

"Pepper in the coffee?"

"What is America? I cannot grasp it. Is it the principle of *Nogah*—where the divine and demonic rule together? Karola is her name. Karola Lipinska Kohen. She read you in the camp near Munich. You find there everything—the whole truth."

"In Munich?"

"In the Book of Genesis."

MANY weeks passed. I had said I would telephone Getzele, but I kept on postponing the call. When I did get round to it, I had lost his telephone number and address. One evening, as I sat reading a newspaper, someone knocked at my door. I asked who it was and heard a muttering sound. I opened the door and saw a woman with red unruly hair and a pointed face sprinkled with freckles. She was wearing a long coat girded with a mannish belt. It was snowing outside, and she had on boots of a kind I had not seen in America. On her shoulders she wore a huge canvas bag. Her entire appearance was outlandish and somewhat crazed. She looked me over and cried, "This is him! Exactly as I imagined but a little different. Actually, completely different!"

"May I ask who you are?"

"Karola Lipinska Kohen, Getzele Tertziver's shadow, victim, and alter ego."

I asked her to come in. The moment she closed the door, she cried, "I have to kiss you!"

She embraced me with her wet hands. From her sleeves, melted snow ran onto my neck. She screamed, "I know you! I know you! You are my brother, whether you want it or not. All this time I hoped that you would visit us as you promised. But since you are a liar, a bluffer, and an American all-rightnik, I came to you. Try to throw me out, I won't go."

"God forbid! You are a welcome guest."

"Why am I welcome? If I were twenty years older and had a hunchback, you would most probably not let me in. I know you men. You are all egotists, whether you are murderers or have God-given talents. I am hungry and without a groschen. If you won't give me something to eat and a glass of tea, I will die in your house and you'll have to pay for the burial."

"Take off your coat. I will give you something to eat."

"Let me look at you again. From your writings I knew already that we both belonged to the red-haired race. But where is your hair? I thought you would be taller. Where are the wild women you describe in your stories?

I imagined that when I opened the door I would see an orgy. I want you to know from the very beginning that between Getzele and me everything is finished. Dead and buried! Don't be afraid. I'm not going to throw myself at you. Hitler and Stalin have taught me to bend my pride, but I have not yet reached the stage where I will force myself on any man. Oy, see what I've done to your rug!"

A pool had formed from the snow on her coat and boots. She removed them and remained standing in her stocking feet, in a red dress. I noticed now that she had green eyes, a turned-up nose, high cheekbones, a long neck. She was not young—she could have been forty or even more. She called, "Give me a cigarette! I am dying for a smoke. To me a cigarette is more important than bread. In prison I gave away my last bit of food for some crushed leaves and sawdust. I have a notion that you don't smoke and don't drink."

"No, but I keep cigarettes and liquor in the house."

"For whom? For others? Oh, you disappoint me. It's fortunate that Verlaine and Novalis are dead. If they were alive, they might disappoint me, too. I'm afraid you're a philistine."

I gave her a cigarette and put a bottle of cognac on the table. I brought from the kitchen bread, dates, cheese, and the remainder of a cake. Karola Lipinska Kohen was eating, smoking, and pouring herself one glass of cognac after another. She called out, "What? You're a vegetarian, too? All I need to hear is that you are also a eunuch. Getzele has completely lost his mind. Absolutely. He has relatives here, but he found in the Book of Genesis that he is not allowed to meet them. There was a notice in your Yiddish paper about him, and a whole bunch of Tertziver Chassidim sought him out. Woe is me, what kind of Chassidim they were! No gaberdines and clean-shaven. They could barely speak Yiddish. Earlier, we lived with an aunt of mine—deaf, crazy, and a miser. Now he has got himself into a furnished room infested with mice and cockroaches. One of these so-called Chassidim—Sam Parsover, a man in the liquor business, a swindler—has a wife, a real monster. A vulgar piece, perhaps sixty years old, her hair dyed a disgusting yellow, wrinkled like a witch and rouged like a whore. She attached herself to Getzele like a leech. Her husband must have other women, and he is happy to be rid of her. She has a business of her own—how do you call it, real estate. To make it short, Getzele has convinced her that she is a heroine of the Pentateuch. If I didn't know that he's a psychopath, I would swear he's the worst charlatan I ever met. *L'chayim.*" Karola Lipinska Kohen poured a whole glass of cognac down her throat. She grimaced and shook her head.

I asked, "Can you tell me what all these women see in him? Or is this a secret from the Book of Genesis?"

Karola Lipinska Kohen's face started to break into a smile. Then she became serious. "What others see in him, ask them. I can only speak for myself."

"Well, what about you?"

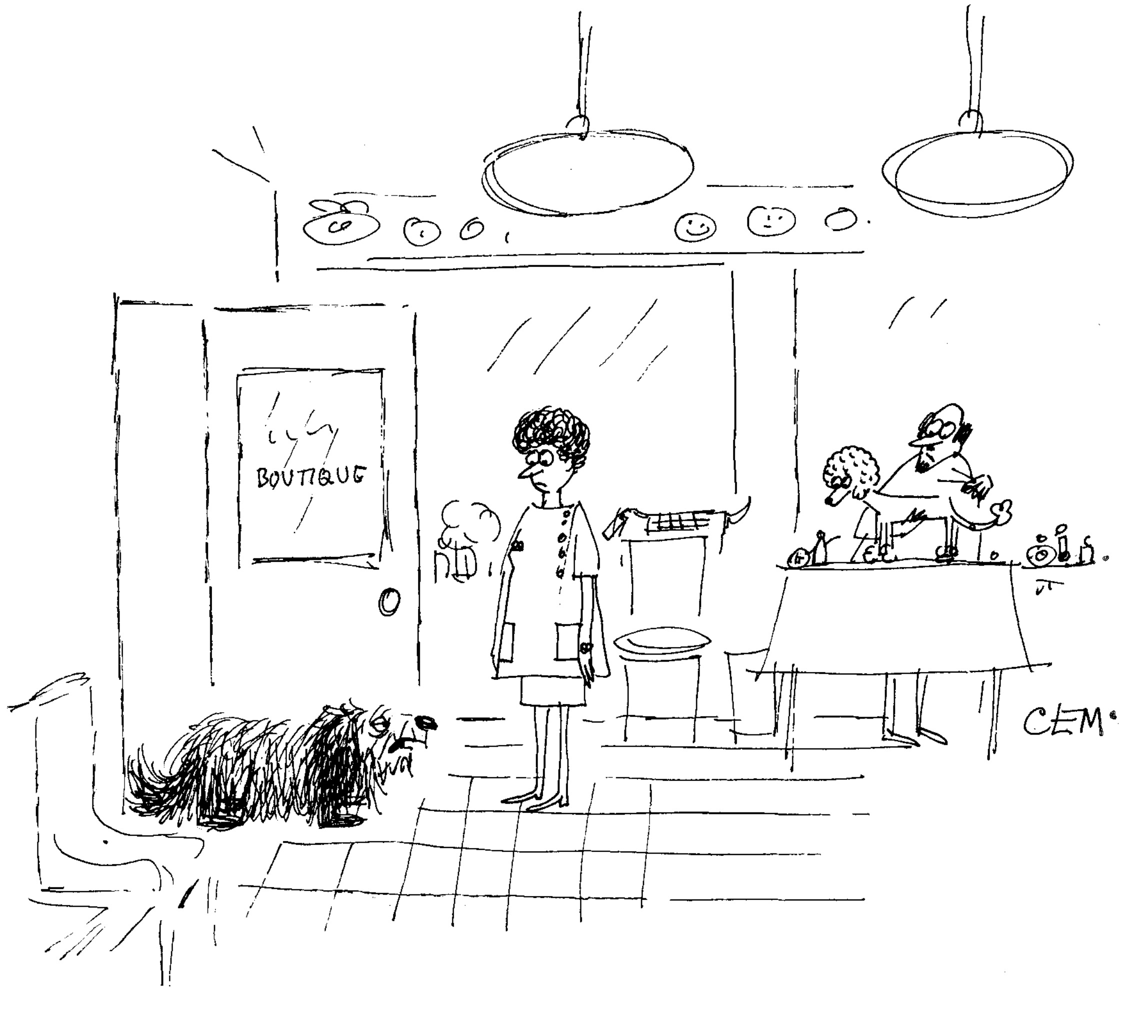
"Shall I be frank with you?"

"Yes, frank."

"You will most likely not believe me. People believe all kinds of lies, but when they are told the truth they spit on you. Getzele Tertziver is the strongest man I've ever met—and believe me I know men—let alone that he's romantic and terribly interesting. I know what you're thinking. He's small, and you probably consider him ugly. Someone once asked me how I could love such a freak. This freak becomes a giant when he makes love. It is my deepest conviction that he is the strongest lover in our spiritually castrated generation."

"In that case, perhaps the Book of Genesis does contain everything he says!"

"No, this is an *idée fixe*. I forgot the main thing. He is a great poet. Not with his pen. He speaks his poems the way the poets did in prehistoric times, before man could write. Sometimes when he falls into despair and begins to speak, all the spheres cry with him. When he becomes ecstatic, he exudes a joy out of this world. The Bible says that the morning stars sing together. But the stars of night sing separately. I want you to know that I am a poet myself—according to my own estimation, the greatest in our miserable time. I write in Polish, this is my misfortune. My poems lie dead in Poland,



"The works."

together with the Jews. There was one great poet besides me in Poland, and as far as I know he is not among the living anymore. I myself have stopped writing. I lie in bed at night and speak my poems to the ceiling."

"Here in America you can begin to write again. They are hungry for a true talent. They will even translate what you write."

"No. I have gotten out of the habit of writing. One day a Hitler comes and burns books. The next day it's a Stalin who demands that all poets exalt his murders. New tyrants will emerge and they will destroy the literature of the world. Since sex is only for two—and sometimes even for one—why must poetry be for many? I am my own bard. Sometimes when I used to lie with Getzele in bed, we held a poetic duet. Well, but two can also be too many. *L'chayim*."

A FEW months passed. Karola Lipinska Kohen had promised to call me, but I didn't hear from her. There was no lack of eccentrics without her. I attracted them: the graphomaniacs, the spiritualists, the astrologers, all types of repentants, those who believed in fasting, half-baked Buddhists, all sorts of do-gooders, and even a few unrecognized inventors—especially those who never gave up hope of producing perpetual motion. At three o'clock one morning, the ringing of the telephone awoke me. It was Karola Lipinska Kohen. She said, "Forgive me for disturbing you in the middle of the night. Getzele is dead." And I heard a yowl—it was difficult to know whether she was crying or laughing.

"What was the matter?"

"What was not the matter? The man committed suicide, but slowly. In the last weeks we were together again. He died in my arms. I am calling because the Tertziver Chassidim have kidnapped his body. They persecuted him when he was alive, and now he has suddenly become one of their own. Getzele's will was to be cremated, but they plan to bury him near some American rabbi. I let the police know, but it seems they have been bribed. If you do not help me immediately, Getzele will be buried against his wish. This is the worst kind of vandalism. The Yiddish press should make an outcry."

It took a while before I shook off my sleep. I said, "The Yiddish press is not the American press. By the time I write something and the editor reads it and the typesetter sets it in type, a week may pass—even two. They don't know about hurrying. Better get a lawyer."

"Where can I get a lawyer in the middle of the night? They went to the hospital and took him away. If you won't help me, I'll hang myself."

We spoke for half an hour. Karola Lipinska Kohen promised to telephone me the next morning, but she did not. In the afternoon, a call came for me in the office. A deep, masculine voice in Polish-Yiddish, flavored with all the characteristic drawn-out intonations of my own region, said, "My name is Sam Parsover. I have sad tidings for you. Reb Getzele Tertziver is demised. We Tertziver Chassidim had many complaints against him, but he was a great man with a high soul. We tried to help him with all our power, but when a man fasts constantly how can he live? He expired like a saint. His funeral will be tomorrow, and we want you to say a few words at his bier. After all, you were his friend. He spoke about you many times to me and to my wife."

"I was told that Getzele's wish was to be cremated."

"Who told you that—the crazy woman? Don't believe a word of hers. She tortured Getzele and took away his last penny. He wept before me and implored me to save him from her hands. She has converted to Christianity. How such a tender person as Getzele could have relations with an abomination like that is beyond me. Come and do the last honors to Reb Getzele. He left my wife a commentary on the Book of Genesis, and we want to publish it with an introduction by you. The service will begin at . . . "

Sam Parsover gave me the time of the service, the address of the chapel, and information about how to go by subway. I still expected to hear from Karola Lipinska Kohen, but I heard nothing. The next day, I went to the chapel and was confronted by a crowd of American Chassidim—some in skullcaps, others in hats; some with goatees, others without beards. There were many women in wigs. They waited for me and my eulogy. In the chapel, electric tapers threw a flickering light. The coffin had been placed near the pulpit. A rabbi with a pitch-black beard delivered a sermon. Then Sam Parsover spoke. He was short, broad-shouldered, with a protruding paunch, and a thin beard that seemed to be glued to his round chin. With my eyes I searched the audience for Karola Lipinska Kohen, but I did not see her. After I spoke a few words and the cantor recited "God Full of Mercy," there were sounds of a commotion. A woman in black, with a veil over her face, tried to force her way to the pulpit. It was Karola Lipinska Kohen. She screamed, "Hypocrites!

THE WARRIOR

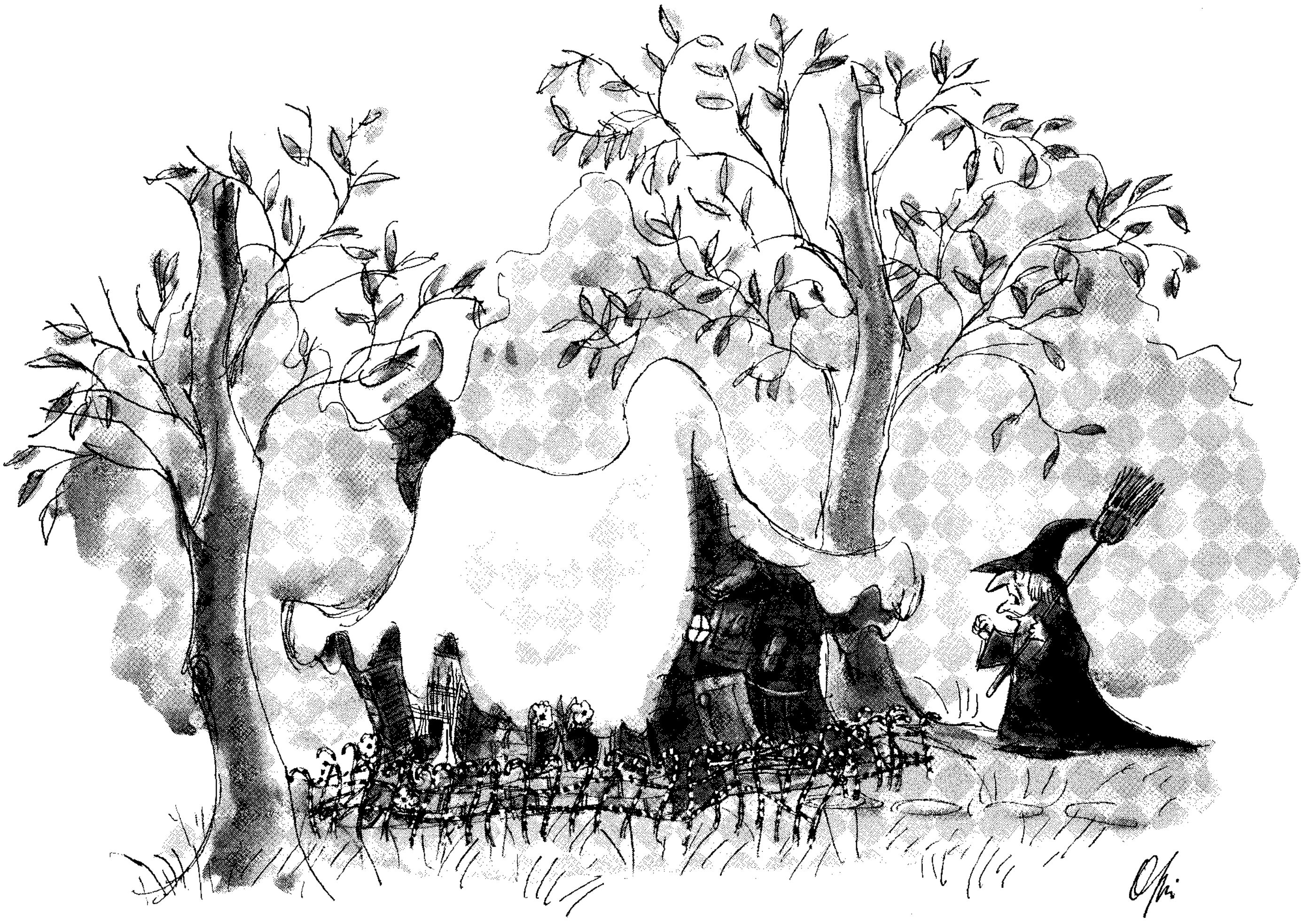
Vince was just a bug in the outer scheme, a mote in the eyes of the world,
but when he scuttled home at night and flicked the bulb ablaze
he was Vincent the Roach-Killer, who with aerosol fury
levied genocide against that immortal race, and never lost a battle.

How beautiful it was to see them clustered in the sink,
just a few, alerted by the light, edging off, the crowd
staying nestled by the drain. Vincent would reach, aim, and fire.
Ah, like parting petals their brown ranks unfurled
beneath his grim poison sun. How like a spray of fireworks
did their numbers fan out in their nerve-gas madness,
and, at their twitching fullest, fade, and lie still—
chitin husks remained, their kernels harvested and rendered
into Vincent's bread of victory and glee.

But Vincent had not always been of such a grain.
When, raw and green, he'd turned his face away
in nausea and horror, and when he'd seen that each he dared to kill
made way for another, that no matter with what certainty
one stamped out a fire, each succeeding fire wouldn't learn,
but burned with equal vigor, his bewildered heart became an ash.
Then slowly, day by day, defeat became a chore,
chore became habit, habit a tradition and a game.
Wounds healed and scars became emblems—the warrior was born.

—DOUGLAS MOREA

• •



"Oh, drat! I forgot to add sodium propionate to retard spoilage!"

• •

Thieves! Gangsters! Police! Police!"

She wanted to read a poem of Getzele's. Two young Chassidim held her by the wrists, a third covered her mouth with his hand. The crowd scolded, cursing. An old man wailed, "Woe, sacrilege to the deceased!"

I did not intend to go to the cemetery, but two Chassidim pushed me into a limousine that seemed to have been reserved for non-Chassidim, because inside sat a portly young man, clean-shaven, without a hat, wearing a light suit and a red tie. His black hair glistened with pomade. His dark eyes smiled at me knowingly and sweetly. He said, "May I introduce myself? Dr. Max Baskind. Getzele Tertziver was my patient. Unfortunately, by the time he came to me it was too late to save him." Dr. Baskind extended a puffy hand, with a signet ring on his pinky.

We spoke and I mentioned Karola Lipinska Kohen. Dr. Baskind knew her. "A sick person, a pathological liar. I am not a psychiatrist, but one doesn't need to be a psychiatrist to know she is paranoid. My father is one of the Tertziver Chassidim, and I know all about it. The old Tertziver rabbi himself was not normal. A deranged dynasty. I was told that he ate on Tishah-b'Ab and fasted on Purim. He struck his beadle with his long pipe."

"What kind of woman is Sam Parsover's wife?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm their doctor, too. They are filthy rich. He made a fortune in the liquor business. They support all sorts of rabbis, here and in Jerusalem. They eat too much, and both of them are diabetic. Once, they invited me for the Sabbath and they gave me such portions that an elephant might have overeaten. The schmalz was *running* from everything: from the onions, the Sabbath stew, the pudding—not one kind of pudding but three. And at the end I was treated to schmalz cake. She suffers from the gallbladder in addition."

"Is it true that Mrs. Parsover had an affair with Getzele?"

"An affair? What kind of an affair? Getzele expressed his wild thoughts to her and this fascinated her. She used to bring him to me for an examination. He tried to give me lessons in medicine."

"Was he really such a sexual giant?"

Dr. Baskind smiled and showed a mouth of teeth as small as a child's. He asked, "From what? From fasting? A doctor should be discreet, but what difference does it make now? Getzele suffered from impotence for many years. He admitted it himself."

The cortège stopped to let a long line of the cars of an Italian wedding pass by. Each car was hung with ribbons of many colors. Horns tooted, tin dishes clanged, the wedding guests shrieked. Dr. Baskind turned the signet ring on his pinky and examined its seal.

He said, "It seems there is no remedy for this, even in the Book of Genesis." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Blanche and Joseph Nevel.)

•

The film is about a real person, Frank Serpico, who deals with equally real corruption in the New York City Police Department and was shot this summer in New York, with full cooperation from the city and the police department.—*Long Beach (Calif.) Independent Press-Telegram.*

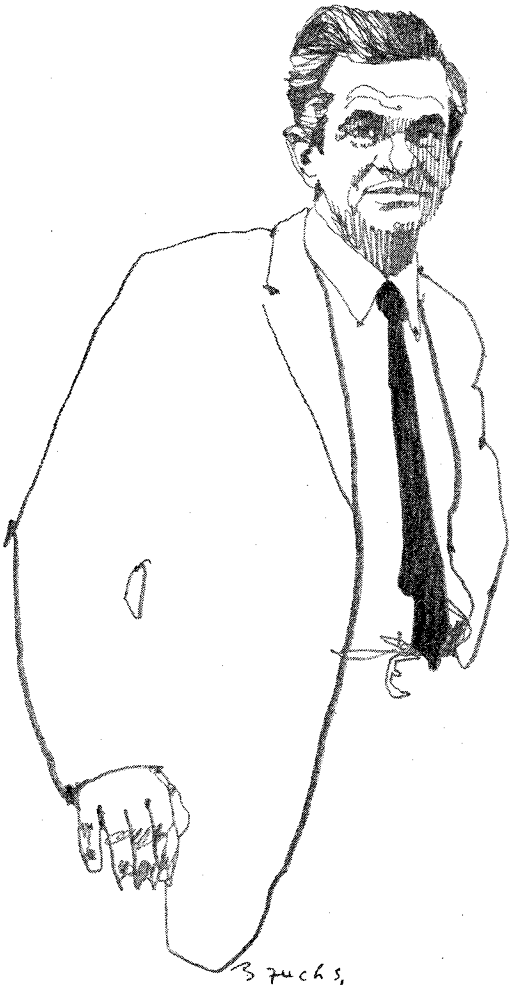
You can't fight City Hall.

PROFILES

THE CURVE OF BINDING ENERGY—I

TO many people who have participated professionally in the advancement of the nuclear age, it seems not just possible but more and more apparent that nuclear explosions will again take place in cities. It seems to them likely, almost beyond quibbling, that more nations now have nuclear bombs than the five that have tested them, for it is hardly necessary to test a bomb in order to make one. There is also no particular reason the maker need be a nation. Smaller units could do it—groups of people with a common purpose or a common enemy. Just how few people could achieve the fabrication of an atomic bomb on their own is a question on which opinion divides, but there are physicists with experience in the weapons field who believe that the job could be done by one person, working alone, with nuclear material stolen from private industry.

What will happen when the explosions come—when a part of New York or Cairo or Adelaide has been hollowed out by a device in the kiloton range? Since even a so-called fizzle yield could kill a number of thousands of people, how many nuclear detonations can the world tolerate?



Theodore B. Taylor

Answers—again from professional people—vary, but many will say that while there is necessarily a limit to the amount of nuclear destruction society can tolerate, the limit is certainly not zero. Remarks by, for example, contemporary chemists, physicists, and engineers go like this (the segments of dialogue are assembled but not invented):

"I think we have to live with the expectation that once every four or five years a nuclear explosion will take place and kill a lot of people."

"What we are taking with the nuclear industry is a calculated risk."

"It is simply a new fact of existence that this risk will exist. The problem can't be solved. But it can be alleviated."

"Bomb damage is vastly exaggerated."

"What fraction of a society has to be knocked out to make it collapse? We have some benchmarks. None collapsed in the Second World War."

"The largest bomb that has ever been exploded anywhere was sixty megatons, and that is one-thousandth the force of an earthquake, one-thousandth the force of a hurricane. We have lived with earthquakes and hurricanes for a long time."

"It is often assumed true that a full-blown nuclear war would be the end of life on earth. That is far from the truth. To end life on earth would take at least a thousand times the total yield of all the nuclear explosives existing in the world, and probably a lot more."

"After a bomb goes off, and the fire ends, quiet descends again, and life continues."

"We continue in the direction we're going, and take every precaution, or we go backward and outlaw the atom. I think the latter is a frivolous point of view. Man has never taken such a backward step. In the fourteenth century, people must have been against gunpowder, and people today might well say they were right. But you don't move backward."

"At the start of the First World War, the high-explosive shell was described as 'the ultimate weapon.' It was said that the war could not last more than two weeks. Then they discovered dirt. They found they could get away from the high-explosive shell in trenches. When hijackers start holding up whole nations and exploding nuclear bombs, we must again discover dirt. We can live with these bombs. The power of dirt will be reëxploited."

"There is an intensity that society can tolerate. This means that *x* number could die with *y* frequency in nuclear blasts and society would absorb it. This is really true. Ten *x* and ten *y* might go beyond the intensity limit."

"I can imagine a rash of these things happening. I can imagine—in the worst situation—hundreds of explosions a year."

"I see no way of anything happening where the rubric of society would collapse, where the majority of the human race would just curl up its toes and not care what happens after that. The collective human spirit is more powerful than all the bombs we have. Even if quite a few nuclear explosions go off and they become part of our existence, civilization won't collapse. We will adapt. We will go on. But the whole thing is so unpleasant. It is worth moving mountains, if we have to, to avoid it."

"A homemade nuclear bomb would be a six-by-six-foot monster. It would take cranes to lift it. You're not going to get a sophisticated little thing that fits into a desk drawer."

"No. But you could get something that would fit under the hood of a Volkswagen."

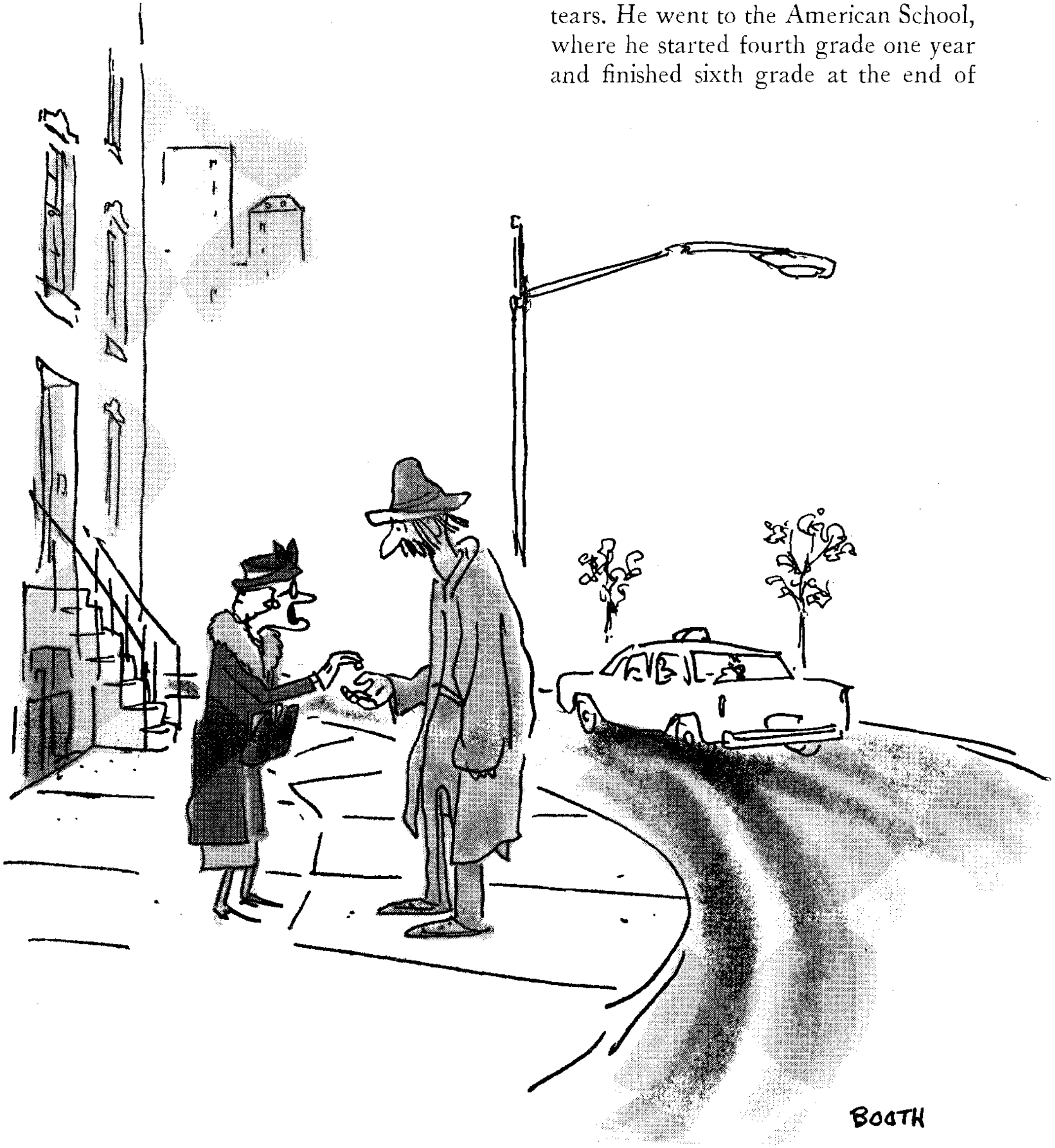
"If it is possible to build such a device, the situation will come up. We just should be prepared for it, and not sit around wringing our hands. You can't solve this problem emotionally. No. 1: This is a hazard. No. 2: The strictest *practicable* measures have to be taken to prevent it."

"We have to ask ourselves, 'What are we spending our money on, and what are we getting out of it?' I don't believe we can protect ourselves against every bogeyman in the closet. I think we have to take the calculated risk."

Seven years ago, Theodore B. Taylor, who is a theoretical physicist, began to worry full time about this subject. He developed a sense of urgency that is shared by only a small proportion of other professionals in the nuclear world, where the general attitude seems to be that there is little to worry about, for almost no one could successfully make a nuclear bomb without retracing the Manhattan Project. Taylor completely disagrees. In the course of a series of travels I made with him to nuclear installations around the United States, he showed me how comparatively easy it would be to steal nuclear material and, step by step, make it into a bomb. Without revealing anything that is not readily available in print, he earnestly wishes to demonstrate to the public that the problem is immediate. His sense of urgency is enhanced by the knowledge that the nuclear-power industry is about to enter an era of considerable growth, and for every kilogram of weapons-grade nuclear material that exists now hundreds will exist in the not distant future. To give substance to his allegations, he feels he must go into ample detail—not enough to offer an exact blueprint to anyone, to cross any existing line of secrecy, or to assist criminals who have the requisite training by telling them anything they could not find out on their own, but enough to make clear beyond question what could happen.

The source and the reach of his worry result from his own experience. He knows how easy it would be to do what he fears will be done. Peers and superiors considered him stellar at it once, and used that word to describe him. When he was in his twenties and early thirties, he worked in the Theoretical Division at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, where he was a conceptual designer of nuclear bombs. He designed Davy Crockett, which in its time was the lightest and smallest fission bomb ever made. It weighed less than fifty pounds. He designed Hamlet, which, of all things, was the most efficient fission bomb ever made in the kiloton range. And he designed the Super Oralloy Bomb, the largest-yield fission bomb that has ever been exploded anywhere.

WHEN Ted Taylor was growing up, in Mexico City in the nineteen-thirties, he had three particular interests, and they were music, chemistry, and billiards. His father had been a widower with three sons who married a widow with a son of her own, so Ted had four older half brothers—so much older, though, that he was essentially raised an only child, in a home that was as quiet as it was religious. His maternal grandparents were Congregational missionaries in Guadalajara. His father, born on a farm in Kansas, was general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Mexico. His mother was the first American woman who ever earned a Ph.D. at the National University of Mexico. Her field was Mexican literature. The spirit of revolution, which had peaked in Mexico long before Ted was born, was still very much in the air, and his earliest impression of politicians was that they were people who carried silver-plated pearl-handled Colt .45s, wore cartridge belts the size of cummerbunds, and went around in Cadillacs firing random shots into crowds of people whose numbers were weighted toward the opposition. Elections, he decided, were a time to stay home. Moreover, politicians were not the only menace in the streets. One time, Ted went out—he was eight—and met a man who told him that he could have a new bicycle if he would go back inside and get something pretty. He went in and got his mother's most precious ring and gave it to the man. Only too late did he realize what had happened, and he burst into tears. He went to the American School, where he started fourth grade one year and finished sixth grade at the end of



"'It is not what a man gets but what a man is that he should think of. He should think first of his character, and then of his condition, for if he have the former, he need have no fear about the latter. Character will draw condition after it. Circumstances obey principles.'—Henry Ward Beecher."

THE SHADES

I

Even the white shade could flap a black wing
As it flew and wrapped itself up, clearing
Stark panes of upper window—glassy light
Slapped his eye from a sudden firmament.
When lowered, they yielded up pale shades thrown
By an inner light past the opaque ones
They were ghosts of—the pallor of the shades
Took more toll of his waking eye than dark.
And, when drawn, black ones made the scene they framed
Squint, his large light-gathering glass ducking
Below the edge where the flat night machine
Widened the strip of wall, bed, and undressed
Flesh into a picture. And his eyes were opened,
As in blinding light the hand's shade allows.

II

"In enigma, the eyes hide their own light
Behind owl eyes of darkling glass; we find
Dull scales hardening on vision's surface
As if the unskeptical patient hoped
Somehow to chain down the beasts of wild glare,
The lions of the light. The prognosis
Is neither here nor there," the Ophthalmage
Muttered over his speculum, tapping
On the onyx tabletop, which glistened
To him unhearing, being too wild-eyed
In the way of dark spectacles which fail
To widen the openings they cover,
Two tiny bullet holes known to be too
Narrow, punched through the yielding skin of mind.

III

Feeling their dark ones to have been darkened
By the cast shadows of men full on men,
They considered how the unsounded caves
Everywhere glistened; how in the silence
Of noon, there in the square, all the lighted
Sepulchres threw no shadows about them
Nor none within; how they were all faded
Angels of each other, met outside a
Garden's walls whereon their own shadows fell,
Within which walked the clear, transparent ones,
The pair of glass, whose shadows permitted
—Everything was permitted—light outlined
By their shining-edged forms to pass back up
To clear eyes from the green, mirroring grass.

IV

Black Wolfgang and gray brother Ludwig, two
Shades of cat, pussyfoot down the hall.
All the Crayola boys in flowery
Surplices sing out of their stalls in praise
Of paling and of darkening, the light
Diastole, the heavier return,
Joy being in their dance of contrasts, life
Hanging between earthwardness and the air.
Too much of too many colors brings mud,
Touches of pale water lead to lightness,
But all gathered by the eyes' firelight,
Whose very flickerings discern themselves
To be waltzing in the masquerade of
Degree, each denser he whirling off with
Her, his frail one, darkening in his arms.

V

Never having, like orange monarchs, claimed
Bright meadows rich with daylong, green milkweed,
Or flamed amazement over a gazer,
They mottle the walls of hell; they stand in
Fives in the unreturning *traghetto*
Or wrapped up in shades of death accosting
The fancy wanderers in their tunnel;
Unprimed for darkness cast on their eyelight
Itself, these find no shadows of shades here,
No shadows more than shadows of flesh, no
Flickering images of soul, no soul—
The body's pale nightmare of mind, faded;
The mind's drop of frightened sweat at mere thought
Of body, unglistening, chilled and dried.

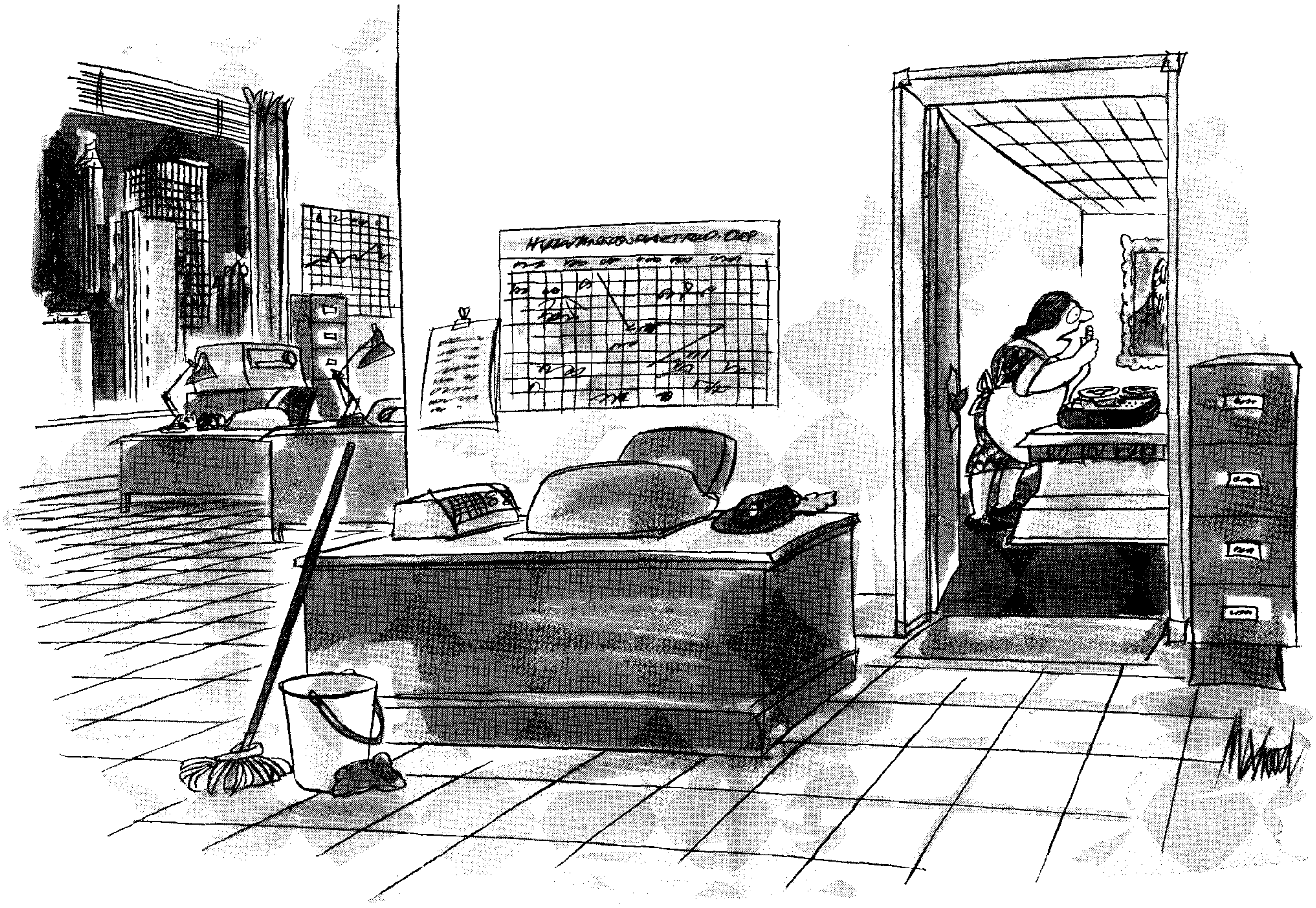
VI

With the light ever going, they live with
No walker in the cool of the evening,
Acknowledging light under chestnut leaves
In solemn motley genuinely flecked;
Uncheckered their dale, their evening no flung
Counterpane nor dark-knitted comforter,
Even, under which they crowd with their own
Heats and lights still clutched and minded; feeling
The first chill of autumn only in sleep,
They awaken to yellow sun ducking
Low under the shades to stretch trapezoids
Over a dark floor. And they sleep unminding
The time of afternoon, nearly before
The cold fading unrolled along the grass.

—John Hollander

• •

the same year, thus finding himself about three years younger than most of his friends as he emerged into his teens. In the mornings, before school, he would sit for an hour and listen to music, occupying himself with nothing else while he did so. Years later, he would notice a difference among physicists with regard to music. Working in a scientific enclave at Cornell, where room after room had been equipped with speakers that were connected to a common source of classical music, he found that the theoretical physicists all embraced the music, while the experimental physicists uniformly shut it off. (He also would find that theoretical physicists tended to be loose-knit liberal Democrats, while experimental physicists—conservatives, Republicans—showed a closer weave.) In the afternoons after school, for a number of years, Ted played billiards almost every day, averaging about ten hours of billiards a week. He was, among his friends, exceptionally skillful. He knew nothing of particle physics—of capture cross-sections and neutron scattering, of infinite reflectors and fast-neutron-induced fission chain reactions—but in a sense he was beginning to learn it, because he understood empirically the behavior of the interacting balls on the table, and the nature of their elastic collisions, all within the confining framework of the reflector cushions. "It was a game of skill, dealing with predictable situations—an exact game. The reason



"Memo to the executive director, vice-president, heads of departments, and all members of the staff: 'Wipe your feet.'"

• •

it appealed to me was probably the same reason physics appeals to me. I like to be able to predict what will happen and have it come out that way. If you play billiards a lot, you find you can have a great deal of control over what happens. You can get all kinds of things to happen. I have thought of billiard balls as the examples in physics as long as I can remember—as examples of types of collisions from Newton's mechanics to atomic particles. The balls made a satisfying click if they were new and expensive. Downtown, they were new and expensive. It was a treat to go downtown. You could try a twelve-cushion shot there."

He developed a quiet and somewhat shy personality, and considerable self-sufficiency, but he overcame his shyness to dance through long weekends and drink his share of Cuba Libres. Sometimes, he and his friends went off to Acapulco, as many as fifteen teenagers on the loose, and they took one hotel room, for the toilet and the shower, and slept on cots lined up in a long row on the beach. His family lived part of the time in Cuernavaca, which had almost no electricity then (a generator ran the Cuernavaca movie house), and Ted developed there a lifelong preference for candlelight. If the supply-and-demand ratio for electric power were based on him, there would be no power stations, nuclear or fossil. He remembers—almost more than any other image from Mexico—the bread bin, a small wooden box full of bread, in the middle of the table in Cuernavaca, surrounded by burning candles. His thoughts would wander then, as they do now, for remarkably long periods of time, and when he went off into other worlds in Cuernavaca his eyes must have glazed for hours, reflecting the candle flame.

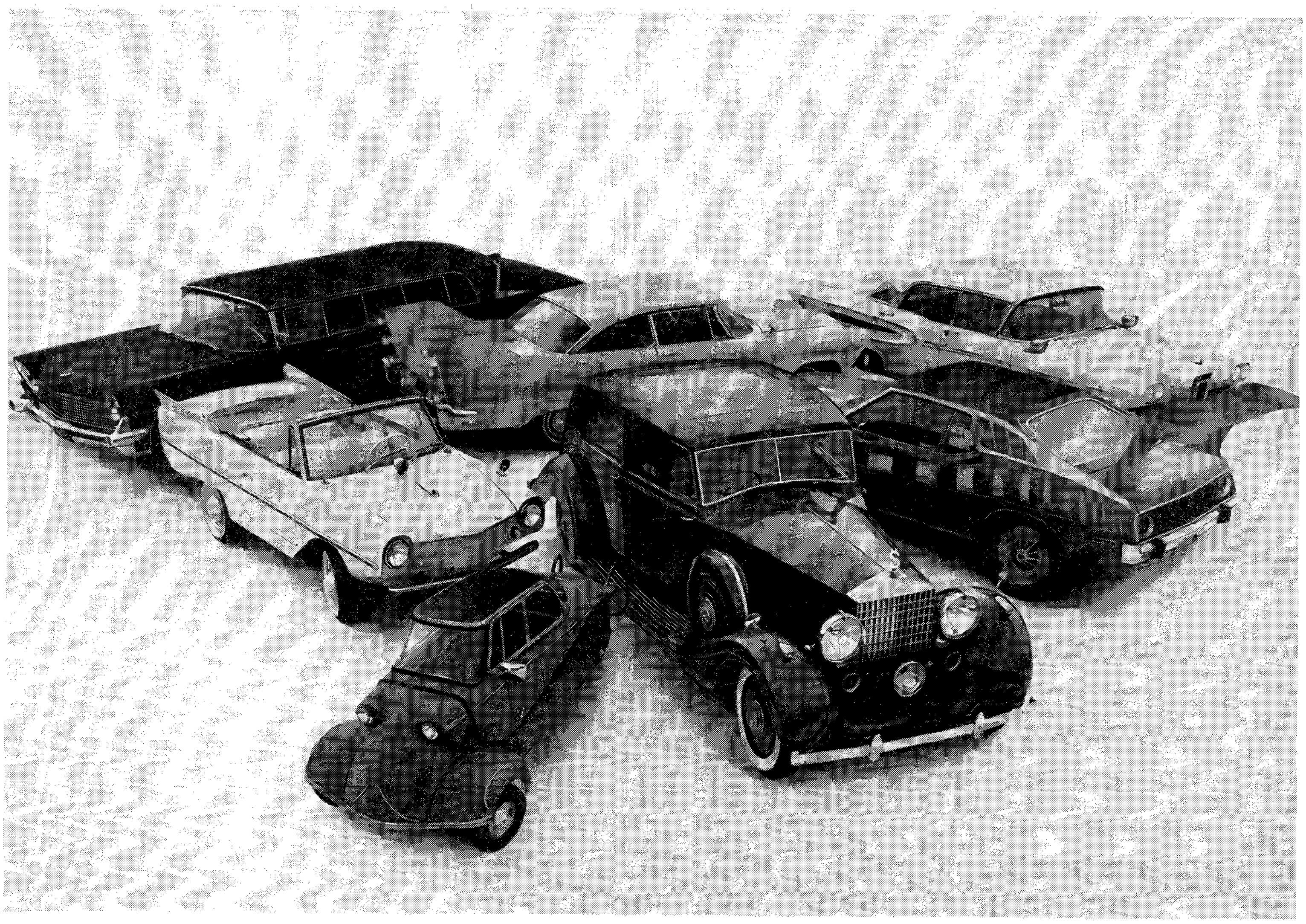
At home in Mexico City—a street-corner house, Atlixco 13—there were certain books that contained pages that could unfailingly cause in him a sensation of terror. They were atlases and geographies, mainly, and he knew just where they were—which book, which shelf. He would muse, and his eyes would wander to one of them, and he would go and get it. He would open to a picture of the full moon or of a planet—any disclike thing seen in full view—and his flesh would contract with fear. He could never look through a telescope without steeling himself against the thought of seeing a big white disc. He began to have recurrent dreams that would apparently last his lifetime, for he still has them, of worlds, planets, discs filling half his field of vision, filling all his nerves with terror. And yet he could not imagine anything more exciting than having travelled to and being about to land on Mars. He wanted to go there desperately. Years later, he would make intensive preparations to go to Mars in a ship of his design, driven by two thousand exploding nuclear bombs.

When he was ten, he was given a chemistry set for Christmas, and he steadily built it up, year after year, until Atlixco 13 had a laboratory that might have served a small and exclusive university. Things were available from local druggists that would not have been available to him in the United States. Corrosive chemicals. Explosive chemicals. Nitric acid. Sulphuric acid. He enjoyed putting potassium chlorate and sulphur under Mexico City streetcars. There was a flash, and a terrific bang. He made guncotton by the bale. He soaked cotton in nitric and sulphuric acid, thus producing nitrocellulose, then washed it in water, squeezed it, and hung it up to dry. The result looked just like cotton but would explode—*poof*—and leave almost no ash. It was pretty at night. He once wadded it into a .22 cartridge and hit the cartridge with a hammer. The cartridge went into his finger. He hunted through the 1913 New International Encyclopædia, which contained lots of chemistry, and he found many things to make. He made urotropine (hexamethylenetetramine), a sleep-inducing drug, starting from a point very close to scratch. He first needed urea, and the nearest source was his own bladder, so he drained it out and went to work. He boiled a pint of urine until he had a half cup, then precipitated out the urea. He added nitric acid, and got urea nitrate. He added formaldehyde, and got a precipitate of urotropine. He tried it on his white rats, and put them to sleep for up to twelve hours at a time, but he brought the dose up slowly, and he killed no rats. He worked in his chem lab three hours a day in term, and all through the annual long vacations, which came in winter and lasted two and a half months. He liked the beauty of some precipitates, and the most beautiful by far, he thought, was lead iodide. It looked like gold dust being sprinkled into water when, with light behind a beaker, he dropped lead-acetate solution from an eyedropper into sodium iodide. Particulate flakes of gold drifted down, shimmering, sparkling with gold light. He made a yellow-and-red powder that was a combination of picric acid and red lead. It was a relatively stable material, but it would detonate, given sufficient heat. He would set a little pile of it on a piece of one-sixteenth-inch steel plate and heat the plate from below. Flash. Bang. One-quarter teaspoon of the mixture, unconfined, would blow a hole right through the steel. In repeated experiments, he figured out exactly how little powder was needed to penetrate the plate. He added ammonia to a concentrated solution of iodine crystals in alcohol. The resulting precipitate, filtered out, was a wet, blackish blob of nitrogen iodide. He dried it. Dry nitrogen iodide is stable with regard to heat but unstable with regard to motion. It can literally be exploded by tickling it with a feather. Ceilings were high in Mexico, and there were long feather dusters at Atlixco 13. Holding one like an épée, Ted would reach gingerly toward a mound of nitrogen iodide. Flash. Bang. A purplish-brown cloud. A miniature mushroom. His mother was incredibly tolerant of his chemical experimentation. He was graduated from high school when he was fifteen.

Avon
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I don't suppose you'd happen to have a plumber's helper?"

THE material that destroyed Hiroshima was uranium-235. Some sixty kilograms of it were in the bomb. The uranium was in metallic form. Sixty kilograms, a hundred and thirty-two pounds, of uranium would be about the size of a football, for the metal is compact—almost twice as dense as lead. As a cube, sixty kilograms would be slightly less than six inches on a side. U-235 is radioactive but not intensely so. You could hold some in your lap for a month and not suffer any effects. Like any heavy metal, it is poisonous if you eat enough of it. Its critical mass—the point at which



At some point, almost everyone forgot what a car should be.

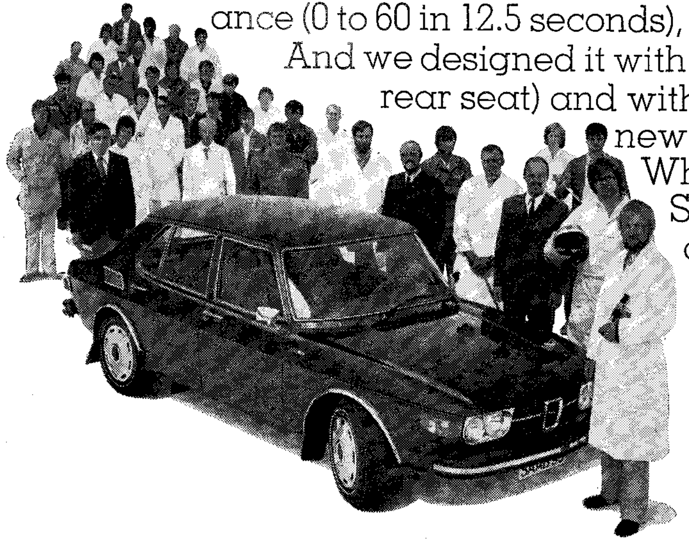
When we designed the Saab sedan, we didn't design it to be too long, too small, too expensive, too fast, too pretty, too ugly, or to be a part-time boat.

We designed it small enough on the outside to be easy to park (about 7 inches shorter than a VW 411), yet big enough on the inside to be spacious and comfortable (more front head and leg room than a Lincoln Continental Mk IV).

We designed it with a fuel injected 2 liter engine that gives surprising performance (0 to 60 in 12.5 seconds), yet fewer exhaust emissions.

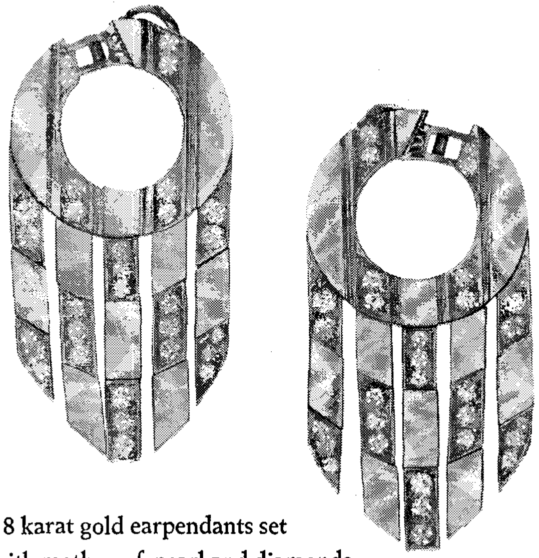
And we designed it with practical features (like a fold-down rear seat) and with styling that will still look new after our car is old.

When we designed and built our 1974 Saab sedan, we remembered all the things almost everyone else seems to have forgotten.



Saab. It's what a car should be.

There are more than 400 Saab dealers nationwide.



BVLGARI
JEWELLERS

18 karat gold earpendants set
with mother-of-pearl and diamonds.

HOTEL PIERRE, NEW YORK, N.Y. • (212) 486-0086

Tiptoe into the soft life

The light-footed moccasin—with a difference—the suppleness of kidskin, the twist of braid, soft, sunward color with white. In green, bone, powder blue, pink or yellow, all with white. $44. Shoe Salon, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

it will start a chain reaction that will not stop until a great deal of energy has been released—varies widely, depending on what surrounds it. If the uranium is wrapped in steel, for example, its critical mass is much lower than it would be if the uranium were standing free. A nuclear explosion is a chain reaction that goes so fast that pressures build up in the material and blow it apart. Depending on the capabilities of the designer, a given mass of U-235—say, twenty kilograms, an amount slightly smaller than a grapefruit—can yield an explosion equivalent to anything from a few tons of TNT up to hundreds of thousands of tons of TNT (hundreds of kilotons). The bomb of Hiroshima, which was not efficiently designed, fissioned only one per cent of its uranium and yielded only thirteen kilotons. There are various ways to make nuclear bombs, some of which require less material than others. It is theoretically possible to make a very destructive bomb with nuclear material the size of a pea, but that is beyond the practical capability of even the man of extraordinary skill in the art. Musing once over a little sliver of metallic U-235 about the size of a stick of chewing gum, Ted Taylor remarked, "If ten per cent of this were fissioned, it would be enough to knock down the World Trade Center." The United States Atomic Energy Commission has set five kilograms of U-235 as the amount at and above which the material is "significant." A bomb might be made with less. A crude bomb would require more. Five kilograms is an arbitrarily chosen figure—an amount which, if stolen, would be cause for concern. The Atomic Energy Commission, now much occupied with the growth and development of the peaceful nuclear-power industry, wants the atom to make a good impression on the general public. In the frankly bellicose days of the somewhat forgotten past, the term used was not "significant" but "strategic." Unofficially—around the halls and over the water coolers—five kilos is known as "the trigger quantity."

Uranium as found in nature, and mined, and milled, and extracted as metal, is worth about twenty-five dollars a kilogram. Uranium-235 is worth as much as twenty thousand dollars a kilogram. The reason for this great difference is that for each atom of U-235 that exists in natural uranium there are a hundred and forty atoms of U-238. It is U-235 that makes the fissions, makes the bombs, makes the heat in the power reactors; and the U-235 is extraordinarily difficult

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year
at The Homestead.

America's most gifted mountain resort is a perfect place to spend the festive season. Here the charm of the past lives on with every social grace amid the present. Skiing, with man-made snow to help and lessons at the Sepp Kober Ski School, skating and tobogganing are part of our winter fun. (Or golf, if the weather's milder.) Then there's our magnificent indoor pool and health club, the crackle and glow of our Great Hall fireplace, and that peerless Homestead hospitality to bask in through evenings of dining and dancing. The Homestead: it's very much worth reaching and very easily reached, via U.S. Rte. 220, Amtrak service to nearby Clifton Forge, or by Piedmont Airlines or private jet to the Hot Springs Airport. For reservations or our brochure see your travel agent, call (703) 839-5500, or write us. And season's greetings.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445

America's Favorite Mountain Resort

OUR EXCLUSIVE EPAULET BUTTON-DOWN
You'll find it only at Paul Stuart—the button-down shirt with shoulder epaulets, in pure cotton oxford. And perfectly appropriate for business or leisure. White, blue, maize. $16.50.

Paul Stuart

MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Please add $1. per order for delivery. N.Y. State residents add applicable tax.

Flexible bracelet watches of eighteen karat gold by Patek Philippe. Top: With 18 karat blue gold dial, $2,350. Roman numerals, $2,750.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET · TEL: (212) 755-8000 · ZIP: 10022
ATLANTA · CHICAGO · HOUSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS
Please add sales tax where applicable American Express · BankAmericard

to separate from the rest of the uranium. A uranium atom—any uranium atom—has ninety-two protons: spheres bunched up in its nucleus. In there, too, like so much additional caviar, are many neutrons—a hundred and forty-six neutrons in an atom of U-238 (92 + 146 = 238), and a hundred and forty-three neutrons in an atom of U-235. Separating these two sisters, these two isotopes, was one of the hardest things human beings have ever tried to learn how to do, because, for one thing, U-235 and U-238 behave chemically in an identical way. So the isotopes had to be separated physically. It was necessary for the people who were trying to do this to get down on their knees, in effect, and sort into piles tiny spheres whose diameters were expressible in hundred-millionths of centimetres and whose only difference was that one kind weighed ever so slightly more than the other. This became, and has essentially remained, the most secret aspect of the development of nuclear material. Various methods were tried. The most cumbersome and, at least until recently, the most effective method was gaseous diffusion. Natural uranium was combined with fluorine and turned into a gas: uranium hexafluoride, UF_6. The gas was sent drifting through incredibly thin membranes. No one is saying exactly what the membranes consisted of, but they were successfully created and they are still in use. The gaseous-diffusion process was necessarily marginal in its efficiency. Both kinds of molecules went streaming through the membranes, but because the U-235 atoms were a little over one per cent lighter, and therefore were moving faster, a little extra U-235 went through in any given pass, and the uranium on the other side of the membrane was, as the technologists put it, enriched. The enrichment was so very slight, though, that the process had to be repeated again and again. The gas had to flow through several thousand membranes, which, cumulatively, became known as "the cascades." Thousands of miles of tubes, pipes, and other conduits were needed to create a network of flow wherein the gas could now go through a membrane, now return to try again, now go on to a new membrane, gradually advancing, in a process of separation and elimination, until what had begun as seven-tenths of one per cent U-235 was more than ninety per cent U-235—fully enriched, weapons-grade uranium.

Gaseous-diffusion plants cover hundreds of acres: They are so big that people drive automobiles and ride bicycles inside them, down long corridors

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
One of the rare pleasures of Christmas.
RARE SCOTCH

Remember when you had only one TV room? When you wanted to see the late news. And she wanted to see the late movie. When the kids wanted to see cartoons in the morning. While the astronauts were splashing down. When you went crazy deciding whose night it was to see what.

Panasonic understands. That's why we created our new line of black and white TV's. Now you can watch "Kung Fu" in the kitchen. "Dating Game" in the dorm. "Bonanza" in the basement. Or "Gunsmoke" in the garage.

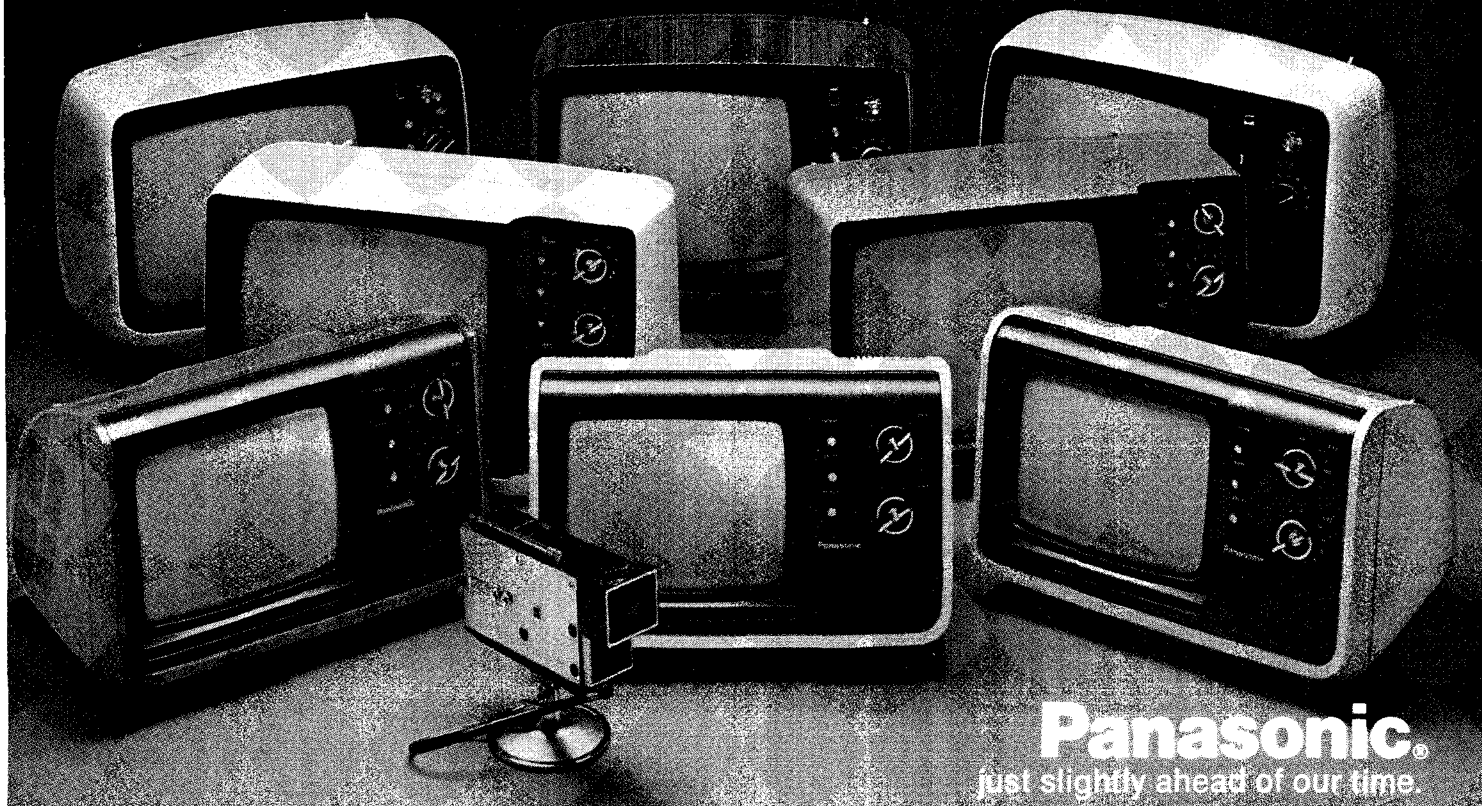
And because rooms come in different colors, our sets do, too. You can choose between avocado green, tangerine orange and antique white.

Rooms come in different sizes, too. So do budgets. That's why we make a variety of screen sizes. Including a 12-inch, a 9-inch, and a pocket-sized 1½-inch (all diagonally measured).

At Panasonic, we don't think a second set should be an afterthought. So whatever color, size or style you choose, it comes wrapped around Panasonic technology and proven quality.

Upstairs, downstairs, home or dorm. With any Panasonic black and white TV, the TV room is whatever room you're in.

Introducing kitchen, den, dorm, bedroom, patio and pocket TV.



Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.
200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

among the cascades. There are three in the United States, all operated under A.E.C. contracts: one in Oak Ridge, Tennessee; one in Portsmouth, Ohio; and one in Paducah, Kentucky. At least four more enrichment plants must be built in the United States alone before 1985. Nothing about them is cheap. It takes a big power plant—enough to serve a city—just to run one gaseous-diffusion plant. The existing ones get their energy from power plants that burn strip-mined coal. Some people used to wonder aloud when the nuclear industry was going to produce more power than it was using—a question that was regarded by the industry as "a sick joke." Two billion dollars will buy a gaseous-diffusion plant. Britain has one. France has one. Needless to say, the Russians have however many they need. When the Chinese exploded a uranium bomb in 1964, it was assumed that the Chinese were not smart enough to have figured out the technology of isotopic separation. Therefore, the Chinese must have stolen the U-235. Where? No one could guess. Some months later, though, it was disclosed that sixty kilograms of U-235 was unaccounted for at a nuclear-fuel-fabricating plant in Apollo, Pennsylvania. Perhaps the Chinese had stolen the uranium in Pennsylvania. While this speculation was going on, the government revealed that a reconnaissance plane had made a high overflight above China and taken photographs that showed the presence of a gaseous-diffusion plant at Langchow, in Kansu Province.

The complexity of gaseous diffusion has importantly helped to confine the spread of nuclear weapons. Anybody could get hold of uranium, but it was another matter to get hold of a gaseous-diffusion plant. The development of other methods of isotopic separation has weakened that barricade, and there is a possibility now that it has broken down altogether. When prospectors screened ore for gold, they were doing something analogous to the gaseous-diffusion process. When they panned for gold, though, they did something quite different: they put an ore slurry in a pan and took what settled. Uranium isotopes can be separated that way, too—in centrifuges whirling around and flinging the heavier U-238 to the outside. There is so little U-235 to begin with that this also is a long and clumsy process, involving tens to hundreds of thousands of centrifuges; but, at least theoretically, it takes less power and less space, and since the centrifuges can be spread out geographically

'S WONDERFUL, 'S MARVELOUS, 'S GERSHWIN

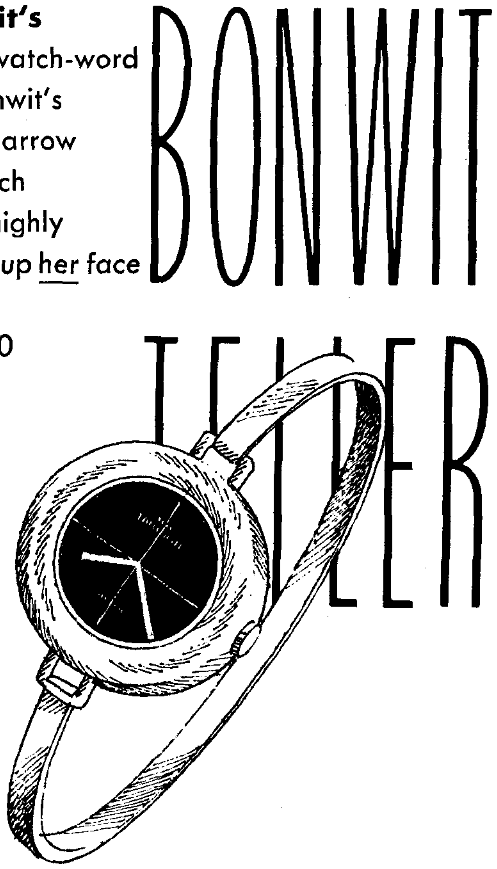
Jack Lemmon in 'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous, 'S Gershwin without commercial interruption. With Fred Astaire, Leslie Uggams and Peter Nero. Winner of 5 Emmy awards.

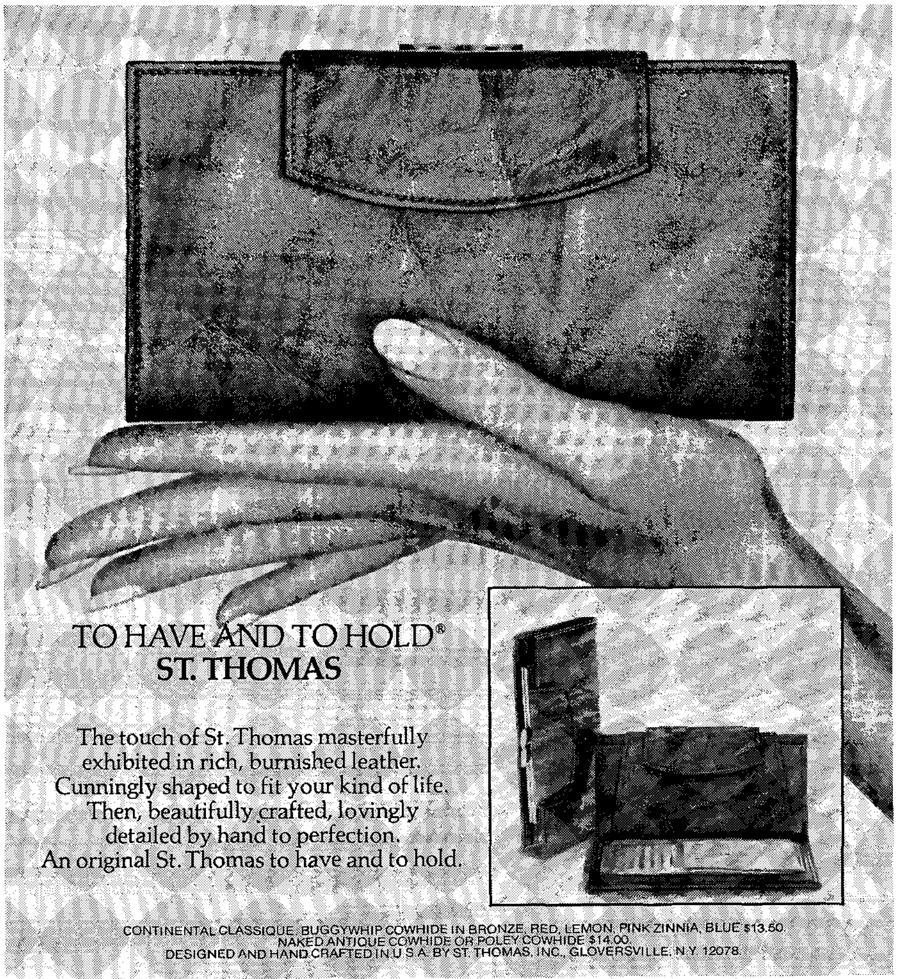
Made possible by a grant from AT&T and your Bell Company to commemorate the 75th anniversary of Gershwin's birth.

THIS WEEK ON PBS.
CONSULT YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas Time at Bonwit's
Contemporary is the fashion watch-word this Christmas. So give her Bonwit's ultra-modern watch with the narrow gold electroplate band and rich mock tortoise dial. Watch its highly polished, gleaming face light up her face when she sees it.
Royal Dynasty's design, 45.00
Add 1.25 outside regular delivery area.
Jewelry
Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores




TO HAVE AND TO HOLD®
ST. THOMAS

The touch of St. Thomas masterfully exhibited in rich, burnished leather. Cunningly shaped to fit your kind of life. Then, beautifully crafted, lovingly detailed by hand to perfection. An original St. Thomas to have and to hold.

CONTINENTAL CLASSIQUE, BUGGYWHIP COWHIDE IN BRONZE, RED, LEMON, PINK ZINNIA, BLUE $13.50.
NAKED ANTIQUE COWHIDE OR POLEY COWHIDE $14.00.
DESIGNED AND HAND CRAFTED IN U.S.A. BY ST. THOMAS, INC., GLOVERSVILLE, N.Y. 12078.

Macy's, N.Y.*; Bambergers, N.J.*; Filenes, Boston* and *branches.

and not contained in one plant, a country (if not a group of people) could the more easily enrich uranium in a secret operation. South Africa has announced that it has developed an entirely new way of enriching uranium but will not give any clue to what it is, whether it is liquid or gaseous, centrifugal or centripetal, white or black. Simplest of all, in terms of space and equipment required, is a method under development by, among others, a team of Australian physicists, who have reported various approaches to separating uranium isotopes with a laser. If that proves possible, several skilled individuals could do it almost anywhere if they could assemble the right equipment. Thus, all the uranium on the near side of the enrichment plant—in the mine, in the mill, in the factory that turns it into UF_6—may soon be vulnerable to misuse. Meanwhile, in an attempt to serve the burgeoning growth of the nuclear-power industry, and to solve some of the economic problems attendant upon it, the Atomic Energy Commission has announced that it is giving up its enrichment monopoly and that it is going to license private corporations to build gaseous-diffusion plants of their own.

Power-plant reactors now making electricity for home use do not use fully enriched uranium. In their fuel elements (also called fuel assemblies), they use uranium that has been enriched only until it is about three per cent U-235. This includes the entire present generation of so-called light-water reactors, all the "nuclear plants" that belong to Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Connecticut Yankee Atomic Power, Jersey Central Power & Light, Pacific Gas & Electric, and so forth—thirty-nine now operable in the United States. A nuclear bomb could not be fashioned from the slightly enriched uranium that goes into their cores, nor could a nuclear explosion occur as a result of some sort of error or accident at such a plant. Where, then, is the more than half a million kilograms of weapons-grade uranium that has been produced in the United States since 1945? Roughly two per cent has been exploded. Something less than that has been consumed in various small reactors that use fully enriched uranium. Most of the rest is strewn around the world in the cellars and silos of the military-weapons program, in the form of bombs. Nuclear submarines burn fully enriched uranium. Several kinds of small test reactors—sold by American companies to nations and universities all over the world—use fully enriched

Addison Mizner came to Florida to die. Instead, he went out and built the Boca Raton Hotel & Club.

Addison Mizner, plagued with illness, moved to Florida to spend his last days. But instead of dying, he got his second wind and changed the face of Southeast Florida.

Addison Mizner. Wit, dilettante, do-it-yourself architect, gadfly, genius, nice guy, social snob, nut. He once designed a Palm Beach palace and forgot to put in the stairs. He sketched mansions in the sand with a stick. He created Old World castles but he couldn't design a bathroom. He was chased by sheriffs, poo-pooed by Frank Lloyd Wright, battered in prize fights, baked in Tahiti, frozen in Alaska and financed by Paris Singer (far right), heir to the sewing machine millions.

But whatever he was or wasn't, Addison Mizner influenced the native architecture of Palm Beach and Boca Raton more than any other person. It was Mizner who, in the vo-dee-oh-doh days of the mid-20's, created and built the Cloister, which is now the Boca Raton Hotel & Club. An elegant patchwork of Mediterranean, Gothic, Renaissance, Romanesque, Old Spain and Mizner magic, the Boca is ranked by many authorities as one of the most beautiful (albeit, charmingly bizarre) buildings in the entire world. (Complete with John L. Sullivan's signature in the historic opening night guest register.)

Author Henry Kinney calls the Boca "quite implausible, slightly incredible and possibly even impossible."

Which makes it a must for your next vacation. (Call or write us for reservations.)

Or, if your immediate agenda is full, do the next best thing. Send us one dollar and we'll mail you the whole Henry Kinney book, "Once Upon a Time . . . the legend of the Boca Raton Hotel & Club."

It's enough to keep you up nights.

Owned and Operated by Arvida Corporation
L. Bert Stephens, President
Edmund Sansovini, Executive Director — Sales & Marketing

Boca Raton Hotel & Club

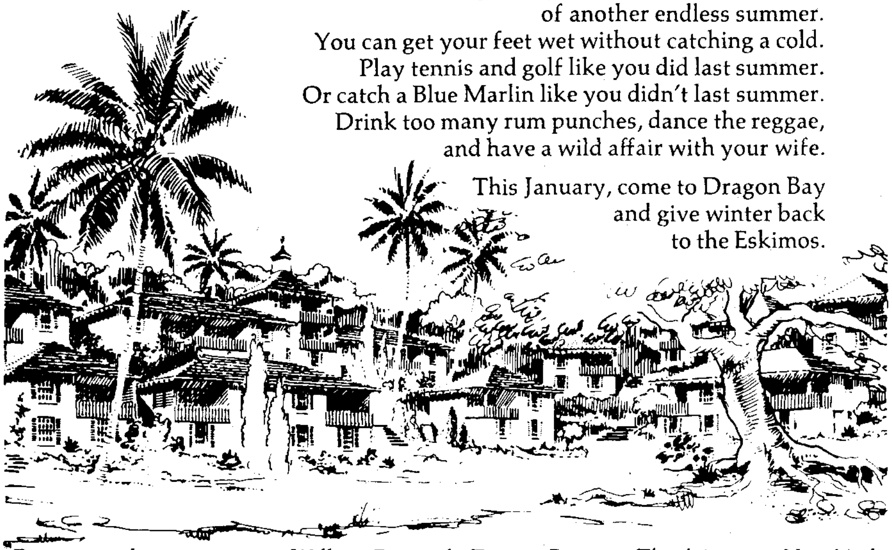
Boca Raton, Florida 33432 Telephone: (305) 395-3000

In january, skiing is great at Dragon Bay.

Water skiing, of course. Our 9,000 foot mountains will never see snow, but our blue water is a lot more fun to ski on than blue ice.

At Dragon Bay, January is the beginning of another endless summer.
You can get your feet wet without catching a cold.
Play tennis and golf like you did last summer.
Or catch a Blue Marlin like you didn't last summer.
Drink too many rum punches, dance the reggae, and have a wild affair with your wife.

This January, come to Dragon Bay and give winter back to the Eskimos.



For more information, write William Bancroft, Dragon Bay, 964 Third Avenue, New York, call (212) 838-2902 or ask your travel agent. **Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica**

Traveling in the right circles

Sun-bound popover, to be paired with pants, pin-wheeling color, loosely string-tied, and loosely kimono-sleeved. Washable acetate jersey in black, green, or red with multi-colors. Small, medium, large sizes. $21. Exclusively ours, Blouse Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

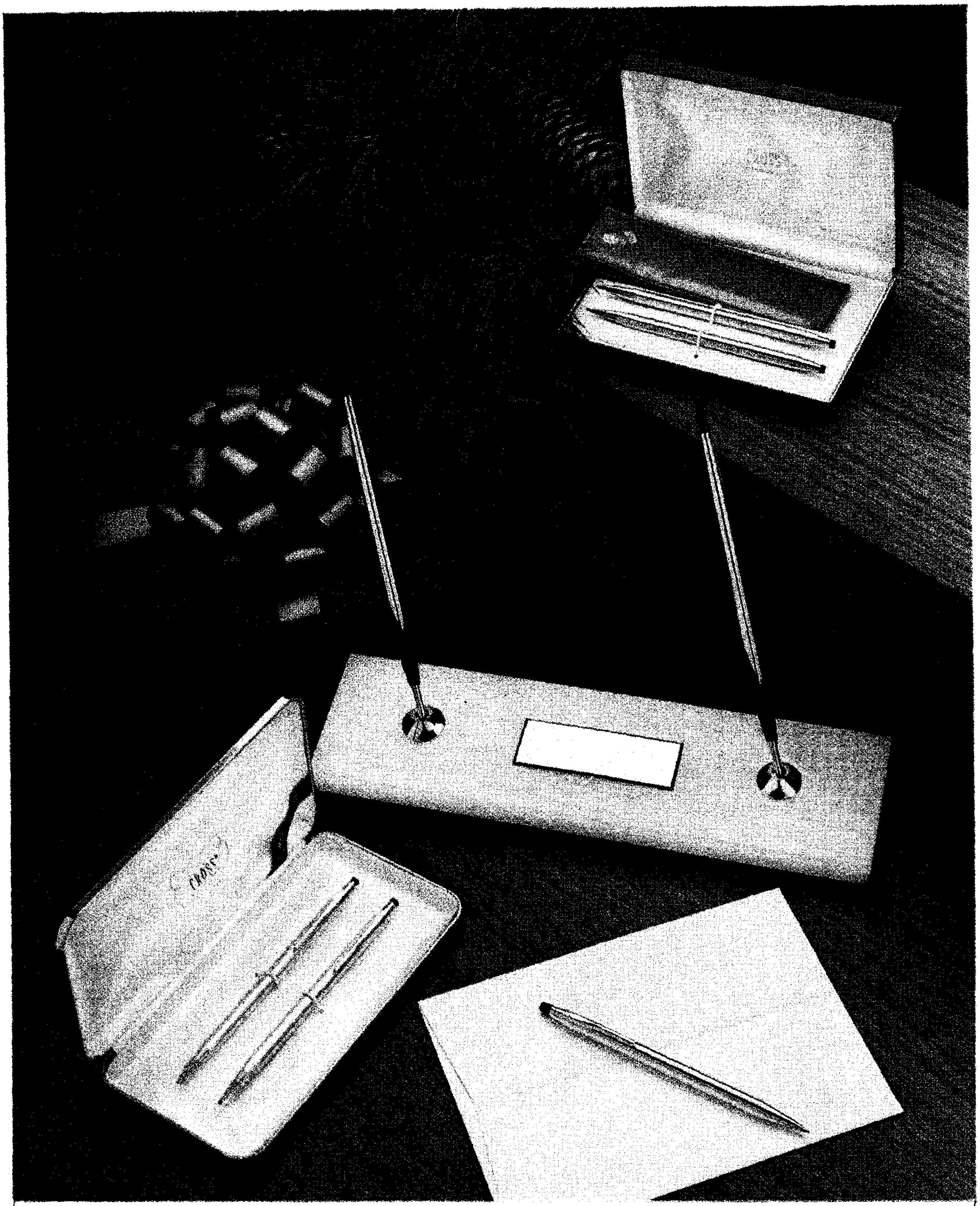
Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

uranium. There is a new kind of power reactor, known as the H.T.G.R., that uses a great deal of fully enriched uranium and is so promising that it may one day predominate over the type now in use.

The only American diffusion plant now producing fully enriched uranium is at Portsmouth, Ohio. The material, UF_6 in solid form, is shipped from Portsmouth in ten-litre steel bottles, generally by airplane or truck, to conversion plants that turn it into uranium oxide or uranium metal—whichever the customer wants. Each ten-litre bottle contains seven kilograms of U-235, and there may be, typically, twenty bottles in a shipment. Conversion facilities are in Hematite, Missouri; Apollo, Pennsylvania; Erwin, Tennessee. Then the oxide or the metal is shipped on, again by air or truck, to fuel-fabrication plants, which are in Crescent, Oklahoma; New Haven, Connecticut; San Diego, California; Lynchburg, Virginia. The oxide is a fine brown powder that looks like instant coffee. The metal comes in small chunks known as "broken buttons." (William Higinbotham, a physicist at the Atomic Energy Commission's Brookhaven National Laboratory, says that to fashion a nuclear explosive from broken buttons "all you'd have to do is hammer it into the right form and you're ready to go.") As oxide or metal, the material travels in small cans that are placed in a cylinder—a five-inch pipe—that is braced with welded struts in the center of an ordinary fifty-five-gallon steel drum. It is for criticality reasons that the uranium is held in the center with the airspace of the drum around it, for if too much U-235, in any form, were to come too close together it would go critical, start to fission, and irradiate the surrounding countryside. The fifty-five-gallon drums with interior weldings are called birdcages, because in a vague way they look like them. Loaded, they weigh a hundred pounds and can be handled by one person, easily by two. The ten-litre bottles of UF_6 travel in birdcages as well. Because of the criticality danger, such drums are clearly labelled "FISSILE MATERIAL" or, synonymously, "FISSIONABLE MATERIAL." Anybody familiar with the labelling practices of the industry can tell that the contents are of weapons grade.

One place where nuclear-submarine fuel is made is on the corner of Gibbs and Shelton Streets in one of the less expensive neighborhoods of New Haven. The zoning is mixed there. Pri-



FOR THOSE YOU CARE ABOUT MOST. . . an ideal holiday gift suggestion. Whether you select Cross Writing Instruments in gold filled, sterling silver or solid gold, your thoughtfulness will be remembered each time they are used. Suggested retail prices — Pens and Pencils from nine twenty-five. Desk Sets from twenty-seven fifty.

Mechanically Guaranteed For A Lifetime Of Writing Pleasure.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

The happy vodka. Gordon's.

To a vodka drinker, happiness is smoothness. Smooth mixing. Smooth tasting. And smooth going down.

GORDON'S
VODKA
GORDON'S
VODKA
PATENT NO. 2,879,165

Gordon's is the vodka with the Patent on smoothness.

That's why Gordon's is the Happy Vodka. So make it Gordon's. And make it happy.

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

vate homes and apartments are across the street from the plant—United Nuclear. The housing is sort of decayed. Turnover is frequent, many signs in the windows—"FOR RENT, 82 Shelton Street, 624-1200;" "FOR SALE, 33 Gibbs Street, Gatison Lenward Associates, Realtors, 562-2187." Across the street, at any given time, is about a thousand kilograms of U-235, in metallic form, as pure uranium or as uranium-aluminum fuel plates—strips of metal, easily portable, each like the plate a doctor might screw to a door to announce his presence within. In any fabricating operation, there is considerable scrap, and no one is going to throw away something worth many thousands of dollars. So there are half a dozen scrap-recovery plants in the country, and United Nuclear's, for example, is in Wood River Junction, Rhode Island, where birdcages containing about a thousand kilograms of U-235 go in and out each year. They sit outdoors waiting to be reprocessed. The New Haven plant consists of several buildings, one or two as shabby as the tenements opposite. The plant is surrounded by a chain-link-and-barbed-wire fence except where certain walls actually abut the public sidewalk. "New Haven is not well alarmed. You could get through that wall easily," Higinbotham once observed. The uranium that is not actually being processed is stored in a vault. About six hundred and seventy workers come and go in the plant.

In Erwin, Tennessee, fully enriched uranium scrap from the military-weapons program is recovered.

At its Cimarron facility in Crescent, Oklahoma, Kerr-McGee does scrap recovery and also fabricates experimental reactor fuel, handling about five hundred kilograms of U-235 a year.

In Hematite, Missouri, Gulf United Nuclear has about seven hundred kilograms of U-235 on the premises at any given time, first in the form of UF_6, in bottles from Portsmouth, Ohio, and then, most notably, in oxide form prepared for shipment. Like metallic U-235, the U-235 oxide could be used in a bomb. Some people argue that this is not so—engineers, executives, people in the business—but if they were to carry the argument far enough they would have to argue with Ted Taylor. A great deal of fully enriched uranium oxide has travelled from Hematite to Kansas City in an ordinary common carrier (a truck), then on to Los Angeles as air cargo, then a hundred and twenty miles down the freeways in an-

The most valuable part of Gübelin jewelry is free.

The idea.

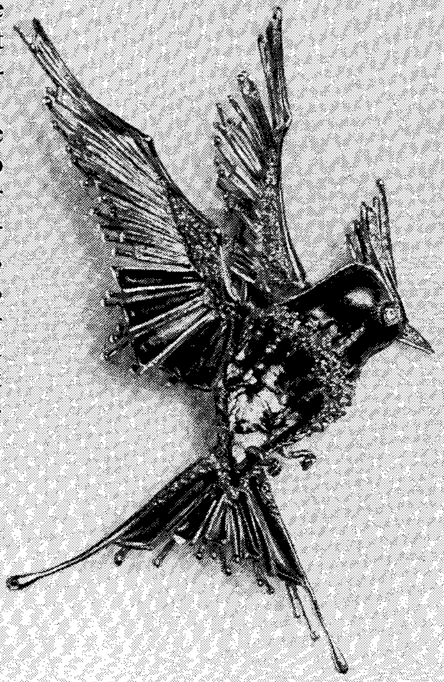
You can take the costliest and loveliest jewels and stick them in a substantial 18-carat setting. Goes to make a splendid investment, but not necessarily jewelry by a long shot.

You might think it was a matter of course that precious materials should always be worked with the utmost care by the best artists. But take a look at some of the jewelry you see people wearing; it's a fair shame when you consider what might have been made of the materials.

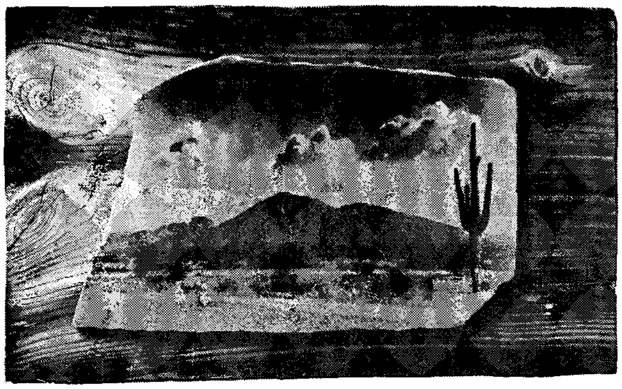
On the other hand you have Gübelin, whose designers keep winning international prizes for jewelry and watch design. (Diamonds-International Award, Golden Rose, Golden Loupe, Golden Shell.) And not just today or yesterday; it's the result of over a century's consistent policy, with design and workmanship always equally vital.

Which is why Gübelin today has not only its own gemological laboratory and its own watch factory, but its own designers in the shop who are always a couple of years ahead of the current fashion.

Granted, they can do this only because Gübelin's clientele has the courage (and the money) to wear avant-garde jewelry and make a new fashion of it. The most precious part of the jewelry is something Gübelin has earned over the decades: a clientele that can grasp ideas.



GÜBELIN
745 Fifth Avenue, New York
American Express card accepted.
PATEK PHILIPPE OMEGA Ω AUDEMARS PIGUET
GGK

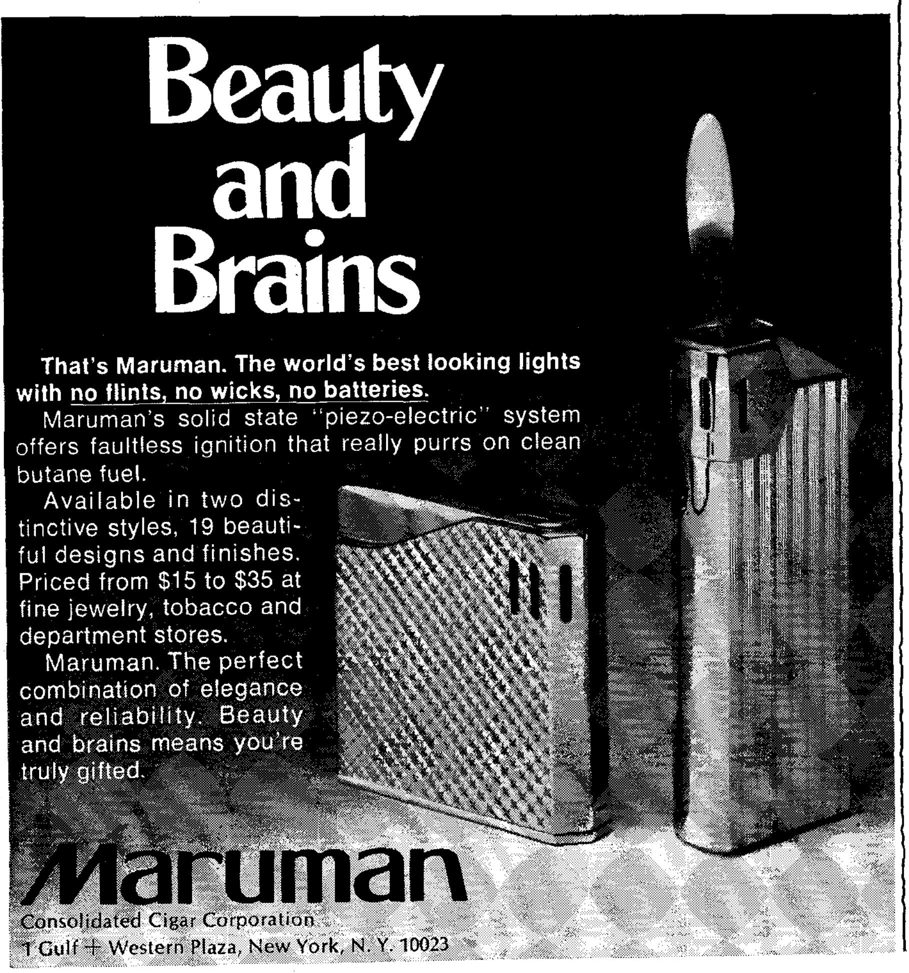


UNIQUE ARIZONA GIFT . . . HAND QUARRIED PLAQUES

Famous Camelback mountain permanently reproduced on Kaibab flagstone, mounted on weathered wood. A unique process developed by One Age Graphics. About 16″ x 10″. Allow 2 weeks delivery. 15.00

Mail orders invited. Please add 4% sales tax for Arizona orders. Add 2.65 for postage and handling.

Goldwaters
Arizona



Beauty and Brains

That's Maruman. The world's best looking lights with no flints, no wicks, no batteries.

Maruman's solid state "piezo-electric" system offers faultless ignition that really purrs on clean butane fuel.

Available in two distinctive styles, 19 beautiful designs and finishes. Priced from $15 to $35 at fine jewelry, tobacco and department stores.

Maruman. The perfect combination of elegance and reliability. Beauty and brains means you're truly gifted.

Maruman
Consolidated Cigar Corporation
1 Gulf + Western Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10023

other ordinary truck to General Atomic, in San Diego. Something over a thousand kilograms that has come to San Diego this way has been turned into particles of uranium dicarbide, mixed with thorium dicarbide. In very small amounts, the mixture was encased in coatings of pyrocarbon and silicon carbide, making beads the size of round pinheads. The beads were used to fill holes that had been drilled in blocks of graphite thirty inches high. Roughly ninety blocks at a time (sixteen truckloads) travelled through California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, and finally to the Fort St. Vrain power station near Platteville, Colorado, where, as soon as the plant is licensed, they will be piled one atop another, held together by gravity and small dowels, in the innermost chamber of the H.T.G.R.—the High-Temperature Gas-Cooled Reactor. This new variant has been called "the reactor of the nineteen-eighties." It differs vastly from the present generation. The fuel elements of present light-water reactors, for example, typically consist of long, thin rods of zirconium alloy packed with uranium oxide and sealed at the ends. The graphite blocks of the H.T.G.R. are something new in cost, efficiency, fissions per dollar. The High-Temperature Gas-Cooled Reactor is thrifty with neutrons. It uses less uranium per megawatt. Most reactors operate at six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The H.T.G.R. functions at fourteen hundred degrees Fahrenheit, a difference that obviously bears a payload, since heat (that makes steam that drives turbine generators that make electricity) is what all power reactors exist to produce. Property of the Public Service Company of Colorado, the H.T.G.R. will contain a little over a thousand kilograms of fully enriched weapons-grade uranium. Southern California Edison has ordered two that are twice as big. Philadelphia Electric has ordered two H.T.G.R.s, each three times the size of the one at Fort St. Vrain. Delmarva Power & Light has ordered two like the ones for Southern California. A Japanese industrial complex is considering one for the heat alone.

It would take an impressively sophisticated individual or group to achieve a nuclear explosive starting with the beads in the graphite of the H.T.G.R. The task would be at best laborious and difficult, for the pyrocarbon and silicon-carbide coatings were designed to withstand the temperatures and the pressures in the fissioning core of a reactor named for the high heat

You don't have to be Catholic to love "Catholics."

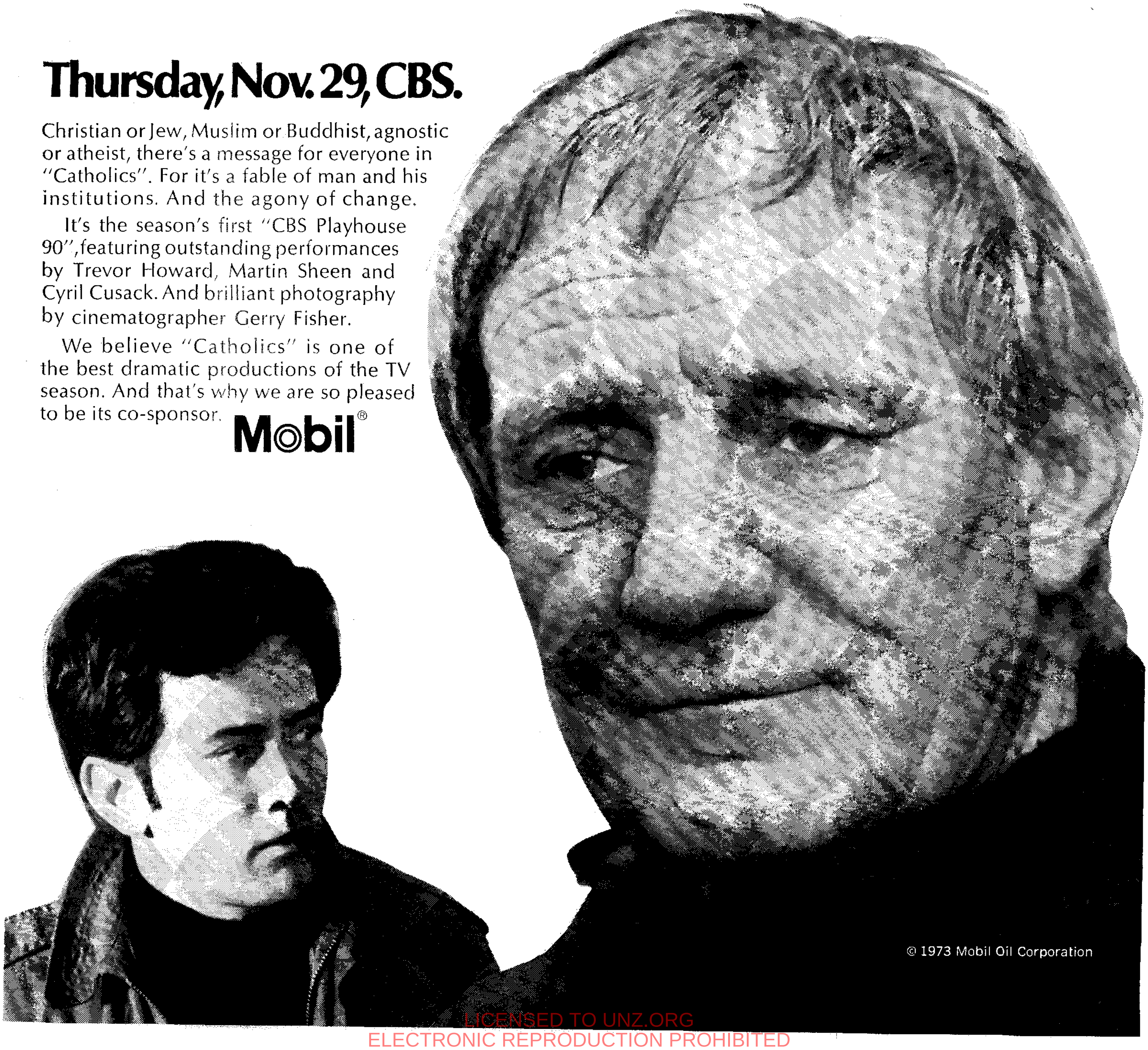
Thursday, Nov. 29, CBS.

Christian or Jew, Muslim or Buddhist, agnostic or atheist, there's a message for everyone in "Catholics". For it's a fable of man and his institutions. And the agony of change.

It's the season's first "CBS Playhouse 90", featuring outstanding performances by Trevor Howard, Martin Sheen and Cyril Cusack. And brilliant photography by cinematographer Gerry Fisher.

We believe "Catholics" is one of the best dramatic productions of the TV season. And that's why we are so pleased to be its co-sponsor.

Mobil®

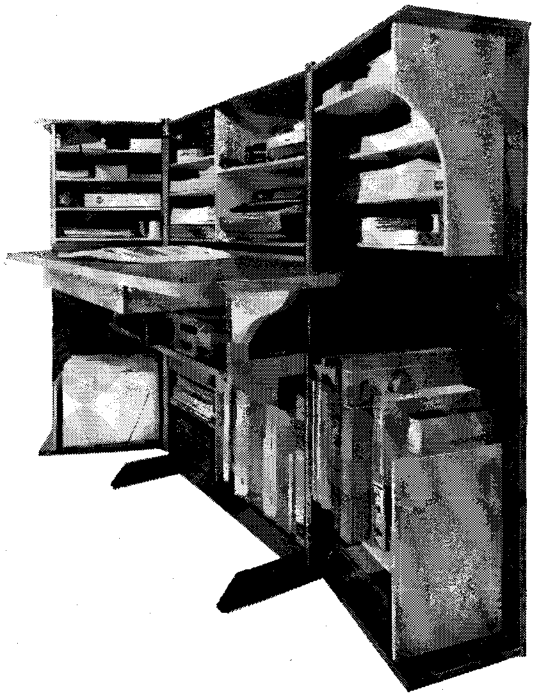


© 1973 Mobil Oil Corporation

within it. So the H.T.G.R. itself is not particularly vulnerable to theft by potential bombmakers. What is relevant is that the H.T.G.R. uses great quantities of weapons-grade uranium, a sixth of its core will be replaced each year, and in order for the U-235 to make its way to the reactor it first has to travel in far more "significant" form from Ohio to the conversion plant in Missouri (or another one somewhere else) and then on to California. The H.T.G.R. is such a good reactor that the volume of this flow to new fabricating plants will before long be in the tens of thousands of kilograms, all over the United States. When that era arrives, a few kilograms will still be the trigger quantity.

General Atomic in San Diego, where the High-Temperature Gas-Cooled Reactor was conceived and developed, is a beautiful complex of buildings—two dozen or so, spaced over many acres—designed by Pereira and Luckman and landscaped with tiered pools, a footbridge, hibiscus, oleander, and jasmine. It stands in open country a few hundred yards from access to Interstate 5. Anyone who wanted to know the general layout of the place, to learn the whereabouts of the vaults in which the uranium is stored, or to learn when shipments might be expected to come and go need not infiltrate the plant or fake the requisite badges or wear a mask and a cloak. It is necessary only to go to a public reading room that the A.E.C. maintains at 1717 H Street in Washington, D.C. A card catalogue there contains General Atomic's docket numbers. A clerk in an adjacent document room waits behind a kind of Dutch door, and a request for any docket number quickly yields a huge stack of papers that contains, among other things, the General Atomic license, in which are diagrams of the plant, capacities of the vaults. There is also voluminous correspondence about future plans (General Atomic is going to build another fuel-fabrication plant, near Youngsville, North Carolina) and about present shipments—more than enough for an analysis of material flow. Similar papers on all nuclear facilities in private hands are available at H Street. The Atomic Energy Act, as amended in 1954, says the public has the right to know about the private use of nuclear materials. H Street is one place where that right can be exercised. A Xerox machine is there for the reader's convenience.

One vault at General Atomic is about thirty by thirty feet and con-



The Organizer.

Every busy person needs one. A place where you can organize things, and know they'll be there when needed.

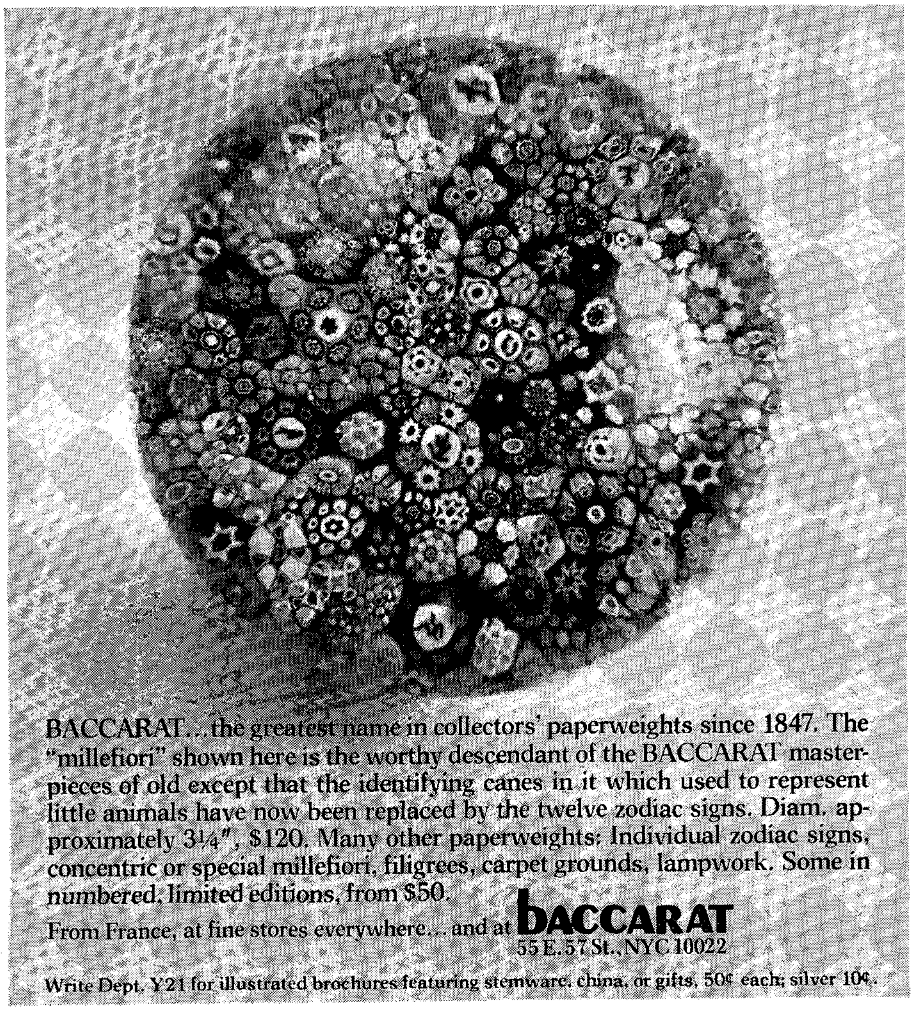
Handcrafted in Norway, The Organizer is designed to help you get more work done in less space. And it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you like to work.

Closed, The Organizer is a handsome cabinet just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D. But open it, and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. Including a folding glide away desk. 19 adjustable shelves to store all your papers and books. Separate vertical file. Compartmented center drawer. Built-in lamp. Even a lock and key. All in a space just 64"W x 30"D.

The Organizer saves you money as well as space. Because you buy direct from the importer. Choose from three dramatically grained woods: Teak or Walnut ($395), and Rosewood ($445). It's usually tax-deductible. And comes with a 30-day, money-back guarantee.

Come in and see the Organizer. Send check, or charge to Master Charge, BankAmericard, Amer. Exp., or Diners Club. Or call our order desk (686-7233). We ship anywhere in the U.S. for $25 or less (depending on location). Send for color brochure No. YO123-3. Isn't it time you get organized?

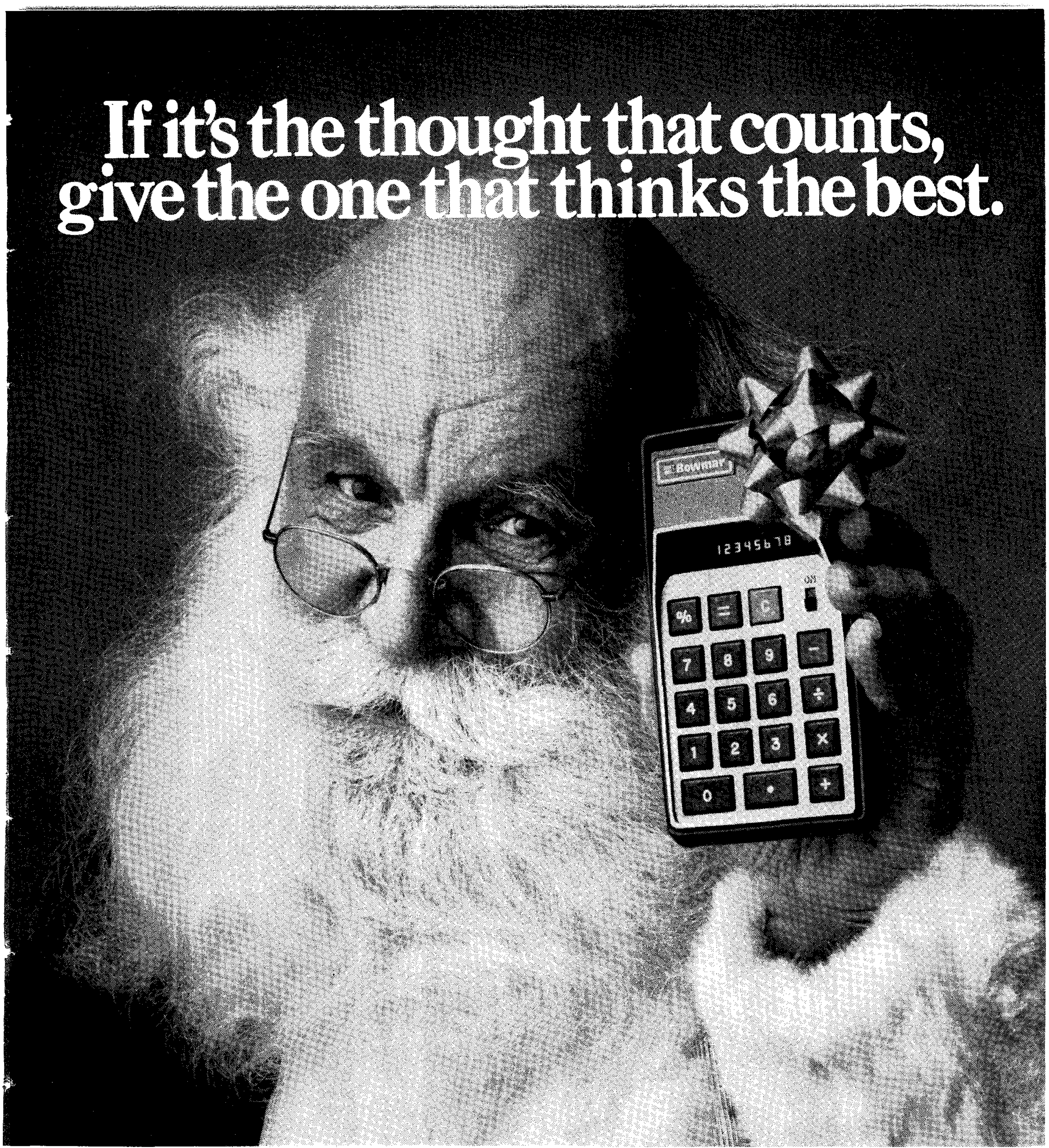
GREATWOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
290 Madison Avenue (corner 40th St.)
New York, New York 10017 (212) 686-7232



BACCARAT...the greatest name in collectors' paperweights since 1847. The "millefiori" shown here is the worthy descendant of the BACCARAT masterpieces of old except that the identifying canes in it which used to represent little animals have now been replaced by the twelve zodiac signs. Diam. approximately 3¼", $120. Many other paperweights: Individual zodiac signs, concentric or special millefiori, filigrees, carpet grounds, lampwork. Some in numbered, limited editions, from $50.

From France, at fine stores everywhere... and at **BACCARAT**
55 E. 57 St., NYC 10022

Write Dept. Y21 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 50¢ each; silver 10¢.


If it's the thought that counts, give the one that thinks the best.
Bowmar
12345678
ON
%
=
C
7
8
9
–
4
5
6
÷
1
2
3
×
0
•
+

Bowmar Consumer Products Div./Acton Mass. USA/Canada/UK/Germany/Mexico.

Calculators, as the saying goes, are the perfect Christmas gift.

But what the saying doesn't say is that some calculators are more perfect than others.

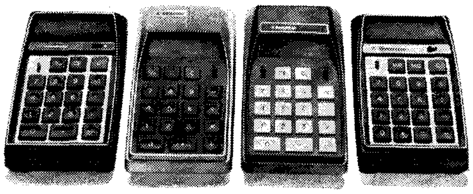
Which brings us to the Bowmar Brains. America's No. 1 selling line of personal calculators.

In 1971, we at Bowmar developed the technology that's responsible for the personal calculator as we know and love it today.

With this head-start, it's no wonder we're out-distancing all the johnnies-come-lately.

We have a broader and fuller line than anyone else has. It's 12 models full. And it has more floating decimals, more percentage keys, more automatic constants, more memories and more 8, 10 and 12 digit read-outs.

Our prices start at $59.95 and go up from there. A small price to pay for the joy and satisfaction of knowing you've given a Brain for Christmas.



The Bowmar Brains®

America's No. 1 selling line of personal calculators.

Allen-Edmonds is undoubtedly the finest shoe in America. Choice leathers. Superb workmanship. Unique construction provides unbelievable comfort.

$52

Saratoga
Black or
Mahogany
Custom Calf.

Tom Austin Shoes
in the famous Biltmore Hotel
339 Madison Avenue
New York City 10017

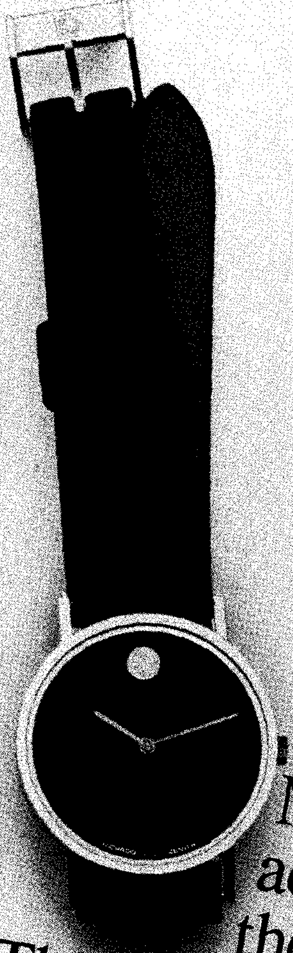
Send for brochure.
Major credit cards honored.

THE TOUCH OF ELEGANCE.
hand crafted neckwear
custom-tailored for gentlemen
of impeccable taste
Liebert®
NECKWEAR

LIEBERT NECKWEAR, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, N.Y.C. 10001.
GENTRY INC. IN CANADA LASS CO. LTD. & SANKO CO. LTD. IN JAPAN SIMDO TEXTILE & TRADING IN KOREA TEXTILART S.A. IN MEXICO.

tains stacks of shelves on which are coffee cans (that is what they are called, anyway, and they are that size) clearly labelled to show the amount of U-235 within—generally about three kilograms per can. The vault's capacity is nine hundred and ninety kilograms, but five hundred is about as much as it ever contains. A vault man in white coveralls is the only person on any shift who can open the combination lock on the door. When the uranium moves out of the vault and around the plant, the coffee cans are set on rolling "move carts"—six cans on a cart. During a visit that Ted Taylor and I made there one day, three move carts, with fifty-four kilograms of U-235 on them, were standing near a big garage-type door that was open to the sunshine outside. We went through the door and found a triple fencing system and a guard in a small guardhouse. Three gates were open in the three fences, and an unmarked pickup truck came in and zipped past the guard, who was resting his chin on his hands and did not look up. "The vault has an intrusion alarm," the plant manager told us. "A big bumblebee will set the son of a bitch off. If someone came in here and started shooting, though, he could get whatever he wanted. One man with the right attitude could do it. But what he was carrying out wouldn't be worth a damn to him. Not that stuff. You can't make a bomb out of that stuff."

IN the fall of 1941, Ted Taylor went to Exeter, for one year of additional secondary schooling, and in the New Hampshire winter he knew frozen ponds and rivers for the first time. He learned to skate. The feel of it energized him in the way that someone else his age might have been excited by a first chance to drive a car. He would skate alone in the afternoons ten miles up the Exeter River, through boggy woods, watching through ice as clear as window glass the rocks and pine needles on the bed of the river. He was taking "Modern Physics" under Elbert P. Little, a teacher of such ability that old Exonians thirty and forty years away from Exeter still remember him with particular and affectionate awe. He gave Ted a D, a flat and final D, and even in the winter term Ted could see that D was his status, and that it was unlikely to rise. He barely noticed, because with his D he was getting a look for the first time—and a vividly clear one—at what he would call "submicroscopic solar systems," and he found that they had



NCE in a great while a creation achieves a lasting place among both the contemporary and the classic. The Movado Museum Watch is a rare blend of form and function. You can see it at The Museum of Modern Art, among the Picassos, Utrillos, Van der Rohes, Calders, and other inspirations which have brought beauty to the world.

Over 200 new styles are in the honored Movado Collection. They range from the delicately designed Museum Watch to the bold high frequency Chronograph. Movado. For men and women. $100 to $3,000. At selected jewelry and department stores.

FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE, WRITE TO ZENITH MOVADO TIME CORPORATION, 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

for him enormous appeal. One proton with an electron (about eighteen hundred and fifty times lighter) orbiting around it—hydrogen. One proton and one neutron together in a nucleus with an electron orbiting around it—heavy hydrogen (deuterium). Two protons and a number of neutrons with two electrons orbiting around them—helium. Three protons, some neutrons, three whirling electrons—lithium. One at a time, add a proton and an electron, and each element became another. Four protons, four electrons—beryllium. Five—boron. Six—carbon. Seven—nitrogen . . . Seventy—ytterbium . . . Seventy-eight—platinum. Seventy-nine protons—gold. Eighty protons—mercury (eighty protons massed together with anywhere from ninety-nine to a hundred and twenty-six neutrons into a body around which orbited eighty electrons, whose negative charges exactly balanced the eighty positive charges of the protons). Eighty-one protons—thallium. Eighty-two protons—lead. Bismuth. Polonium. Astatine. Radon. Francium. Radium. Actinium. Ninety protons—thorium. Ninety-one protons—protactinium. Neutrons had no charge and were neither attracted nor repelled by electrical forces and were thus the particles that could most easily be taken out of one atom and shot into the nucleus of another. Ninety-two protons, ninety-two electrons, a gross (more or less) of neutrons—uranium. The list, at the time, stopped there, having included everything that was found in nature. The transuranium elements were just beginning to be discovered and were not known in Exeter. Out on the river, skating, he pondered the root simplicity that all things he had ever seen—wood and water, bread and candle wax—were made of neutrons, protons, and electrons, separated by space. He tried to imagine what it would be like to live on an electron. What would the nucleus look like as a sun? There were a sextillion protons, a sextillion electrons, and a sextillion neutrons in one dead leaf on the bottom of the river. There was an island universe in a drop of water. His imagination outgrew his chemistry lab in Mexico City. He decided that he wanted to be a physicist.

At Exeter, he also learned to throw the discus. He was attracted to the shape and the flight of the thing ("It was the first and last sport in which in any sense I ever excelled"). He was a discus thrower in college as well—at the California Institute of Technology. Cal Tech was a dull and heavy grind

What has Sheraton done for you lately?

IN HONG KONG February '74 Sheraton opens a magnificent new hotel overlooking Hong Kong harbor.

Come to colorful, romantic Hong Kong. And the fabulous new Sheraton-Hong Kong Hotel.

You can relax in one of 922 guest rooms. Enjoy the rooftop health club and outdoor pool.

Explore all six floors of our international shopping arcade. And ride the glass elevators to the glittering rooftop supper club with panoramic views of the harbor and Hong Kong island.

Just call

800-325-3535.

Or have your travel agent call.

喜來登

Sheraton-Hong Kong Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
NATHAN & SALISBURY ROADS, KOWLOON, HONG KONG TEL: 3-691111

The Retractable

A briefcase of quite remarkable versatility. Decisive black or brown for the man. City red, navy, or green for the woman. To be used or not—handles that come and go as you please. Sundry compartments hold plenty of papers. In calf $100.

Please add sales tax where applicable and $1.50 shipping beyond delivery area.

MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 55th Street, New York 10022 (212) 421-3000
Atlanta • Bal Harbour • Beverly Hills • Chevy Chase • Houston • San Francisco • Troy, Michigan

If you want your car waiting even when your plane is 2 hours late...

join the Club.

Hertz®

The Hertz #1 Club

MEMBERSHIP CARD

PAUL HOWARD

FOR U.S.A. RESERVATIONS CALL TOLL FREE
800-654-3131

#1 CLUB MEMBERSHIP
#6331912

In this business, no one can make ironclad guarantees about anything. But you'll be delighted to know of this Hertz policy at U.S. airports: even if your plane's 2 hours late, we'll do everything humanly possible to hold that reserved car for you.

We created The Hertz #1 Club because you need rent-a-car problems like a hole in the head.

As a member, you'll have a car preassigned before you even arrive. We believe you'll find no other rent-a-car company can give you better assurance of getting a car.

As a member, you'll step up to the counter and see your name clearly—on a rental agreement form that's already been filled out for you. Just show your license and charge card, sign your name and go.

And our practice is to give every Ford and other fine cars a 12-point safety check each time out.

Your phone reservation will take just seconds...and so will dropping off your car with our express check-in service.

Hertz is the worldwide leader in rent-a-cars. Because of innovations like The Hertz #1 Club. So join now. Anyone can—free. Just call toll free 800-654-3131. Or tell us to enroll you at the Hertz counter. It's that easy to join the Club.

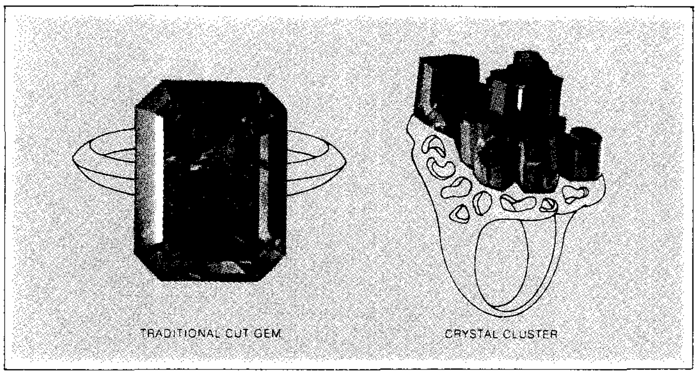
Hertz rents Fords and other fine cars.

The Hertz #1 Club.

© HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1973

CHATHAM CREATED EMERALDS

These gems spell magic



Magnified to show detail

Chatham Created Emeralds® are precious gems, not fakes, simulations nor imitations. They are internationally desired, man-created jewels. Their value has increased steadily year by year since 1939 when Carroll Chatham discovered the secret of nature's exquisite Colombian emerald.

Write for the free Scientific Comparison between Chatham Created Emeralds and emeralds created by nature.

Then you will know why only a skilled jeweler can tell these magnificent gems apart.

Not everyone can own a Chatham Created Emerald. They take over a year to mature. Their growth is limited and always will be.

No two are ever alike because of their swirling, inner veils, that conjure up all the haunting beauty of the natural emerald. Yours will be unique; its secret excitement yours alone.

These designers bring you their magic spell

ROBERT WILLENS

Quality is the hallmark of this master designer. Solid elegance or the sudden flair of the ultra modern expressed in rich metals and clusters of precious jewels personally selected in the great gem centers the world around.

SHIFRIN-WILLENS, Troy, Wayne & Kalamazoo in Michigan; South Bend & Lafayette in Indiana.

CUSTOM DESIGNS BY KOSTAN

Breathtaking show pieces or exquisite casuals; mind-whirling ingenuity on the part of the designer that reveals unqualified good judgment and definitive taste on the part of the wearer.

Fine Jewelry Department at all J. W. ROBINSON CO. Stores, Southern California.

JEWELS BY ANGELO

Beckon boldly or shyly suggest there's smooth sailing ahead. With this skilled designer the choice is yours, the price is deceptively pleasant, the quality superb for over a quarter century.

BERGGREN'S JEWELERS, Sherman Oaks; RODD'S JEWELERS, Long Beach; MORGAN JEWELERS, Torrance; OTTO SCHMIEDER AND SON, Phoenix; SMITH JEWELERS, Redlands.

KARL STITTGEN DESIGNS

Designer for the young elegants. Creator of the lavish look. Bold extravagance in superb taste combined with incomparable craftsmanship tells the world you know.

GOLD & SILVER INTERNATIONAL, San Francisco; GOLD & SILVER, Calgary, Alta.; GOLD & SILVER, Vancouver, B.C.; STEWART JORDAN, Toronto, Ont. (all in Canada).

KEN AND JERRY CLASS CREATIONS

Conversation pieces pick up the candlelight gleam of the young outlook and definitely help get matters going your way in the twinkle of an eye—namely yours.

BALOGH'S, Coral Gables; DAN BOONE & SONS, Washington; CITIZENS JEWELRY CO., Atlanta; S. MARSH, Millburn, N.J.; MORRIS M. HOROWITZ, Philadelphia.

GOLDCRAFT BY KAY

Make an important addition to your own jewel collection or select a dazzling gift for a younger member of the family. If you like to pick your own price latitude and chart your own fashion course this collection was designed with you in mind.

MACY'S, New York and New Haven, Conn., CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT & CO., Chicago.

PETER BENTLEY'S ART IN GOLD

Sophistication keynotes the masterly mating of costly metal with precious gems. Co-designer of Diamonds International Award winning brooch featuring a 200 carat Chatham Created Emerald crystal enhanced by 14 carats of diamonds set in platinum.

CARL MAYER JEWELRY, Austin; KRUGER JEWELERS, Wichita Falls; NIEMAN MARCUS, Bal Harbour, Fla.; SANGER HARRIS, Houston; ODOM'S, Oklahoma City.

DESIGNS BY CABOT

Leaders in ultra baroque, high fashion jewelry. Unusual designs mastercrafted to give you the flair of self-confidence that comes only with the opulent look.

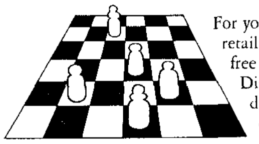
LOWELL G. HAYS & SONS, Memphis; JACK KELLMER, Philadelphia; LEVIT'S JEWELERS, Houston; MAYOR'S JEWELERS, Miami; SIDNEY MOBELL FINE JEWELRY, San Francisco.

From these collections choose Chatham Created Emeralds in traditional cut gems or gleaming miniature towers of Crystal Cluster. Mountings from sleek-modern to rich baroque or classic in 14 or 18 karat gold or platinum, complimented, if you like, by diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other precious gems.

OTHER FINE STORES PRESENTING JEWELRY THAT FEATURES CHATHAM CREATED GEMS

Spertner Jewelers, Virginia Beach, Va.; Granat Bros., Delmas & Delmas, San Francisco; Orcutt Designs, Laguna Beach, Arthur Everts, Dallas; Corrigan's, Houston; John Cox, Sweetwater, Tex.; Jewels of Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas; Liberty Houses in Honolulu, Hayward, San Jose, Sacramento, San Francisco; Rhodes, Phoenix; Pex of Hawaii, Mark-Christophers, Hilton Jewel Palace, Honolulu; Jewels International, Phoenix and Scottsdale; Grassie Firbanks, Vancouver, Canada.

Dazzle them with your strategy.



For your nearest Chatham Jewelry retailer call this special number free anytime: **800-243-6000.** Dial as you normally dial long distance. (In Connecticut call 1-800-882-6500.)

½ carat $50 to $150
1 carat $120 to $350
1½ carats $180 to $525
2 carats $280 to $840

Suggested prices are based on quality and indicate cost per gem not per carat

CHATHAM
CREATED®
EMERALDS
The natural choice

CHATHAM CREATED GEMS, INC.
210 POST STREET, SUITE 812
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108

for him. He lightened it somewhat by making nitrogen iodide, the stuff he liked to tickle in Mexico; and he would put it wet into the keyholes of the doors of friends who were off on weekends. The material would dry in there and become unstable with respect to motion. A friend would return to Cal Tech and put his key in his lock. Flash. Bang. The explosion was so designed that it would hurt neither the lock nor the man with the key. Charles Cutler, Ted's roommate from those days, has said that what he remembers most about Ted as a college student was how self-contained he was. If they were walking along together and Cutler stopped to tie his shoe, Ted kept right on walking. He never seemed to notice. Cutler developed a similar set of responses, and when Ted stopped to tie one of his own shoelaces Ted stopped alone. They got along fine. Cutler is now Ted's attorney in Washington.

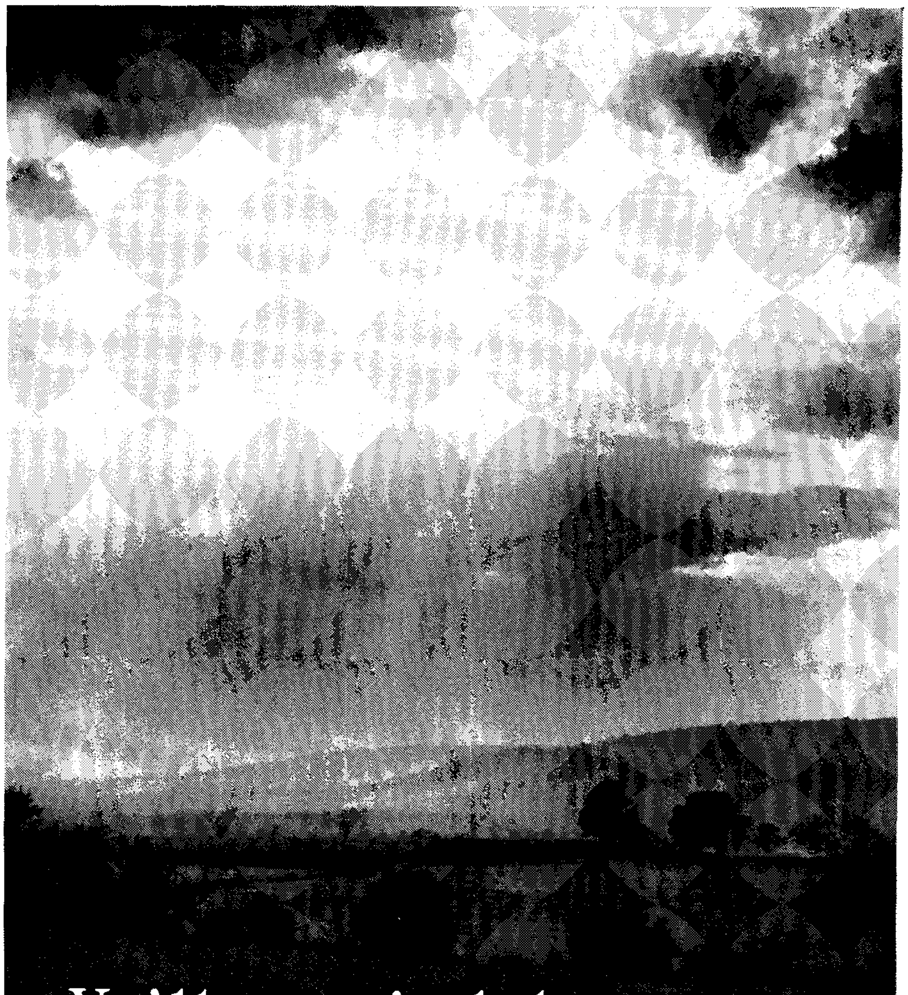
Ted spent his second and third years at Cal Tech in the Navy's V-12 program, accelerating the grind, cramming physics, graduating in June of 1945. He was nineteen. He was sent to midshipman's school at Throgs Neck, in the Bronx, and he was there all summer. He began a letter home on August 8, 1945, but went on shore leave to New Jersey and did not finish the letter until August 13th:

Dear Folks,

. . . Things have been happening so fast the last twenty-four hours that everyone is in pretty much of a daze. I'm on the off-section of the watch now and have some time to take it easy and try to let what's happened sink in.

The headlines about the success of the atom bomb are undoubtedly the biggest news of the century, if not an announcement of the most important single event in the history of the world. My first reaction to the news was one of almost horror, in spite of the fact that I think the end of the war is a matter of weeks. We've been on the threshold of discoveries enabling man to utilize the unlimited energy released by "exploded" atoms for several years, but I never dreamed that the first experiments would be so spectacularly successful—and so destructive. The effective destruction of an entire city by one bomb was unthinkable before the destruction of Hiroshima. Now it is quite possible that Japan may be literally wiped off the map if she doesn't surrender soon.

Some of the revolutionary changes in our industrial systems which will be possible soon are obvious; my fear is that man has discovered something which, knowing so very little about it, may destroy him. This discovery will undoubtedly be common knowledge to all the governments of the world before long. Therefore, it seems to me that this must either be the last war or the nations of



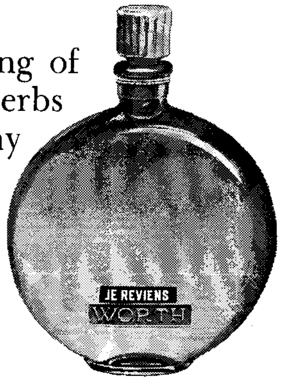
You'd be surprised what goes on in French meadows just before dawn.

There in the morning mist, you'll find us out picking jasmine. Not because we're so romantic. It's just part of our job.

To get the most fragrant jasmine blossoms for our perfume, we have to pick them before they're touched by sun. (We pick our orange blossoms at dawn, too, far away in Madagascar.) Then we take only the most precious oils from the heart of the blossom.

And that's just the beginning of the unique blend of flowers and herbs that makes Je Reviens unlike any fragrance you've ever worn.

If you don't think a perfume can be so special, try Je Reviens one night soon. You might be surprised what goes on before dawn.



Je Reviens BY Worth

Je Reviens perfume, cologne, talc, bath oil, soap, powder—still all made, packaged and sealed in France, from $55 to $5. Write for a free packet of sachet paper to Worth, 5 E. 57th St., Dept. N122, NYC, NY 10022.

Romance is a 17th Century Convent.

Hotel El Convento breathes the grandeur and charm of a bygone age. A meticulously restored Spanish Convent, it blends ultra modern facilities with authentic antiquity. In a corner of historic Old San Juan... elegant relaxed living... exotic cuisine... flamenco .. breathtaking views... tropical gardens... personalized service... And of course, swimming beaches, golf, deep sea fishing, gambling casinos and shopping tours are all within easy reach.

A truly unique experience where the centuries slide by and prices begin at only $20.00 per double occupancy!

Hotel El Convento

OLD SAN JUAN PUERTO RICO 00936
Represented by the Leonard Hicks organization.
See your travel agent for details.

Easy going as a sweater—zip front jackets, cuffed and collared in rib knit. Exciting new brown and white Tobiana mink (U.S. origin) found only in our fur salons. Good sports, on or off the slopes.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth
Bal Harbour · Atlanta

the world will completely destroy each other. And it will only be through radical changes in the world's economic, social, and political systems that a complete catastrophe can be prevented. Midshipman's school seems insignificant in the face of what's happened, but we must plug on! We were sworn in yesterday, got the rest of our uniforms and devices, and I must say I'm relieved, although I had practically no doubts about making it. Forty of the three hundred who started were bilged....

I met Bob and Rosemary at Grand Central Saturday afternoon, and we drove back to Plainfield that night. We spend most of the time hashing out the stupendous events of the week.

I called Cousin Mary, but no one answered, so I judge she's gone to the shore for the summer.

...I don't suppose the world situation has ever been so critical. With the proper leadership and coöperation of the United Nations, we could very easily be entering the greatest period of progress in our history. The atom bomb and what it represents may easily be the means to end all wars.

As for the effect of the end of the war on me, I can only say that I'll probably have to serve the remaining two years I enlisted for in the Navy. I'm going to pull all the strings I can to get into naval research in atomic physics, now that recent developments have positively obviated the applications of atomic physics to warfare. At any rate, whatever I do the next two years, I'll certainly be all set when I'm discharged. It was certainly a break to have started in early in a field which will undoubtedly be the most important scientific one for many years....

Lots of love,
TED

Listening to the radio in the Throgs Neck (Fort Schuyler) barracks, he had heard the announcement of the destruction of Hiroshima. The bomb was a total surprise to him. The announcer went on to tell about a great flash of light that had been seen in the American Southwest less than a month before, from a bomb that had "vaporized" a tower near Alamogordo. In the weeks that followed, Ted, of course, read every available line of gleaned scientific reportage. He had never before heard the word "fission." When he saw his mother, he said that he felt even more strongly than he had at the time he wrote his letter that he would under no circumstances ever work on a nuclear explosive. In reading accounts of the Alamogordo and Nagasaki bombs, he also encountered for the first time in his life the word "plutonium."

THE material that destroyed Nagasaki was plutonium-239. Plutonium was the first man-made element produced in a quantity large enough to

Efficiency expert.

What makes the new 3-liter BMW so remarkable is how well it does *everything.*

Its heart is an overhead camshaft engine employing triple-hemispherical swirl-action combustion chambers. So efficiently and so cleanly does it produce power from the fuel mixture that *Road & Track* says, "It is without a doubt the most sophisticated inline six in the world."

Suspension is fully independent, with spring struts forward, trailing arms aft. The rear axle is multi-jointed, to provide maximum road-grip on virtually any surface. The resulting cornering capacity is simply phenomenal.

Put these characteristics of engine performance and roadability together, and it's not surprising that BMW owners will tell you no other car comes close for combining brilliant responsiveness with precise control. It handles like nothing else.

Then consider how BMW rates in such factors as comfort, durability, finish, quality of construction, and economy of operation. Look at its safety features, including crush zones both in front of and behind the extremely rigid passenger compartment.

That's when you begin to see that for sheer refinement of every aspect of automotive engineering, BMW is something very special indeed. It's a car that isn't just outstanding in some areas, but in *all* areas.

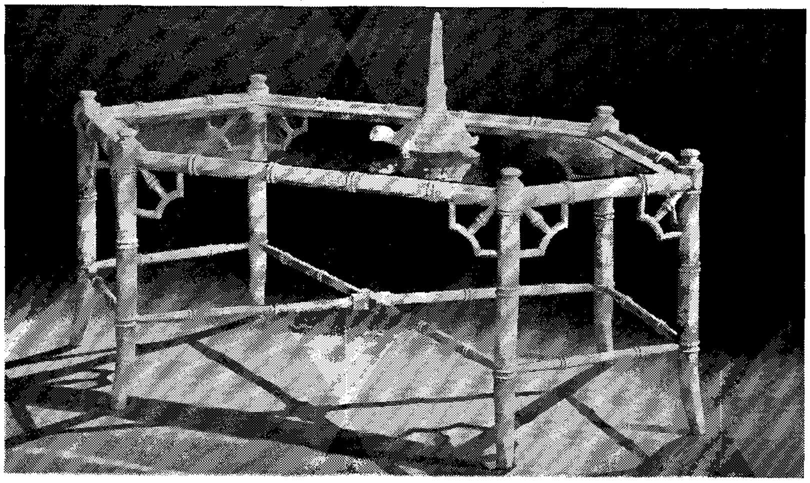
Visit your BMW dealer. Tell him you want to test-drive the car that not only does all the things a great car ought to do, but does them far more efficiently.

BMW automobiles are available in
four or six-cylinder models.
Sole U.S. Importer: **Hoffman Motors Corporation.**
375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022;
12541 Beatrice Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066.
Dealers Coast to Coast.
Advantageous European Delivery Program.
Write for free brochure.

Canada: East: BMW Distributors Eastern Canada, Ltd. Ontario.
West BMW Distributors (Western) Co.
British Columbia

Bavarian Motor Works

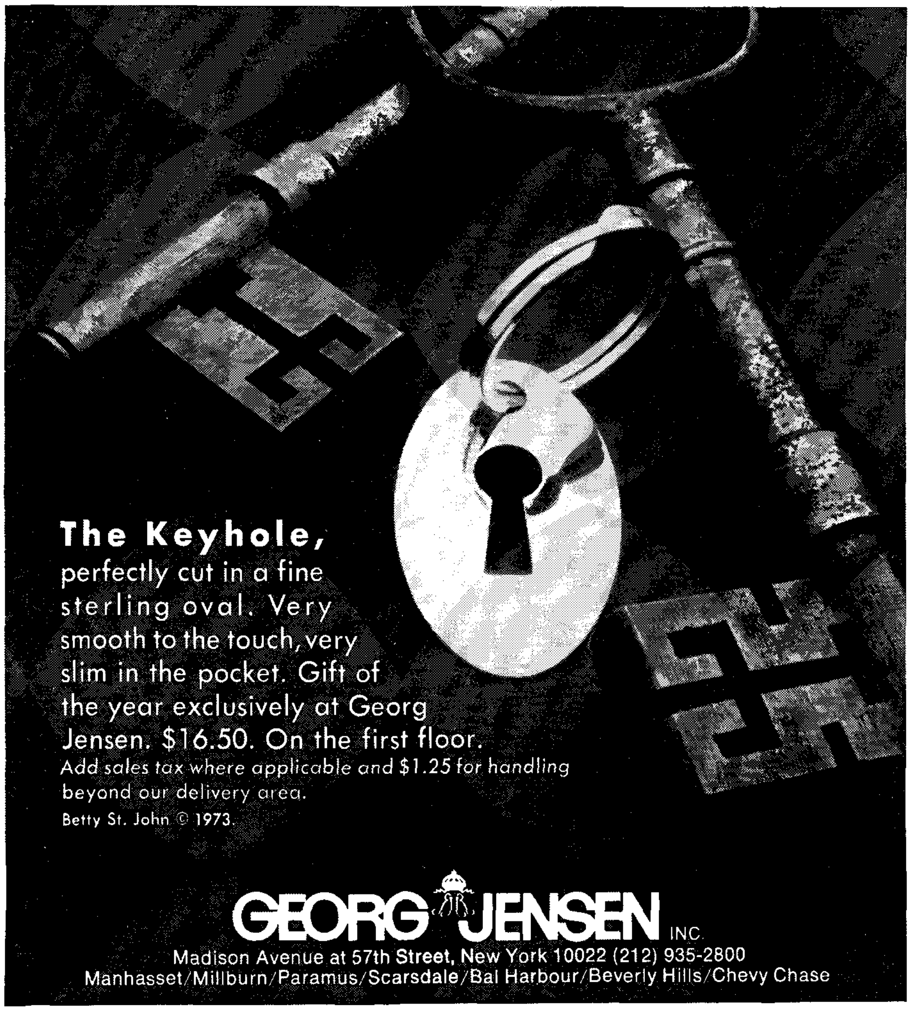
GIVE YOURSELF A COCKTAIL PRETTY



The Allegro II cocktail table. Elegant bamboo turnings, delicate fretwork, and a beveled glass top that's cocktail-proof. Just one of 48 lovely pieces in two lighthearted finishes: Pearl, a lovely brushed white with subtle glazing, and Fresh Lemon, a lively soft brushed yellow.

For the name of the Thomasville Allegro II dealer nearest you, call this toll-free number anytime: 800-243-6000. (In Conn.: 800-882-6500.) Or write Thomasville, Box NY2, Thomasville, N.C. 27360.

Thomasville®
FURNITURE
FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF
Armstrong



The Keyhole, perfectly cut in a fine sterling oval. Very smooth to the touch, very slim in the pocket. Gift of the year exclusively at Georg Jensen. $16.50. On the first floor.
Add sales tax where applicable and $1.25 for handling beyond our delivery area.
Betty St. John © 1973.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset/Millburn/Paramus/Scarsdale/Bal Harbour/Beverly Hills/Chevy Chase

see. It was created in 1940 at the University of California at Berkeley. The idea of it had for many years been indicated by the periodic table of the elements, where a row of blanks paralleling the rare earths suggested the theoretical possibility of elements whose family characteristics—like the characteristics of thorium, protactinium, and uranium—would be similar to those of actinium. It was possible that unknown elements (with ninety-three protons, ninety-four protons, and so on) had long ago existed in our solar system but had vanished because of instability. A stable element is one that lasts a relatively long time compared to the age of the universe—now thought to be around ten billion years. So in order to "discover" the transuranium elements it was necessary to make them, and one way of doing this was neutron capture. When a free neutron enters the nucleus of an atom of uranium-238, for example, the atom becomes uranium-239. Now begins a struggle for stability within the atom, which has been made unstable by the new ratio of protons to neutrons. Spontaneously, a neutron changes into a proton and a new electron is created in the nucleus and goes shooting out with a concomitant display of energy. In this way, one element becomes another. In this instance, it takes about twenty-three minutes for half of a given quantity of uranium-239 (ninety-two protons, a hundred and forty-seven neutrons) to decay into neptunium-239 (ninety-three protons, a hundred and forty-six neutrons), and another twenty-three minutes for half of the remainder to change, and so on. Hence it is probable that any new atom of uranium-239 will have changed into neptunium-239 within an hour. Neptunium-239 is also unstable, and it repeats the process exactly, spontaneously changing a neutron into a proton and creating a new electron. In a day, or two, or three, the atom has become plutonium-239 (ninety-four protons, a hundred and forty-five neutrons), a relatively stable isotope, with a half-life of twenty-four thousand three hundred and sixty years. This sequence of events is happening continuously in all the nuclear power plants now operating in the world, for plutonium is an inherent by-product of the fissioning of uranium in a nuclear reactor.

In great secrecy during the Second World War, big "production reactors" were built at Hanford, Washington, to fission uranium and produce plutonium-239, because, among other things, it had been calculated that two

Norman Rockwell
1973

Illustration reduced. Actual plate 8″ in diameter.

© 1973 FM

Trimming the Tree – by Norman Rockwell

THE 1973 FRANKLIN MINT CHRISTMAS PLATE

LIMITED EDITION / STERLING SILVER / DIAMETER 8″ / ORIGINAL ISSUE PRICE $125

This original work of art by the beloved American artist Norman Rockwell captures a memorable moment of the holiday season. Each sterling silver plate is individually etched and numbered. While the edition is now closed, a limited allocation of these beautiful plates is still available—subject to prior sale—from these stores:

Rosenzweigs, *Phoenix* / B. D. Howes and Son, *Pasadena* / International Villa, *Denver* / Michaels Jewelers, *New Haven* / Chas. Schwartz & Son, *Washington, D.C.* / Carroll's, *Coral Gables* / Mary Alford's Shop, *Atlanta* C. D. Peacock, Inc., *Chicago* / Josephs, *Des Moines* / A. H. Fetting Company, *Baltimore* / J. B. Hudson Jeweler, *Minneapolis* / Hamilton Jewelers, *Trenton* / Tellmans, *Albuquerque* / Phillippus, *Ossining, N.Y.* Anderson's Antiques, *Oklahoma City* / J. E. Caldwell Company, *Philadelphia* / Andrew Morton, Inc., *Knoxville* / Anderson Brothers, *Lubbock, Texas* / Fink's Jewelers, *Roanoke* / Friedlander and Sons, *Seattle*

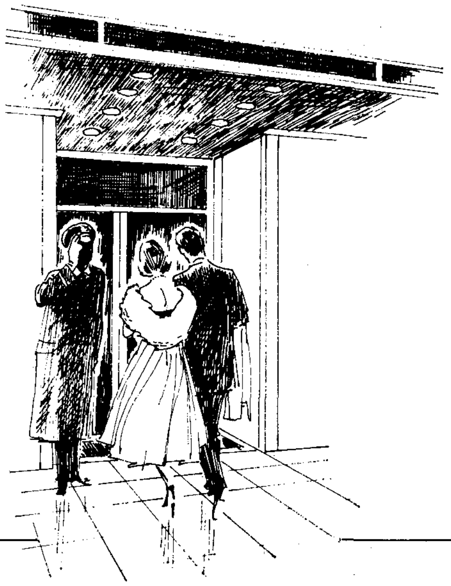
FOR THE NAMES OF OTHER FINE STORES, CONTACT THE FRANKLIN MINT, FRANKLIN CENTER, PENNSYLVANIA 19063.

to three times less plutonium-239 than uranium-235 would be required in the making of nuclear explosions. Production was slow—milligrams a day, extracted chemically from spent fuel, in the form of plutonium nitrate in a water solution. As the war itself moved slowly along—from Leyte Gulf to Iwo Jima to Okinawa—the plutonium that would level Nagasaki literally dripped into bottles in Hanford, Washington. One day in 1944, shortly after the first of the reactors had been started up, a balloon appeared overhead in Hanford. It had been made in Japan, equipped with an incendiary device, and released into the wind. Many hundreds of balloons like this one had travelled all the way across the Pacific, and some had landed in the forests of the American Northwest, where they started fires of considerable magnitude. The fire balloons were so successful, in fact, that papers were asked not to print news of them, because the United States did not want to encourage the Japanese to release more. The balloon that reached Hanford had crossed not only the Pacific but also the Olympic Mountains and the alpine glaciers of the Cascade Range. It now landed on an electric line that fed power to the building containing the reactor that was processing the Nagasaki plutonium, and shut the reactor down.

Once, in the early nineteen-forties, all the plutonium in the world was in a cigar box in a storeroom next to the office of Glenn Seaborg, one of the element's four discoverers. After the advent of privately owned nuclear-power reactors, the United States government bought up—for nine dollars a gram—the plutonium they produced. The policy of buying it from the private power companies was ended, though, in 1970, and since then, for various economic reasons, the companies have been stockpiling their own plutonium. Private companies will soon own more plutonium than exists in all the bombs of NATO. With the predictable growth and expansion of the nuclear industry, power companies will make a cumulative total of ten million kilograms of plutonium within the last quarter of the twentieth century. The trigger quantity is two kilograms. Enough plutonium to make a bomb could be carried in a paper bag.

The privately owned plants built to perform the chemical separation of plutonium from used nuclear fuel are near West Valley, New York, and Morris, Illinois. The West Valley plant recently shut down for improvements and will not reopen for several years. The

Many Leading Executives choose the Clift for their families



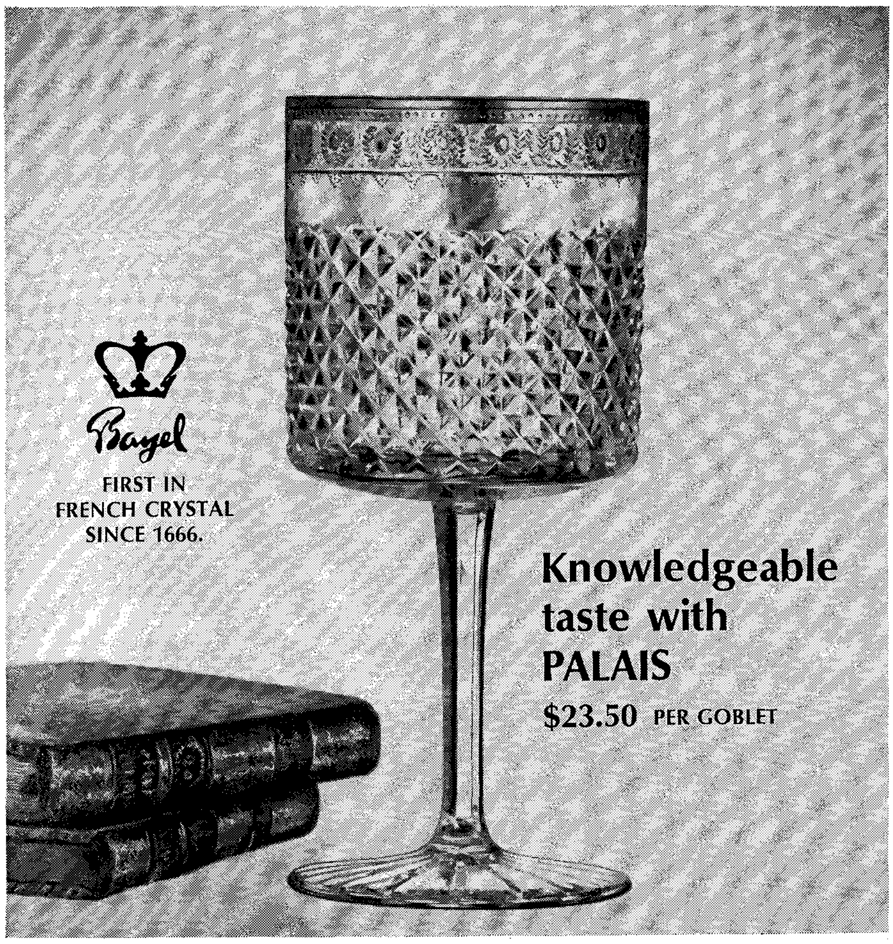
☐ The Clift is like a luxurious home. Dignified, lovely furnishings, attentive service and a wonderful feeling of security. ☐ There is no night club. There are no conventions or tours. ☐ It's the hotel for important executives and their families.

Rated Five Stars in the Mobil Travel Guides

CLIFT HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

For Reservations: New York (212) 953-0598 • Los Angeles (213) 483-8791
Chicago (312) 372-1533 • Boston (617) 536-5700

Santa Barbara Biltmore under same owner-management



For the complete brochure of Bayel Crystal, kindly remit 25¢ to
EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept. NY, 1041 W. Valley Rd. Box 189, Devon, Pa. 19333

plant at Morris is a new one and expects to be processing used fuel in a matter of months. Fuel elements from reactors come to these places in heavy steel casks on the beds of trucks and railway cars. The casks are lowered into deep, clear, demineralized water, and are opened down there by mechanical arms. The fuel assemblies are removed and are stored on end. A rich purple aurora glows several feet into the water around them—a radiation phenomenon known as the Cherenkov effect. Electrons that are created in the nuclei of decaying atoms are called beta rays, and it is these that emit the purple light. Beta rays are one of three forms of energy that have been grouped under the name radioactivity. The other two, also resulting from nuclear decay, are alpha particles and gamma rays. The deep water completely holds in the intense radioactivity, and people can walk around the edges of the storage pools with impunity. Should anyone fall in, there are ring-buoy life preservers on the walls.

Hydraulic arms move the fuel assemblies, one at a time, into a concrete labyrinth, where they are lifted out of the water and are moved on into a long central room called "the canyon." The walls of the canyon are five feet thick, and contain windows that cost twenty-five thousand dollars apiece. If you hold a match before one of these windows, you see eight flames. The window, five feet thick, is made of eight panels of glass, with mineral oil between the panels. The glass itself contains considerable lead. Each window weighs twelve and a half tons. Inside the canyon, master-slave manipulators perform tasks no human being could do directly without dying almost then and there. Fuel rods are chopped up, like stalks of celery under a kitchen knife, by a mighty guillotine that cleanly severs steel. Now all the small cuttings are dissolved in nitric acid, and the resulting radioactive fluid begins to travel up and down through a series of tanks and tubes, arranged in tall columnar form, where the addition of reactive chemicals—tributyl phosphate, dodecane—effects the separation of plutonium and unconsumed uranium not only from each other but also from a variety of radioactive fission products, such as strontium-90, krypton-85, and cesium-137. At the far end of the canyon, uranium hexafluoride comes out through a hole in the wall. Plutonium-nitrate solution pours from a nearby spigot.

General Electric owns the chemical-

Believe it or not, you save by buying the Imported One.

$4.49* Product of U.S.A.

$3.79* Imported from FRANCE

DUBONNET
TASTES BEST CHILLED
DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE 1846
WILE
Raphael
APERITIF WINE
IMPORTED
APERITIF DE FRANCE

Raphael is the largest selling Aperitif Wine in France. Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

Raphael Aperitif de France

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

*New York State prices. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

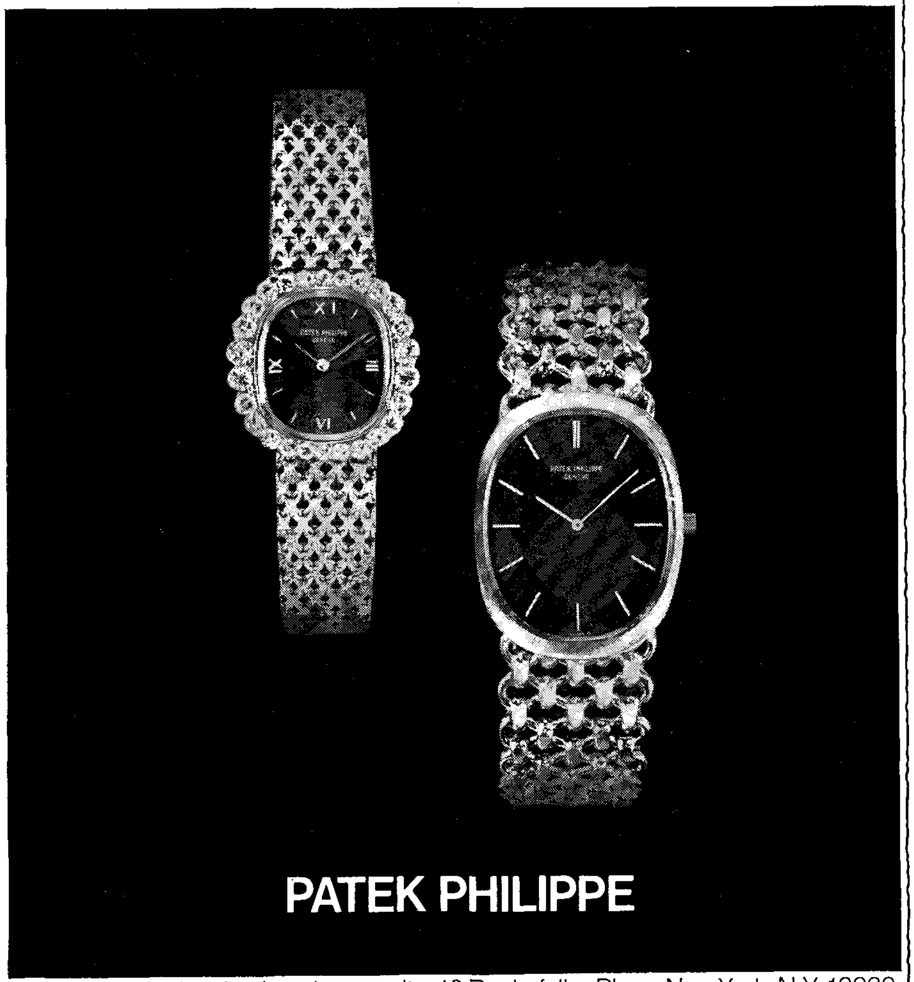
reprocessing plant at Morris. It was built on a small plot of ground among fields of corn and soybeans not far from the confluence where the Kankakee and the Des Plaines form the Illinois River. Only sixty miles from Chicago, the plant is nonetheless surprisingly remote. Only about fifteen people are needed to run it, although that is the figure for nighttime ghost-shift operation, and more are there by day. By license requirement, the plant has a telephonic connection with the Illinois State Police and a radio connection with the Grundy County sheriff. The telephone lines are buried. The state police have assured General Electric that a distress call would bring a police car to the scene within fifteen minutes, another car, if needed, within half an hour, and thirty-eight more cars within two hours. At the plant, a guard is always on duty. He is supplied by a company called Advance Industrial Security. On his shirt are an American emblem and a white eagle. On a day when Taylor and I visited the plant, the incumbent on duty was a big man with a ruddy face and a huge belly. He appeared to be the sort of man who could run a hundred yards in four minutes.

The plant was surrounded by a seven-foot chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. Its doors were locked. Its more sensitive areas—for example, the plutonium-load-out cell, the plutonium-storage corridor, the laboratory (where samples are withdrawn from the canyon for assay)—were watched by fourteen closed-circuit-TV cameras, which, in turn, were monitored on two screens in the central control room. When the plant begins its spent-fuel reprocessing, the plutonium from the spigot—no longer contaminated with radioactive fission products—will go into slim stainless-steel flasks, about four feet tall, with a five-inch outside diameter. Each flask contains ten litres of plutonium-nitrate solution—roughly two and a half kilograms of plutonium. Richard Fine, a chemist who had worked at Hanford in 1944 and had stayed twenty years before coming to Morris, said to us, "Plutonium should be better protected than money. That fence out there could be gotten over easy as pie. You could back a car up to it. Along the back side, you could dig under it."

Burton Judson, the plant manager, said, "If you want to, you can build scenarios straight through 'Mission Impossible.' Sure, you could storm this place. If twelve people drove up with guns and a truck, they could take it. Those double doors to the plutonium-

There is a splendid hotel on a marvelous corner of Park Avenue
where everything's coming up roses and crystal and gilt.

Loews Drake
The great restoration of the good things in life.
Park Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 421-0900.
LOEWS HOTELS
One good stay deserves another.
For reservations, see your travel agent or call Loews Reservations Inc. (LRI) toll-free in your area.

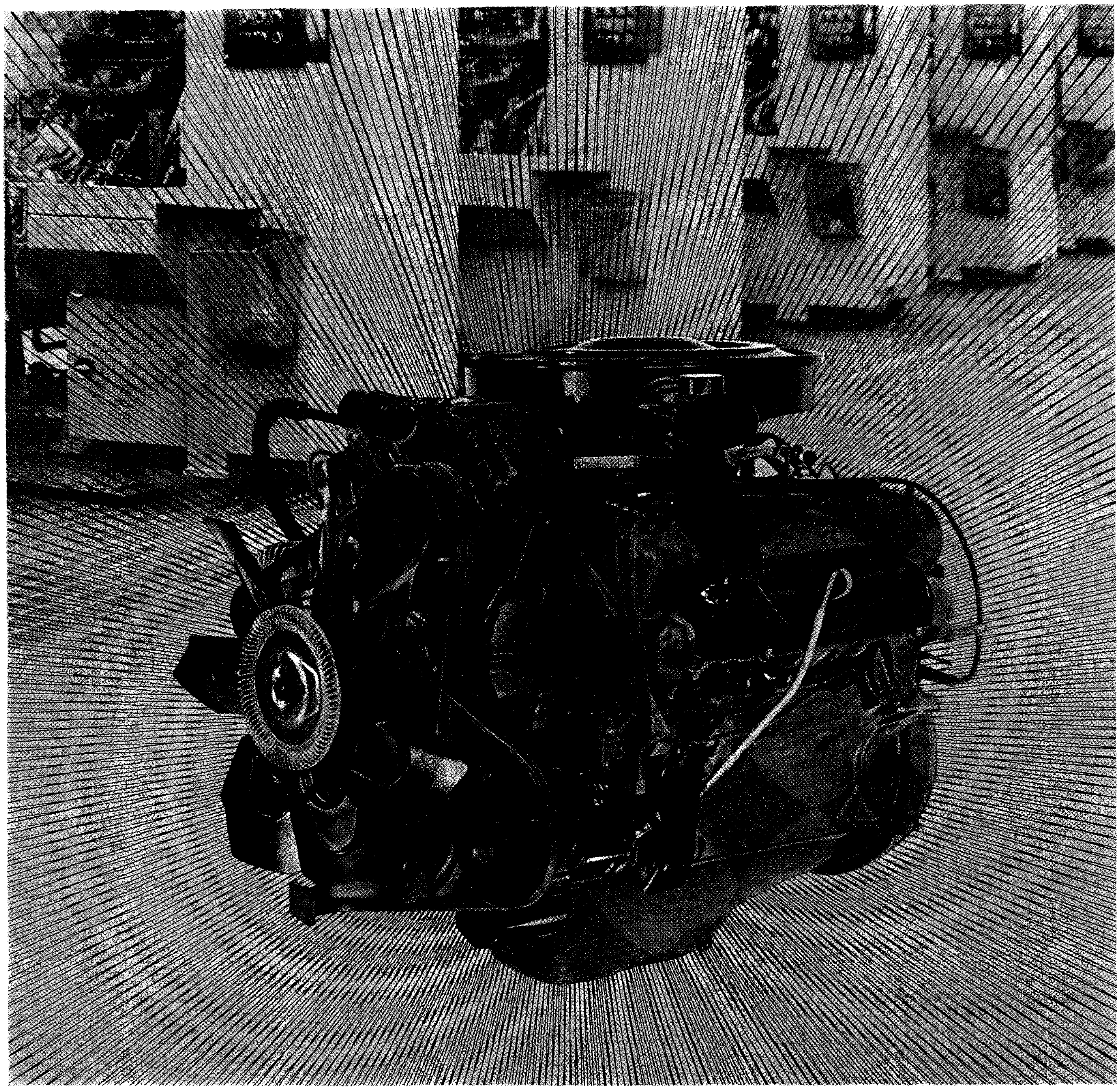


For the 1974 collection brochure, write: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

EXTRA CARE IN ENGINEERING...IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Difference #1: Electronic engine testing.

**We do more than is humanly possible
to give you complaint-free engines.**



At Chrysler Corporation, we don't like to take any chances with bugs. That's why we have electronic engine tests to catch them before they get into your car.

Every one of our engine plants in this country has Chrysler-engineered Electronic Engine Function Testers. These electronic testers check the engines for exhaust pressure pulse variations—one of the keys to a smooth-running, reliable engine.

In addition, the crankcase and cooling system of each engine are then pressurized and monitored to assure there are no engine leaks.

Extra care in engineering. It makes a difference in Chrysler Corporation cars. Discover all the differences at your Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's.

**Compare Chrysler Corporation's
7 major engineering differences.**

Difference #1: Electronic Engine Testing
Difference #2: Extensive Use of Electronics
Difference #3: Reduced Maintenance
Difference #4: TorqueFlite Transmission
Difference #5: Electronic Ignition
Difference #6: Torsion-Bar Suspension
Difference #7: Unibody Construction

**See your Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth dealer
before you choose your next car.**

CHRYSLER Plymouth Dodge Dodge Trucks

**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**

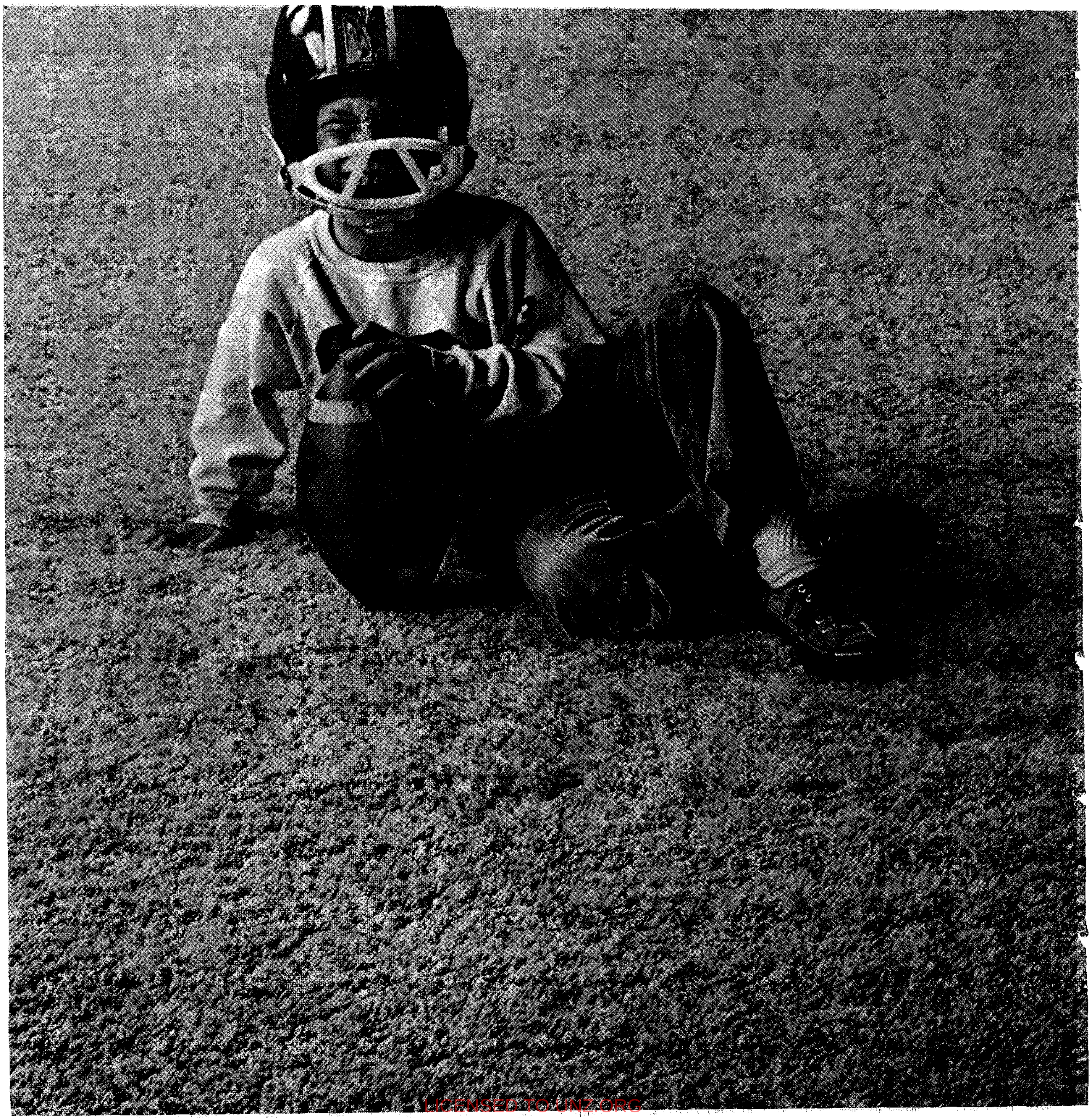
CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS

Sun King by Lees Carpets. that stands up to the tough

Color-splashed and interestingly textured, Sun King gives you the look you want today. Sophisticated yet practical.

Lees makes Sun King of tough, stain resistant 100% nylon pile. So it can take the kids, pets, parties, spills—and bounce back for more.

Like all Lees Body Shags, Sun King's lush, dense pile firmly resists crushing. Lees heat sets the twist into the yarn to

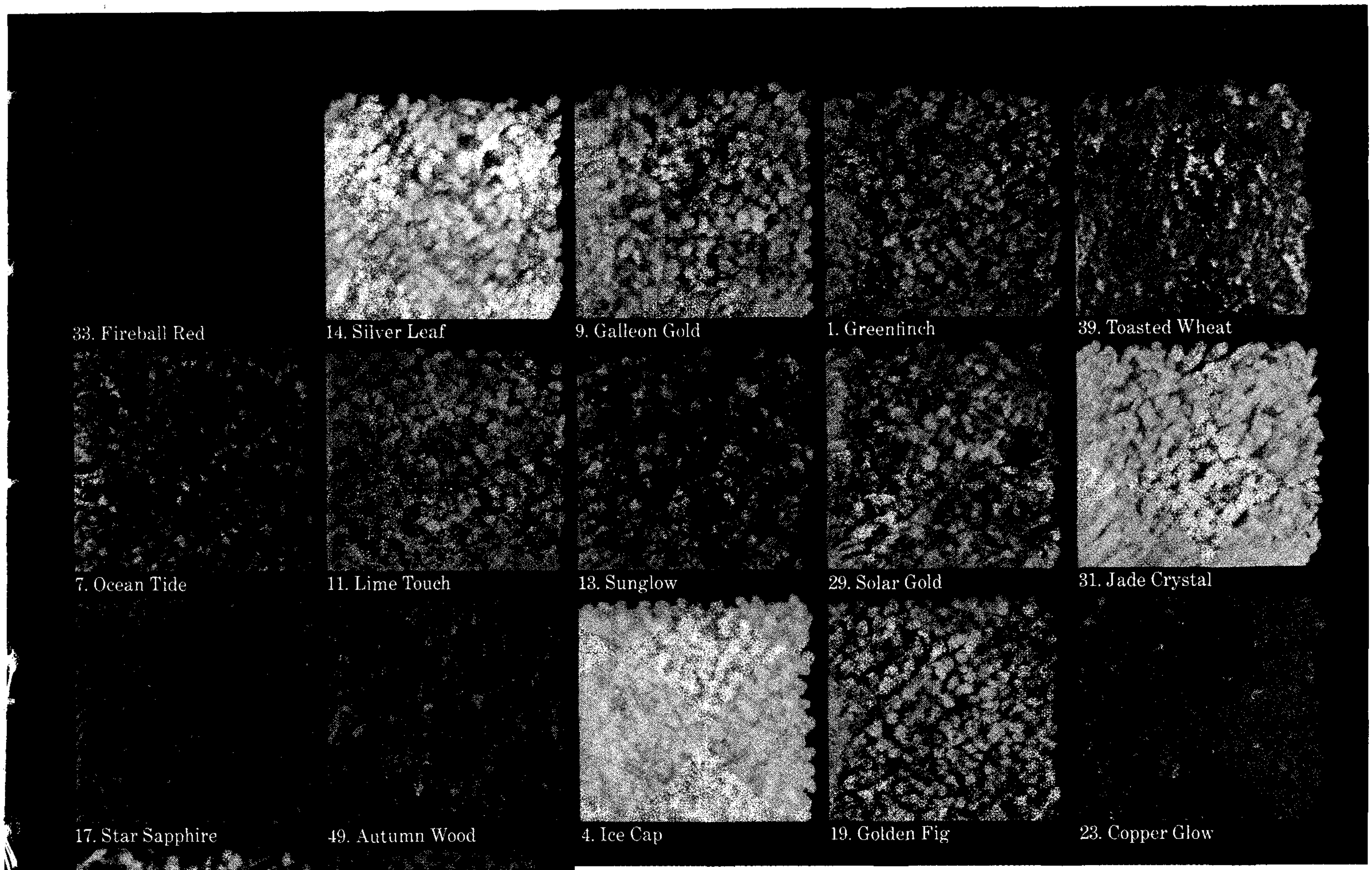


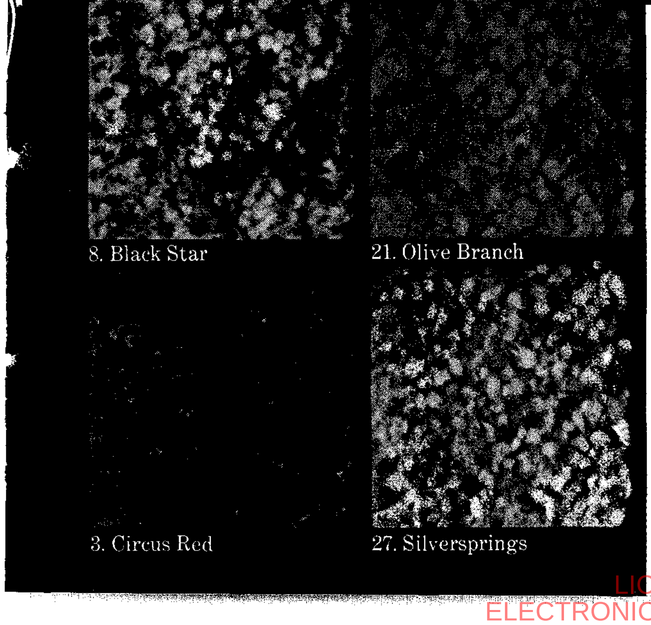
The beautiful Body Shag life. Send for a swatch.

keep it young and springy. No wonder Sun King is the family favorite!

There are 14 beautiful Body Shags by Lees in different fibers and textures—all born with the same advantages. See them all on display in the Body Shag Boutique at your Lees dealer.

For the name of the dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6000, free. In Connecticut, call 800-882-6500.


33. Fireball Red
14. Silver Leaf
9. Galleon Gold
1. Greenfinch
39. Toasted Wheat
7. Ocean Tide
11. Lime Touch
13. Sunglow
29. Solar Gold
31. Jade Crystal
17. Star Sapphire
49. Autumn Wood
4. Ice Cap
19. Golden Fig
23. Copper Glow


8. Black Star
21. Olive Branch
3. Circus Red
27. Silversprings

LEES. The best selling name in carpets.

A Division of Burlington Industries

Return to:
Lees, P.O. Box 506, Warrington, Pa. 18976.

Please rush me 3″ x 4″ swatch of Sun King color #SK___.

Name ________________________________

Street ________________________________

City________________State______________Zip__________

(Valid till December 31, 1973.) (One per family.)

Return address coupon. Please print clearly. Clip neatly.

iittala innovates

Kekkerit—Finnish for "party"—is iittala's newest glass.
Shaped like a snowball, Kekkerit is a robust, happy goblet.
In five sizes, from dainty liqueurs to hearty chalices.
Next time you shop for a present, look for Kekkerit's
elegant gift package with the poem on it. And when
buying glass, always look for this mark:

iittala USA ltd.
225 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 689-7430

in Canada:
R.G. How Limited
411 Des Recollets St.
Montreal, Quebec

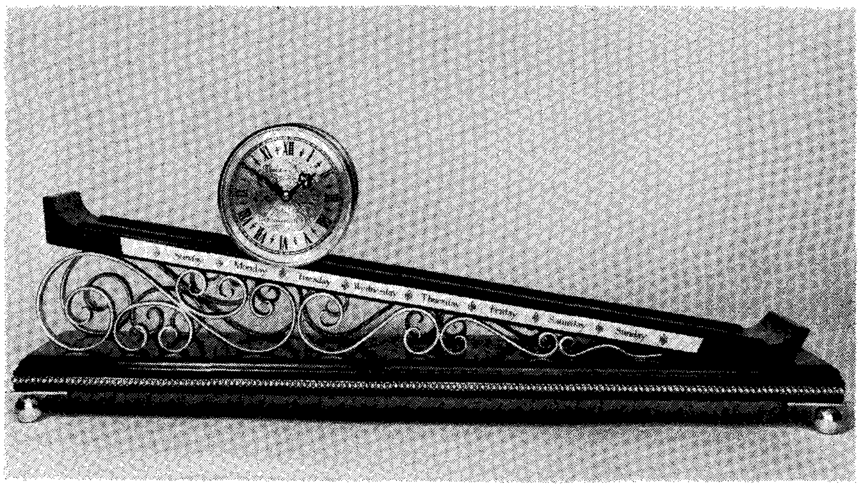
storage corridor are just doors. If somebody really wanted to batter them down, they could. They could, for that matter, come in with a bazooka. But once they have the plutonium, how far are they going to get?"

I asked him what would happen if he himself were to try to steal some plutonium.

He said he would need an accomplice in the control room. It was necessary to unlock two successive doors to open a way from the plutonium corridor to the outdoors. In the space between the two doorways was a telephone. Judson said he had a key to one door but would have to call the control room to ask that the other door be opened by a button on the panel. If the man in the control room were not his accomplice, he would become suspicious when Judson, on television, started manhandling birdcages full of plutonium.

Judson, rapid of speech, candid, was a chemical engineer, still in his forties, educated at M.I.T. He used phrases like "dad-gum complicated" to describe his amazing reprocessing plant, and on its complications he held a patent. Unlike most people in the private nuclear industry, he had thought a lot about the paramilitary implications of the material he was working with. He said, "The amount of plutonium needed for a bomb is a steady figure, whereas the figure for throughput of plutonium-239 in a place like this will go up and up and up." His plant will perform a service for a fee. The nuclear material belongs to companies like Connecticut Yankee Atomic Power and Southern California Edison. So the work is done in batches. It is possible to estimate quite closely—using such known figures as average radiation exposure, reactor power levels, length of time in the core—how much plutonium is in the radioactive fuel assemblies that enter the plant. At the end of a run, the amount in the batch is measured and the small difference is noted. Someone in the plant who wanted to take plutonium home with him could probably do so without detection if he never became greedy but always operated so as not to widen alarmingly this margin of difference. It takes about twenty-five days for an average batch of fuel assemblies to be processed, and after that the plant shuts down to clean out the canyon and assay the plutonium. As the industry expands, pressure on reprocessing plants will undoubtedly grow until the batch system is too much of a luxury, and the customers will no longer be getting

We wake an uncommon idea from a sleep of centuries



This is our re-creation of the gravity-driven Inclined Plane Clock, conceived by an Oxford cleric in 1684. Only a few originals slumber in collections today.

Noting the growing appreciation for exquisite craftsmanship, we feel the time has come to wake this incomparable timepiece for you. We're doing so in a strictly limited edition of 500. The price: $2,500.

Thwaites & Reed Ltd., of London, have been clockmakers to Royalty since 1740. To this re-creation we bring the same love, skill, pain and patience that distinguish our clocks at Fortnum & Mason, Horse Guards, the west face of Westminster Abbey, the Smithsonian Institution and other world-famous museums.

A 16-page color brochure describes the Inclined Plane Clock in detail. History and horology, of course. But also our full Re-purchase Guarantee, which may interest those who seek capital appreciation.

Write our American office: Mr. N. E. West
Thwaites & Reed Ltd., Station Square Three, Paoli, Pa. 19301.
Or call (215) 647-4688.

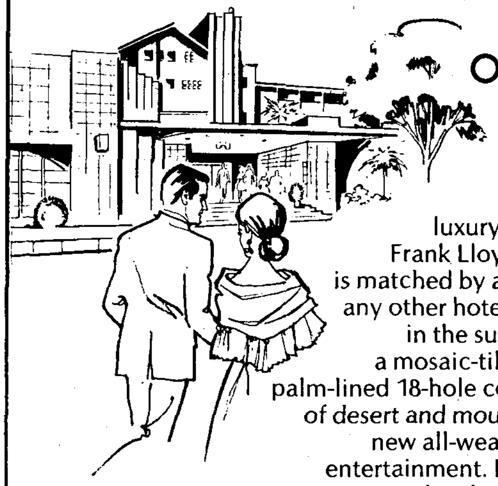
Clock size:	5" (dia.) x 4"
Base:	29" x 7"
Weight:	10 lbs.

Each clock numbered and dated

Thwaites & Reed
BOWLING GREEN LANE
LONDON ENGLAND

Clockmakers to Royalty since 1740

The Arizona Biltmore in sunny Phoenix–



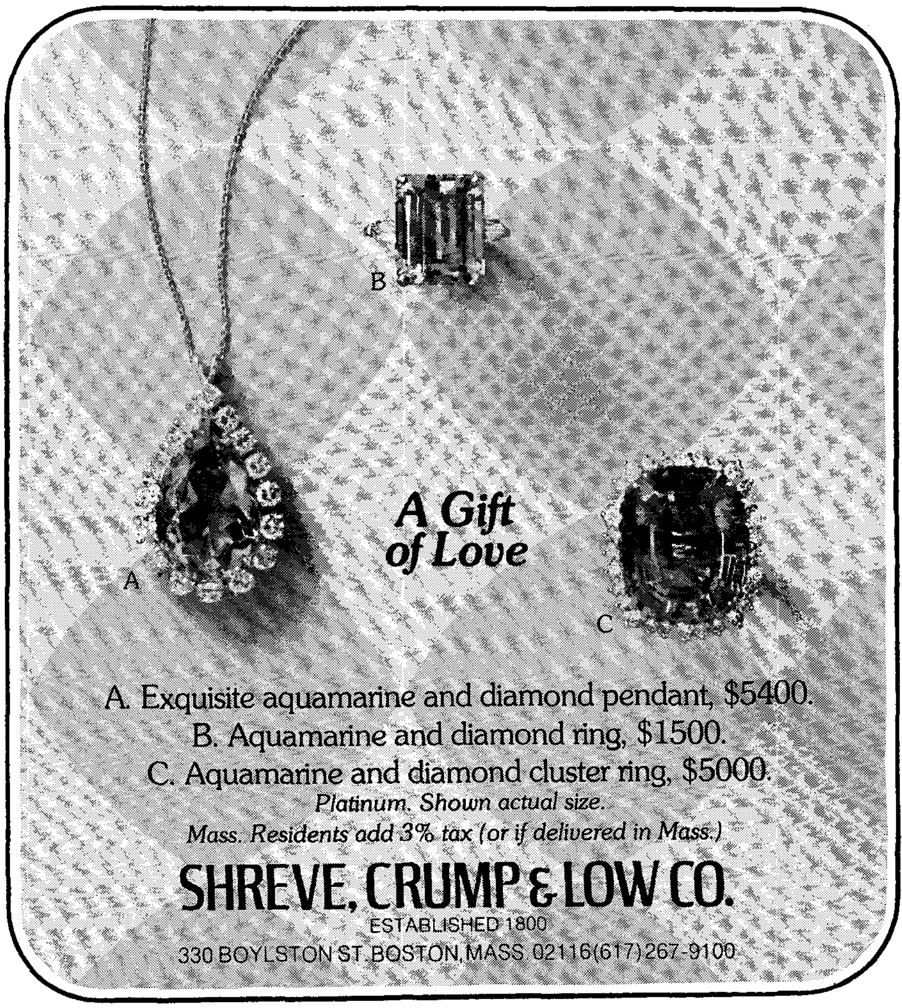
one of America's great resorts.

There are so few great ones anymore. Here is one, where luxury is still a way of life. Where the Frank Lloyd Wright-inspired architecture is matched by a stunning interior decor unlike any other hotel in the world. Where you bask in the sun at a cabana club and swim in a mosaic-tiled pool. Play golf on a private, palm-lined 18-hole course. Ride horseback on miles of desert and mountain trails. Play tennis on ten, new all-weather courts. Enjoy dancing and entertainment. Dine in the elegant Gold Room or the charming setting of the Orangerie.

Christmas is a special holiday at the Arizona Biltmore. Festive activities go on day and night, and special all-inclusive vacation plans are available. There are even ones for golfers and tennis players.

Come. Enjoy the warm hospitality of the Arizona Biltmore.

European Plan or Full or Modified American Plan. Call your travel agent or any Robert Warner office. Or write or call Reservation Manager, Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix, Arizona 85002; phone (602) 955-6600.



A. Exquisite aquamarine and diamond pendant, $5400.
B. Aquamarine and diamond ring, $1500.
C. Aquamarine and diamond cluster ring, $5000.
Platinum. Shown actual size.
Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100

back their own uranium and plutonium but will be taking their share of what comes from a continuous operation that runs twenty-four hours a day. Within such a framework, it would be vastly more difficult to keep accurate books on the flowing plutonium. "It's a serious matter," Judson said. "The utilities are not interested in atom identification. They're interested in money. We are interested, though. Once you've grabbed something like this, you can't let go. You're committed to a big responsibility for a long time."

John Van Hoomissen was at the Morris plant when we were there. He is based in California and is in charge of nuclear-materials management for all of General Electric. Three people under him work at Morris, counting atoms. Judson is not their boss. So if Judson, or someone under him, were to start siphoning off some plutonium, Van Hoomissen's men would not feel—would be less likely to feel—inhibited about reporting it. A heavyset man with an appraiser's eye, Van Hoomissen seemed to take everyone present—Judson, Fine, me, Taylor—with a grain of doubt. "All sampling here is centralized in one gallery," he said. "This safeguards against someone bleeding the sampling line. That could never happen here at Morris, but I'll show you other places where it could happen, because funny little sampling lines are run in here and there, and on a given night someone could run a funny little sampling line off to a clandestine place. The thief wouldn't have to worry much about radiation. The most vulnerable place is the nitrate point, where the plutonium comes out of the spigot. We know this. We are aware of it. A reprocessing plant used to be thought of only as the place where you got your uranium back and your plutonium credits. Now it's seen as more than that. It is not an unattended problem."

The solution, as Van Hoomissen sees it, is for the plutonium to be moved rapidly out of the reprocessing plant and back into a power reactor, where it could be burned as fuel. Plutonium is more fissionable than uranium, after all. With a single exception, no plutonium is used in present commercial reactors, although the companies that own it have a great deal of it in reserve. The reason for this is that plutonium is one of the most toxic substances ever known in the world. Cobra venom is nowhere near as toxic as plutonium suspended in an aerosol. You could hold an ingot of plutonium next to your heart or brain, fearing no con-

Everyone will ask you what you're wearing...
"What are you wearing?"
"I'm wearing Infini."
infini
CARON

MEET "MR. AND MRS. OTTER"

A Limited Edition Porcelain
by Laszlo Ispanky

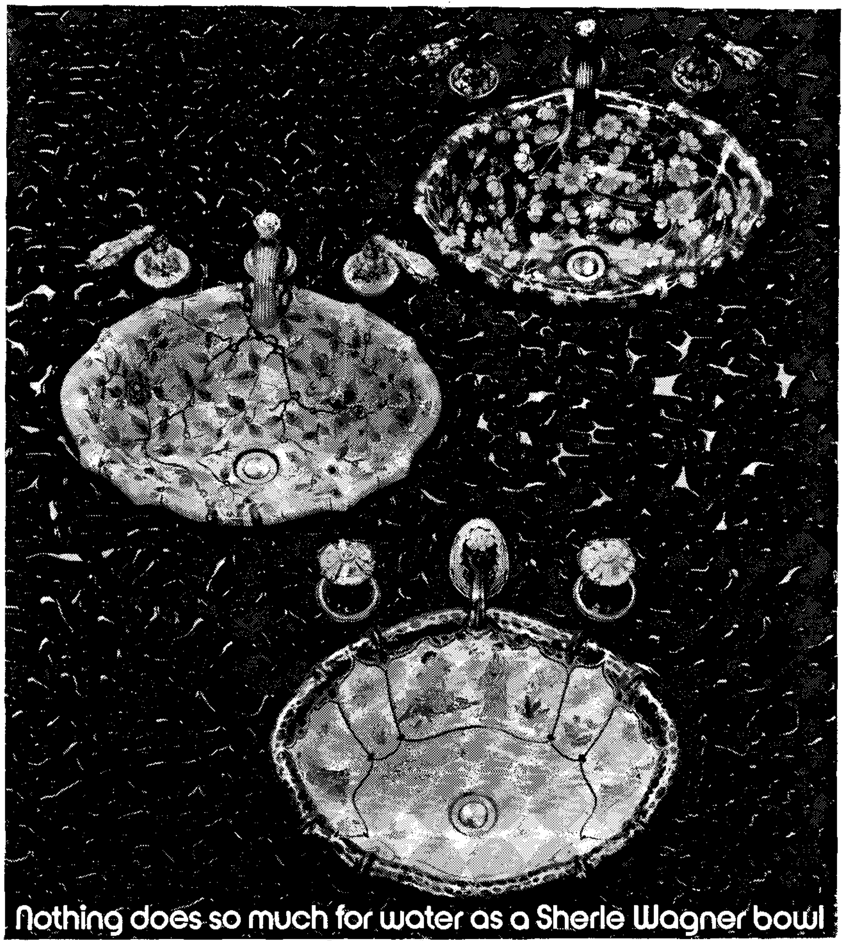
This irresistible couple, forever captured in porcelain by the incomparable Laszlo Ispanky, is a "must" for every lover of fine porcelain art.

The edition of 500 figurines is now fully subscribed and almost completely sold out; however a very few are still available at issue price: $250. MAY WE SHIP THEM TO YOU FOR CHRISTMAS? The figurine measures twelve and one-half inches high.

PREPAID SHIPPING. MASTER CHARGE—
BANK AMERICARD—AMERICAN EXPRESS

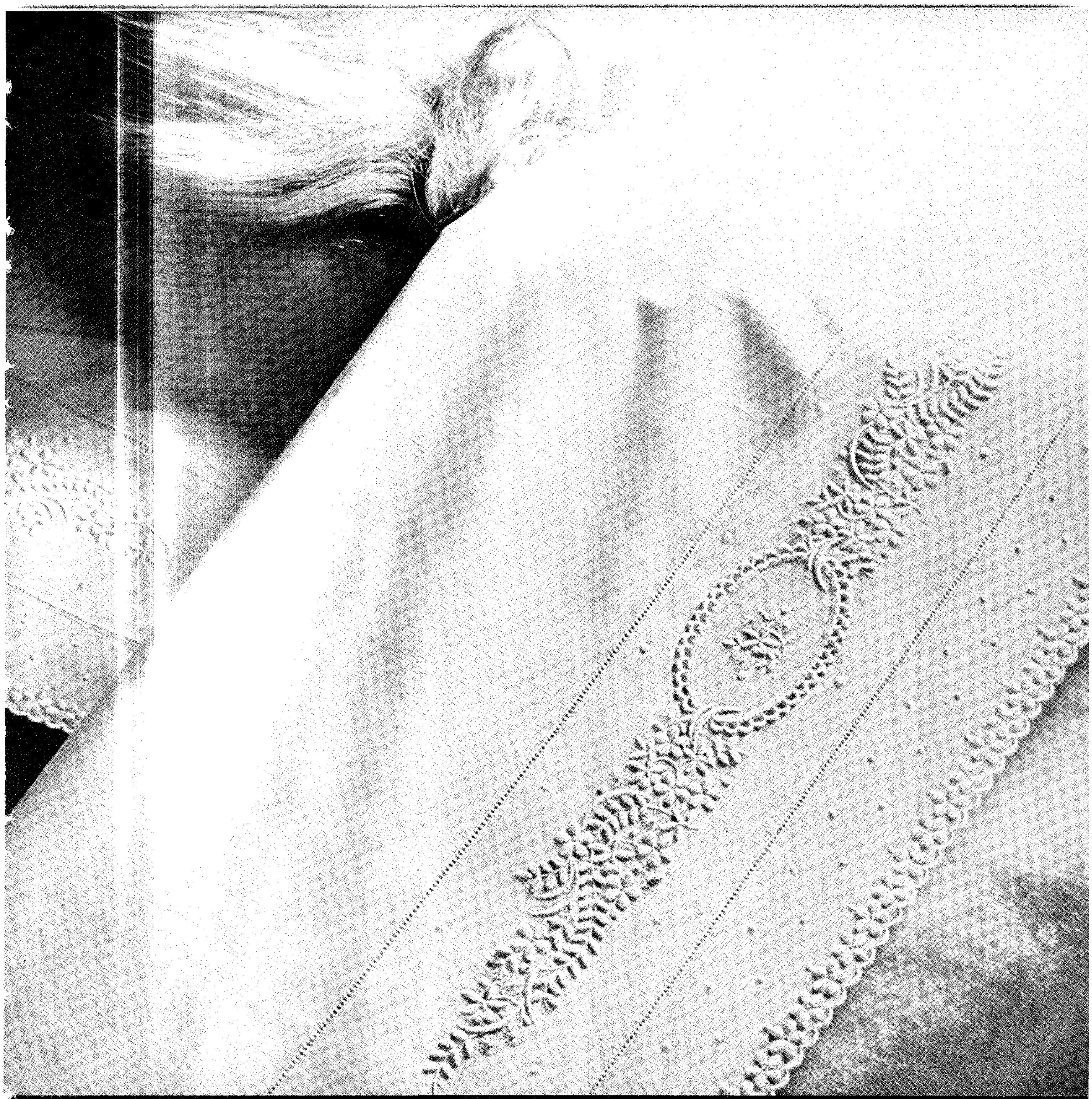
Send for porcelain catalog and Christmas yearbook of fabulous jewelry $1.00 ppd., deductible from order.

Kruckemeyer and Cohn
Leading Midwest Jewelers Since 1895
410 Main Street, Evansville, Indiana 47708, Ph. (812) 423-4441



125 E. 57 St. N.Y., N.Y. Sherle Wagner 10022. PL 8-3300
For illustrated catalogue send $2.00 to Dept. JNY

sequences. But you can't breathe it. A thousandth of a gram of plutonium taken into the lungs as invisible specks of dust will kill anyone—a death from massive fibrosis of the lungs in a matter of hours, or at most a few days. Even a millionth of a gram is likely, eventually, to cause lung or bone cancer. Plutonium that enters the bloodstream follows the path of calcium. Settling in bones, it gives off short-range alpha particles, a form of radioactivity, and these effectively destroy the ability of bone marrow to produce white blood cells. Plutonium is rendered generally in one of three forms: metal, nitrate, oxide. The oxide is a fluffy yellow-green powder. It can be fine enough to be inhaled. The oxide is the form in which plutonium would be used as reactor fuel. Therefore, it is both difficult and dangerous to make plutonium-uranium-oxide fuel pellets and slip them into zirconium-alloy fuel rods—the process necessary for use of plutonium in power reactors. Special fuel-fabricating plants would have to be built, equipped with .03-micron absolute filters, continuous air monitors, glove boxes (workers put their hands into gloves that are in effect segments of the walls of glass boxes, and handle plutonium within), and other costly equipment, nearly all of which is unnecessary in a plant that fabricates uranium fuel. So the plutonium piles up—good fuel, but uneconomical. Plutonium is worth about ten dollars a gram, and is many times as valuable as gold. As time goes by, the utilities are building up millions of dollars' worth of plutonium in their stockpiles. Meanwhile, with ever-higher extraction costs and increasing demand, the price of uranium rises. In a present-day power reactor, only three per cent of the uranium fuel is used, because the uranium-235 fissions with unprofitable efficiency after that point. After uranium itself is reprocessed, it is supposedly enriched again and then refabricated as fuel and returned to the reactors, completing a closed circuit known as the nuclear-power fuel cycle. Actually, the isotopes U-232 and U-236 present in used reactor fuel are unwelcome in the enrichment cascades. As William Higinbotham, of Brookhaven, has put it, the U-232 and U-236 would "crap up" the uranium there. So the nuclear-power fuel cycle, much advertised for its conservational appeal, is not closed, and has never been closed. The reprocessed uranium is set aside. The uranium that goes into power reactors is new uranium. The result of all this is that two economic lines are mov-



If you want real silver, you have to polish it.

Yes, polishing silver can be something of a nuisance. So can watering a plant every day to keep it growing. Or tending a log to keep a fire crackling.

Or ironing a hand-embroidered pure cotton sheet.

But have you ever slipped into a bed made with percale sheets so smooth you could almost glide on them? Have you ever caught the scent of them when they're freshly ironed? Or run your hand over the raised embroidery and thought how the leaves and flowers almost feel like leaves and flowers.

Or opened the linen closet door just to enjoy seeing them there all tied up with green and pink and white ribbons?

Then you're the reason we're still making Supercale.

Just as we always have since your great great grandmother chose her trousseau linens.

We're still choosing the cotton just as carefully as we did in 1846. All pure natural cotton. And only the longest, most lustrous, flawless strands of it.

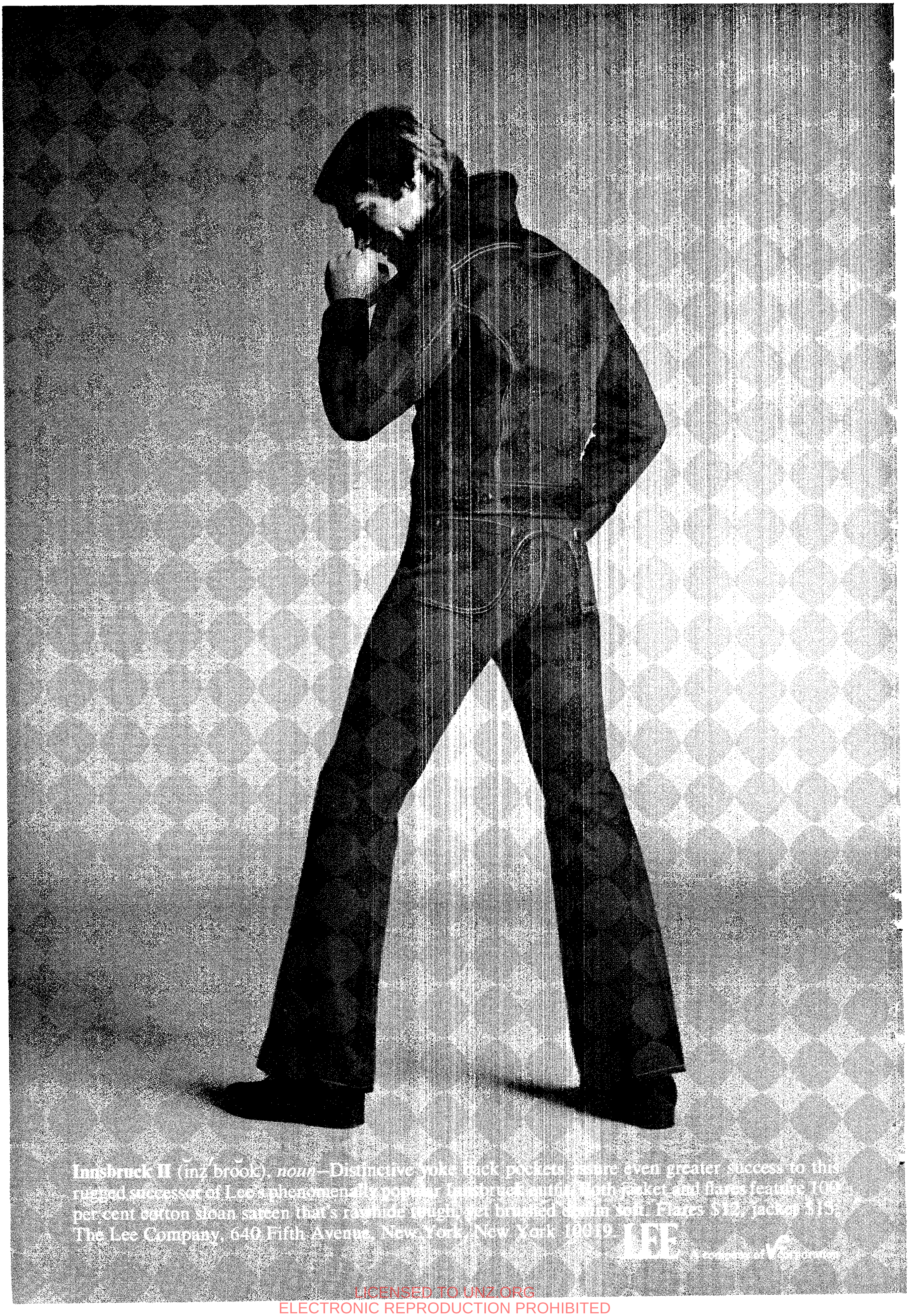
We're still combing and combing it until it feels almost like silk. Still weaving it so close and firm and strong that Supercale sheets are still being handed down from mother to daughter.

Yes, a Wamsutta Supercale sheet is an out and out luxury.

But it is one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta Supercale.

SHOWN: "ELEGANCE" IMPORTED SWISS EMBROIDERY ON SUPERCALE®. HEMSTITCHED. WHITE EMBROIDERY ON WHITE.
WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.) 111 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.
WAMSUTTA® BED AND BATH FASHIONS ALSO ARE AVAILABLE FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

Wamsutta Supercale



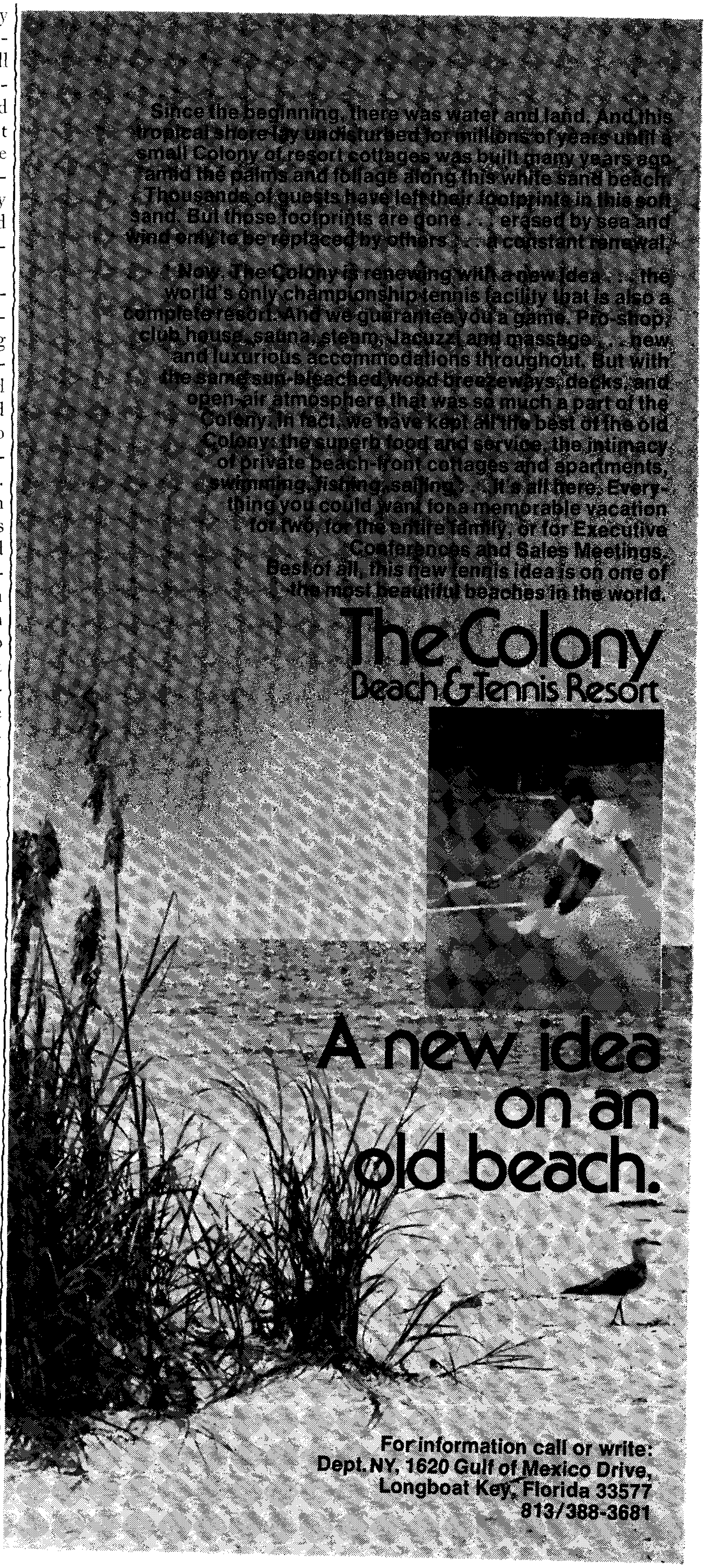
Innsbruck II (ĭnz′ bro͝ok), *noun*—Distinctive yoke back pockets assure even greater success to this rugged successor of Lee's phenomenally popular Innsbruck outfit. Both jacket and flares feature 100 per cent cotton sloan sateen that's rawhide tough, yet brushed denim soft. Flares $12, jacket $15. The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

LEE A company of VF Corporation

ing toward each other, and soon they will cross—a uranium line and a plutonium line—and where they will cross is the point at which it will become economically sensible to build all the necessary expensive equipment and to begin adding plutonium to the fuel that keeps present-day reactors going. This new era, which will probably arrive in full force between 1975 and 1980, is known in the business as plutonium recycle.

Recycling might open more problems than it closes. While it is an obvious way to burn up accumulating plutonium, it will also cause that plutonium to come out of storage and be circulated throughout the United States. By truck or air, it will travel to fuel-fabricating plants as nitrate or oxide, *fifty or so kilograms per shipment*. Then it has to be transported, often many hundreds of miles, to the reactors that will use it. About four thousand kilograms of privately owned plutonium will be produced in 1974, ten thousand in 1976, fifteen thousand in 1978. By A.D. 2000, according to A.E.C. forecasts, something over a million kilograms of plutonium will annually be travelling to two or three thousand nuclear power plants in fifty-odd countries.

It is possible to design a reactor that will produce more plutonium than it uses. The Atomic Energy Commission has published a four-color poster advertising this. The poster says: "Johnny had 3 truckloads of plutonium. He used 3 of them to light New York for 1 year. How much plutonium did Johnny have left? Answer: 4 truckloads." In this way, the A.E.C. has been introducing the public to breeder reactors. They are not new. The first power reactor that ever lighted a bulb was a small, experimental breeder in Idaho. A sixty-megawatt demonstration breeder reactor was built by Detroit Edison on the shore of Lake Erie, but it was beset with operating problems and eventually shut down. The idea of the breeder is to use a combination of fissionable and fertile material, making heat with the one and new fuel with the other. The fissionable material, for example, might be plutonium-239 and the fertile material uranium-238—ordinary, natural uranium. As the plutonium fissions, it throws off many more neutrons than are needed to keep the plutonium chain reaction going. The excess neutrons go into the nuclei of the U-238, which becomes U-239, which decays to become neptunium-239, which decays to become plutonium-239, ready now to


Since the beginning, there was water and land. And this tropical shore lay undisturbed for millions of years until a small Colony of resort cottages was built many years ago amid the palms and foliage along this white sand beach. Thousands of guests have left their footprints in this soft sand. But those footprints are gone . . . erased by sea and wind only to be replaced by others . . . a constant renewal.

Now, The Colony is renewing with a new idea . . . the world's only championship tennis facility that is also a complete resort. And we guarantee you a game. Pro-shop, club house, sauna, steam, Jacuzzi and massage . . . new and luxurious accommodations throughout. But with the same sun-bleached wood breezeways, decks, and open-air atmosphere that was so much a part of the Colony. In fact, we have kept all the best of the old Colony: the superb food and service, the intimacy of private beach-front cottages and apartments, swimming, fishing, sailing . . . It's all here. Everything you could want for a memorable vacation for two, for the entire family, or for Executive Conferences and Sales Meetings. Best of all, this new tennis idea is on one of the most beautiful beaches in the world.

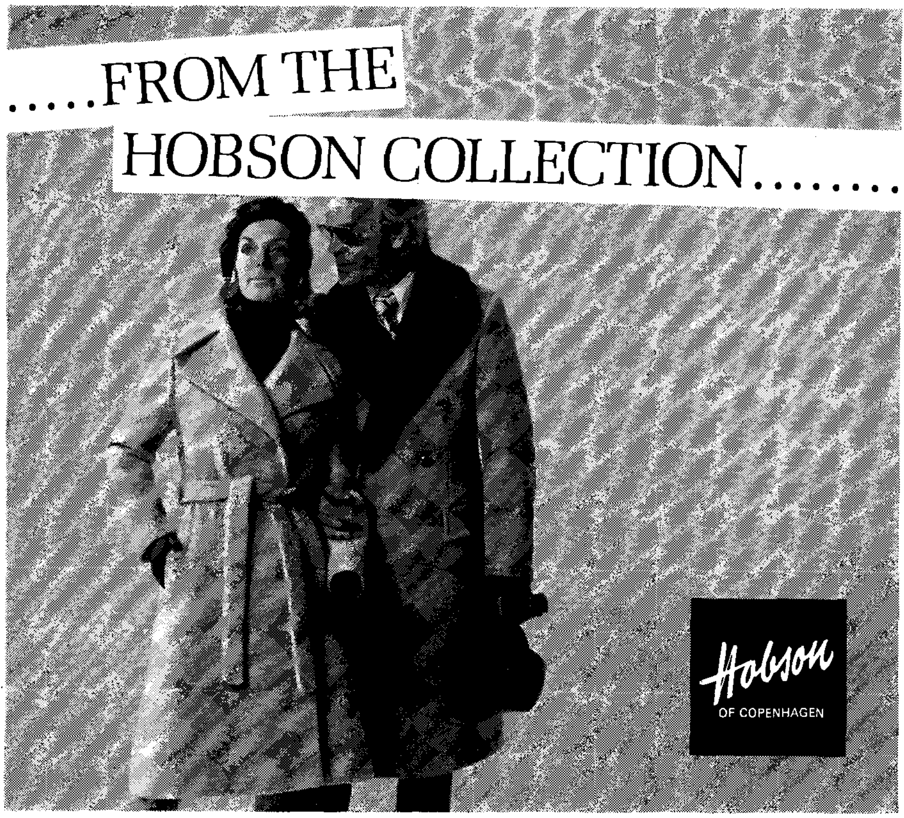
The Colony
Beach & Tennis Resort

A new idea
on an
old beach.

For information call or write:
Dept. NY, 1620 Gulf of Mexico Drive,
Longboat Key, Florida 33577
813/388-3681

get into the original chain reaction, ready to repeat the process and produce even more plutonium. Because the fissioning plutonium puts out many extra neutrons and because there is a high proportion of fertile U-238 in the reactor core, the breeder makes more plutonium than it uses up. Theoretically, the breeder can make forty times better use of uranium than present-day reactors. Moreover, it could use as fertile material the two hundred thousand tons or so of leftover U-238 that has been separated from U-235 since the military weapons program began. Breeders are variously cooled by salt, sodium, helium; and they have a fine set of names: the Molten-Salt Breeder Reactor, the Liquid-Metal Fast Breeder Reactor, the Gas-Cooled Fast Breeder Reactor. The Germans have one called SNEAK. The French have one called Rapsodie. They are research reactors. In July, the Soviet Union announced that it had begun commercial power production with a breeder at Shevchenko, on the Caspian Sea. Breeders as a working generation are still some time away, but when their time comes the figures for world flow of plutonium will be not so much increased as multiplied. So will the probabilities of the clandestine manufacture of atomic bombs.

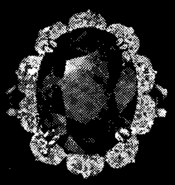
Where is plutonium now—that is, plutonium owned by private companies? In greatly varying amounts, it is in Hanford, Washington; West Valley, New York; Pawling, New York; Morris, Illinois; Erwin, Tennessee; Pleasanton, California; Crescent, Oklahoma; Cheswick, Pennsylvania; Leechburg, Pennsylvania; and in transit among these places. It has ridden around the country sometimes with ordinary truck freight—linoleum, Congoleum, plutonium. New regulations forbid this. A ten-litre bottle of plutonium-nitrate solution in a birdcage—two and a half kilograms of plutonium—was shipped from Hanford to Crescent not long ago at the rear of a flatbed truck. Other cargo filled up the bed space, and the plutonium, the last thing on, was held by a single chain. It was clearly labelled "DANGER—PLUTONIUM." Generally, the material goes by itself, in shipments of about fifty kilograms. Plutonium-uranium fuel pellets are made at Crescent by Kerr-McGee, and are put inside metal rods and sent back to Hanford, to the A.E.C.'s Fast Flux Test Facility—an experimental breeder reactor. Kerr-McGee handles about a thousand kilograms a year. So does NUMEC (Nuclear Materials and Equipment Corporation), in Leech-



Hobson of Copenhagen creates superbly fashioned coats of nature's most precious fibres—Alpaca, Llama, Camel, Mohair & Cashmere.

HER COAT: Bergdorf Goodman, Lord & Taylor, N.Y.—Marshall Field, Chicago—Bullocks Wilshire, L.A.—Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh—Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis—C. Lohmeyer, Hutzler, Baltimore—Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.—McNeil & Moore, Milwaukee—The Denver, Denver—Adasco, Salem.

HIS COAT: Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, British American House, Lord & Taylor, Paul Stuart, Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y.—Brittany, Chicago—Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh—Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.—The Denver, Denver—Louis, Boston—McNeil & Moore, Milwaukee—Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

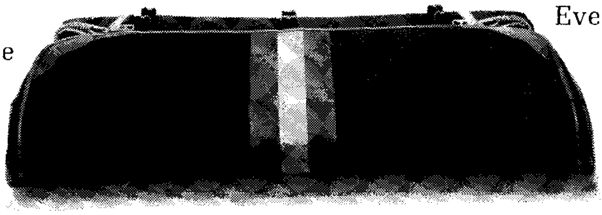


$57,000

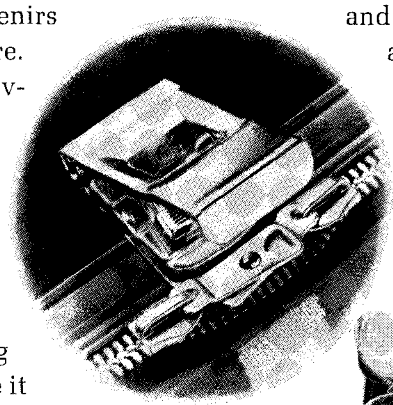
One of a kind. Magnificent 13 carat blue sapphire set in precious platinum and encircled by 10 unusual oval cut diamonds, totaling 2.22 carats. The one of a kind gift that only you can give her.

SINCE 1855 SPAULDING & COMPANY
The Drake Hotel, Chicago

BIG WHEN YOU NEED IT, SMALL WHEN YOU DON'T.



Unlike heavy, rigid luggage, the Lark Permamatic® gives you valuable extra room both on the road and back at home. The Permamatic shown here measures only 23x17x7½. But it can hold as much clothes, shoes, odds, ends and souvenirs as you can carry. And probably more. You can pack it full when you're traveling. Or fold it practically flat, out of the way, when you're not.



No snap, crackle, pop.

The Permamatic owes its great capacity and extra strength to its unique construction. A tough but pliant outer covering, coil spring frames and magnesium plates make it flexible, not rigid.

The Permamatic can handle all the things you usually pack at the start of your trip—and all the things you pick up along the way. With no popped locks. And no ripped zippers.

The Permamatic can really take it.

You can jump on it. Step on it. Kick it. Pound it. Crush it. Drop it. Or throw it. But you can't crack it, dent it or bend it out of shape. (About the worst thing you'll be able to do to the Permamatic is crease it when you fold it. But that's a very small price to pay for so much convenience and durability. Anyway, creases come out eventually.)

It packs some pleasant surprises.

Outside, the Permamatic has a rugged heavy-duty, double-tab zipper. The tabs fit into a special lock. Snap the lock over the tabs and there's no way a would-be thief can tamper with the zipper.

Inside, you'll find a surprisingly luxurious lining. A snap-in accessory kit with two separate *waterproof* compartments. And special restraining straps that help keep your belongings from tumbling out when you open the bag for airline or customs inspections.

The cost: much less than $75.

People who know the price will think you're smart. Everybody else will think you're rich. The Permamatic comes in a variety of sizes, fine fabrics and elegant designs. All in all, an ideal gift for your favorite traveler. The choice is clear. Either you get luggage that's heavy and rigid, or you get the beautiful, soft, pliant and light Permamatic.

In other words, lug it . . . or Lark it.

Lark®
PERMAMATIC®

You may want another one someday, but you'll probably never need a new one.

Write for the name of the Lark dealer nearest you.

LARK LUGGAGE CORP., Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001. Made in U.S.A.

Copyright © 1973, Lark Luggage Corp. All rights reserved.

burg, which also makes fuel for the Hanford facility. Fuel rods for plutonium recycle are being made by General Electric at Pleasanton, by United Nuclear in Pawling, by Nuclear Fuel Services in Erwin, and by Westinghouse in Cheswick.

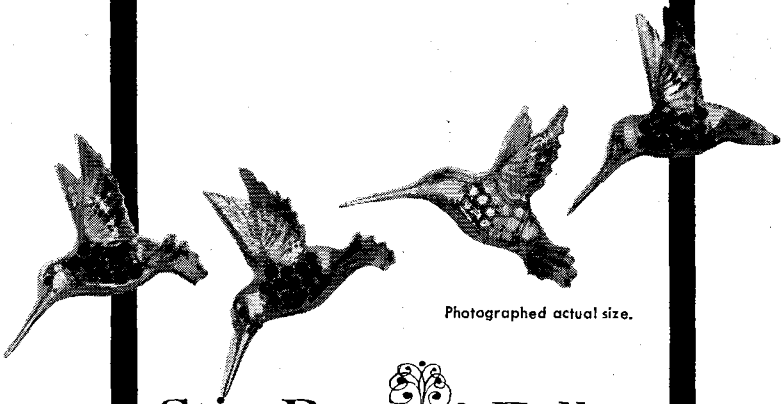
The Cheswick plant makes breeder fuel as well. Up to a hundred kilograms of plutonium may be there at any one time. Nine security police work every shift. They are armed and have been instructed in the use of weapons. An eight-foot fence surrounds the building. In one corner of the plutonium-oxide laboratory are forty safes; each safe is designed to contain two kilograms of plutonium in a can. If the continuous air monitors sound their alarm—oxide in the air—the entire building can be evacuated in sixty seconds. There are many doors, many of them coded red on one side. This is a pilot plant. It indicates the conditions under which the great abundance of future plutonium will have to be handled. Rooms are filled with assembly lines of glove boxes. Some contain tiny pellets of plutonium-uranium fuel for the Fast Flux Test Facility. A half inch long, they look like horse feed. Others hold plain plutonium oxide. It has the consistency of flour. Dust. Yellow-green dust. Because of its fine consistency, it has a peculiar locomotion. Spontaneously, it creeps. It moves around. It spreads like lampblack. Drop a little of that in an air-conditioning system and a whole company will die. A man who works in Cheswick says, "We're picking up a lot from the baby-food industry. They keep people away from the food. Here we keep the plutonium away from the people." Looking through the glass walls of a glove box, another man says, "It would require a fair amount of skill to get that stuff out of here without crapping up the countryside."

In 1971, the Kansai Electric Power Company removed some fuel assemblies from its Mihama No. 1 reactor, in Fukui, Honshu, Japan. The radioactive fuel rods contained fifty kilograms of plutonium. In heavy casks, the fuel assemblies were shipped to England. They went to Windscale—a reprocessing plant in Cumberland. Later that year, the fifty kilograms of separated plutonium, in oxide form, was shipped by BOAC to Kennedy International Airport. A courier rode along. At Kennedy, the material was met by a man from Westinghouse and was loaded onto a truck (Forest Hills Transfer) that carried no other cargo. It was driven, on the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Turnpikes, to Cheswick, which

It's a humdinger.

A pin of precious stones and wings of gold. Without a doubt, this flight of fancy is the super stocking-stuffer of the season. How do we know? A little bird told us so. Remember, SBF is Santa's Best Friend! All of our 18-karat hummingbird pins have ruby eyes. With emeralds, $395 each; with diamonds, $445 each; with sapphires, $275 each; with rubies, $275 each. May we send you?

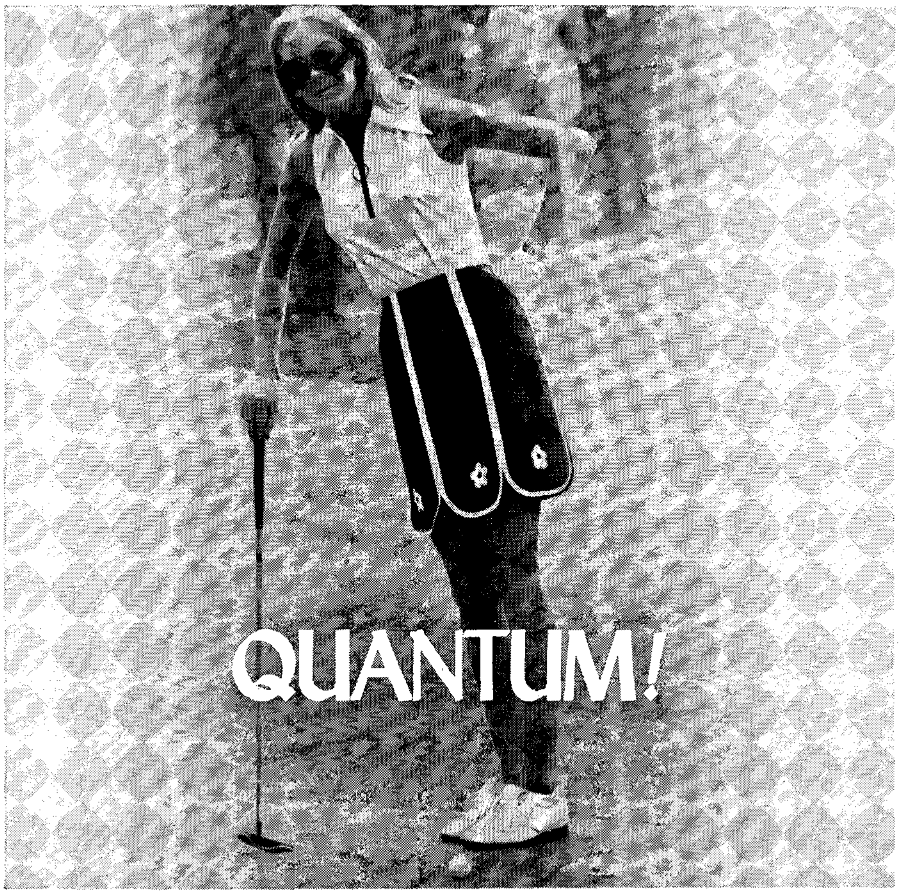
Add $1 shipping charge



Photographed actual size.

Stix, Baer & Fuller

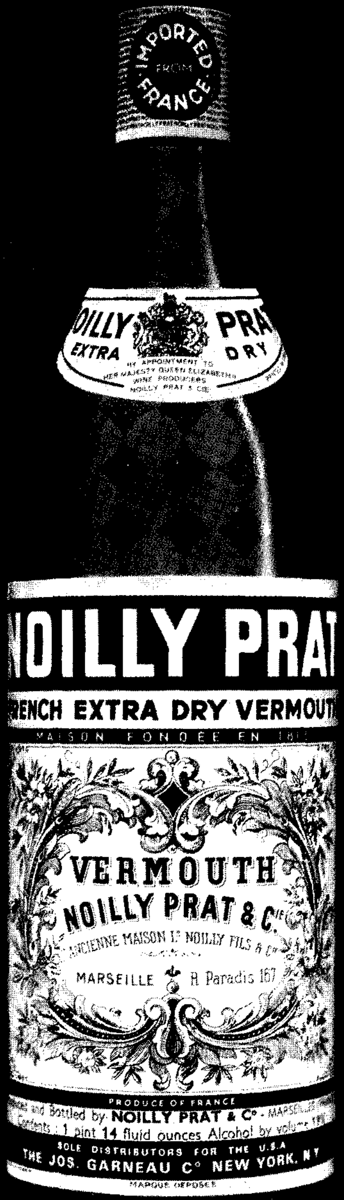
St. Louis — and now, Kansas City!



Border panelled culotte. 50% cotton, 50% polyester. Zip-front sleeveless shirt of 100% polyester knit. Sizes 6 to 18. Available wherever fine sports clothes are sold. Or write: Quantum! 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. (A Roxanne Product.)

©1973

34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.


IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
NOILLY PRAT
EXTRA DRY
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II WINE PRODUCERS NOILLY PRAT & CIE
NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
MAISON FONDEE EN 1813
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & CIE
ANCIENNE MAISON Ls NOILLY FILS & Cie
MARSEILLE
R Paradis 167
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Bottled by NOILLY PRAT & Cie MARSEILLE
Contents: 1 pint 14 fluid ounces Alcohol by volume 19%
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU Co NEW YORK, N.Y.
MARQUE DEPOSEE

"Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini. Without it you can make a side car, a gimlet, a white lady, or a gin and bitters, but you cannot make a dry martini."

"Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat

For the Noilly Prat Martini plus 15 other drink and gourmet recipes, write Noilly Prat, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

Does an Italian wine go with Noël, La Navidad, Hanukkah and Weihnachten?

Bolla does.

BOLLA
BOLLA GIFT SELECTION
SOAVE
BOLLA
BARDOLINO
BOLLA ROSÉ
VALPOLICELLA

It has a gift for celebration.

A handsome wooden-rack filled with 6 bottles of delightful Bolla wine imported from Italy.* About $20. Feel free to give the Bolla Gift Selection to anyone, any time. It will be the nicest compliment a holiday ever had. No matter what language you feast in.

Bolla
Gift Selection

*2 bottles each of Soave and Bardolino, 1 each Valpolicella and Rosé.

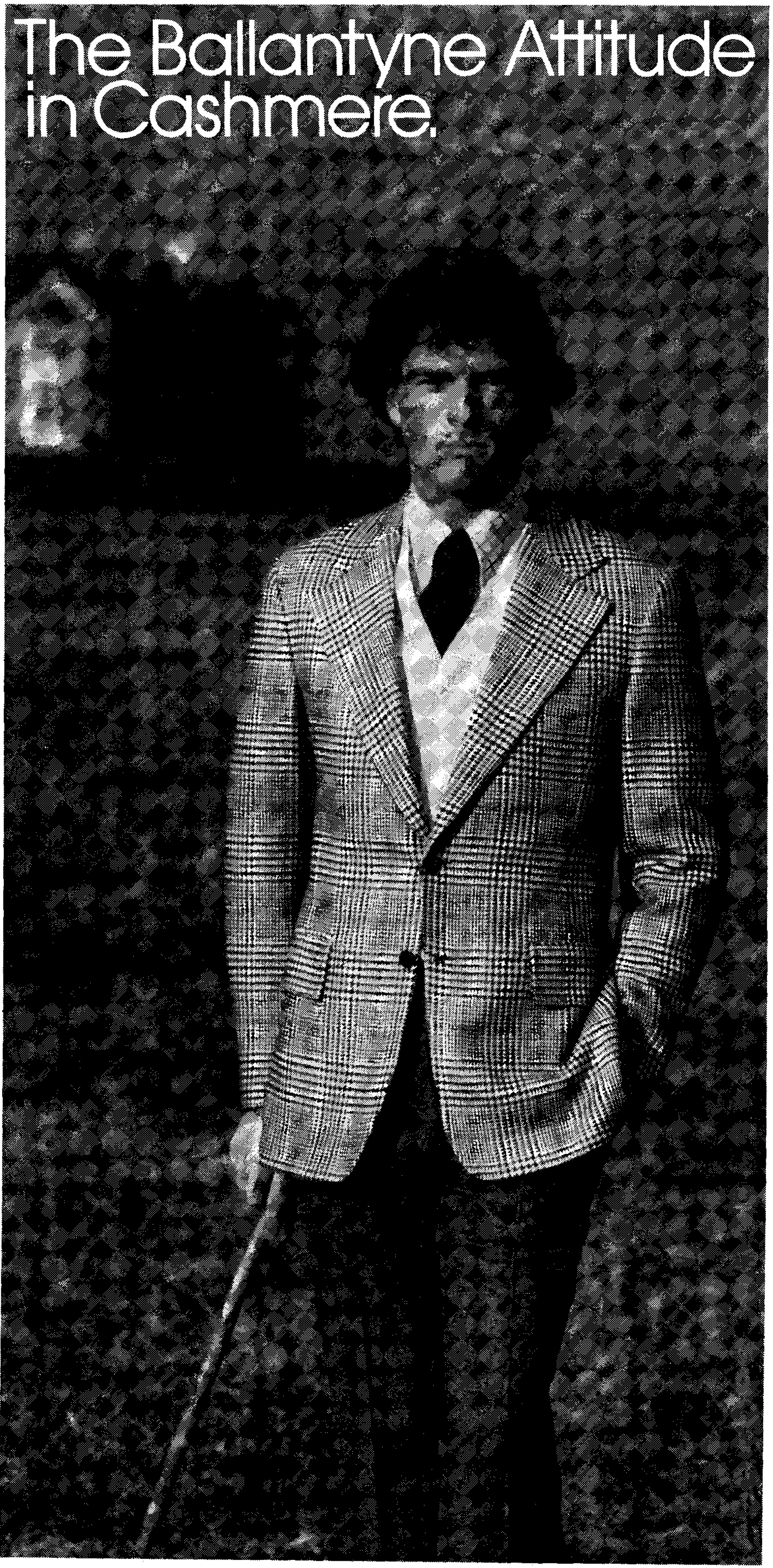
© 1972 Jos. Garneau Co. New York

is a few miles east of Pittsburgh. In Cheswick, the fifty kilograms of Japanese plutonium has been fashioned into pellets of mixed plutonium and uranium oxides, and placed inside seven hundred and fifty zirconium-alloy rods. After the rods have been fitted into assemblies at another plant, in Columbia, South Carolina, they will be shipped back to Japan. Plutonium recycle will then begin in the Mihama reactor. Fifty kilograms is almost ten times the amount that was used in the Nagasaki bomb.

West Valley, New York, is a small town in Appalachian-foothill terrain, about forty miles east of Lake Erie. A sign tells approaching drivers, "SEEK YE THE LORD WHILE HE MAY BE FOUND." A sign tells departing drivers, "BELIEVE IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." There is a blinking red overhead light, a chain-saw shop, a visiting bookmobile, and an old wooden hotel with rubber-booted clientele and both Schmidt's and Schlitz on tap. Also in West Valley, there is enough plutonium to arm a nation.

For many years, West Valley was the only place in the country where fuel from commercial reactors was reprocessed. The plant there, which belongs to Nuclear Fuel Services, is much like the one at Morris, Illinois, with its canyon, its load-out cells, its plutonium-storage room—eighteen by thirty-six feet, sixty-eight birdcages maximum, a door with padlock and chain. I went there with Ted Taylor one day. "We're sort of proud of our pickle works," the plant manager told us. "We're pioneers." He noticed that my hand was resting on the rim of an empty plutonium birdcage. "I wouldn't touch anything," he said. "A little of that goes a long way." His name was James Duckworth, and he was a chemical engineer who had worked for fourteen years at Hanford before coming to West Valley, in 1967. A thoughtful, practical, kindly person, he was worried about the international aspects of safeguarding so-called special nuclear materials (weapons-grade materials). He was worried about his sons at Syracuse and Cornell. He was worried about the great vortex of changes in the society. "We of the Establishment resist change," he said. "But we do the very things that advance it." Taylor asked him if he ever worried about the possibility that plutonium might be stolen from his plant.

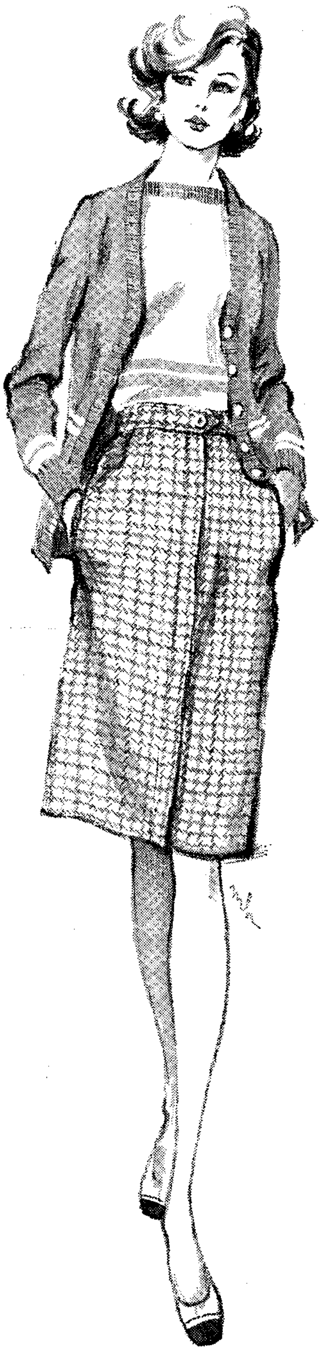
"No. Honest to Pete, no," he said. "I have so God-damned many real problems. I haven't time to imagine


The Ballantyne Attitude in Cashmere.

Knowledgeable men speak of Scottish cashmere in hushed tones. From the Ballantyne of Peebles collection, PBM imports this supreme cashmere in plaids, checks, solids. And tailors it in a manner befitting its high status. Only at very good stores, of course.

PBM

Pincus Brothers-Maxwell, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York; Independence Mall East, Philadelphia, Pa.



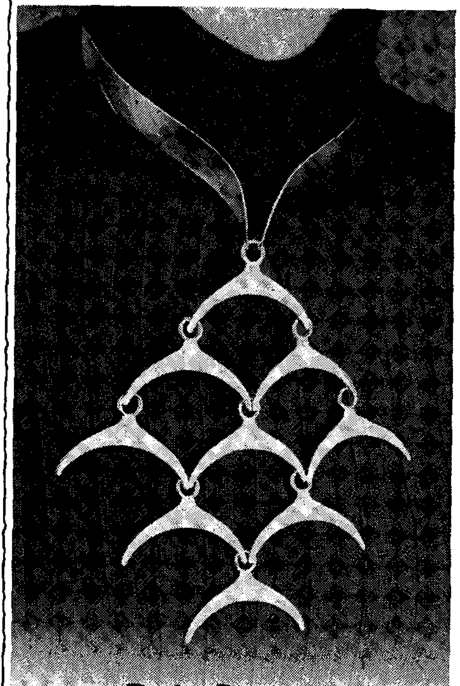
Dalton

Powder blue and white in cruise-season cashmere sweaters, sizes 34 to 40, to team with a matching wool flannel skirt.
Sleeveless shell, about $38
V'd cardigan, about $58
Skirt, sizes 6 to 18, about $48
Featured at:
Montaldo's
Jacobson's, Michigan
Marshall Field & Co.
and other fine stores everywhere.
Prices slightly higher in the West.

them." He agreed that a pickup truck containing two people and two guns would constitute a force sufficient to remove from the plant as much plutonium as the truck could carry—that is, about nine birdcages, or twenty-two and a half kilograms.

In 1967, in a Nick Carter paperback called "The Weapon of Night," nine Chinese went to Duckworth's plant and stole some plutonium. Their adventure ended in failure underneath Niagara Falls. Those Chinese went to the right place at the wrong time. They should have waited a few years. In 1967, when the government was buying plutonium from the private companies, plutonium nitrate was regularly shipped across the United States from West Valley to the A.E.C.'s storage tanks at Hanford. After 1970, when "plutonium buyback" came to an end, various utilities, like Consolidated Edison and Pacific Gas & Electric, began wondering where they could stockpile their plutonium. They turned for help to the New York State Atomic and Space Development Authority, which owns the land on which the West Valley reprocessing plant was built. The Authority built a warehouse. It stands alone in a clearing in woodland, something over a mile cross-country from the reprocessing plant. No other buildings are close to the warehouse, or even visible from it. A broad, paved drive called Buttermilk Road—followed by an overhead power line—runs a half mile in from New York 240, a blacktopped country road. The warehouse is one of a kind. In purpose, there is nothing like it anywhere. Known as the ASDA Plutonium Storage Facility, it is made of steel panels painted pastel green. One man works there eight hours a day five days a week; otherwise no one is there. Its dimensions are eighty by a hundred and sixty-three feet. It has one window and three doors. It is surrounded by a seven-foot chain-link fence strung along the top with barbed wire. Its other protective devices, which are extensive, are not apparent to the outside observer. Its design capacity is two thousand kilograms of plutonium.

The nearest neighbor of the ASDA storage facility is an old general store on New York 240, with a row of decaying tourist cabins in back, a couple of gasoline pumps in front, and an outdoor clock whose hands don't move. I went into the store, bought a Hershey bar, and asked the storekeeper what that green steel building was on Buttermilk Road. He was a white-haired man wearing rubber boots and a red



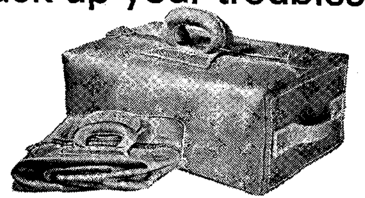
Puig Doria's "Geese in Flight"

Puig Doria, a brilliant designer from Barcelona has received international acclaim for fine design and superior craftsmanship. Sterling silver. $99.50.

OCINO
Dept. 720
66 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038
(212) 269-3636

Corporate Accounts Invited—All Charge Cards Please include $1.50 for mail or phone orders. Add N. Y. sales tax where applicable. Free catalog available.

Pack up your troubles...



...in our kit bag, made from soft, luxurious full grain cowhide with nylon cord stitching. Let your imagination run wild and you still won't run out of uses for this top-quality folding bag. Sports, travel or that spur-of-the-moment weekend, you'll be impressed by its heavy-duty zipper, doubled edges and cushioned handle. Order now for Christmas delivery. All orders shipped upon receipt. Kit bag 17"x10"x6½" folds to 12"x10"x2½". Color, rich tan.
PRICE $26.50 postpaid.

VanNesA
Gallery Mall Charlottesville, Va. 22901

I am enclosing $______
for______Kit Bag(s) at $26.50 each.
Name______
Address______
City______State____ZIP____
Please charge to my:
☐Master Charge® Card ☐BankAmericard®
*Account number*______

A great offer from Friedlander's.

The more beautiful sterling is even more beautiful this month.

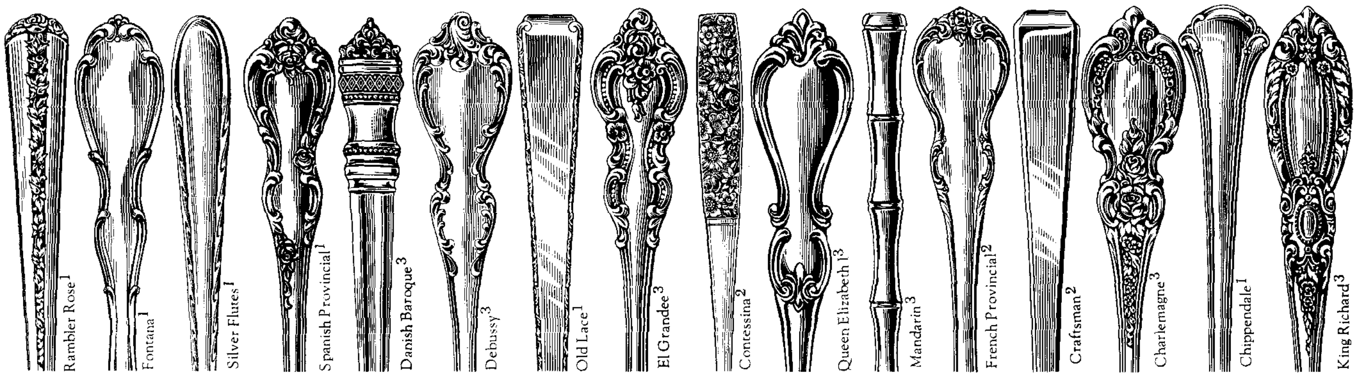
Towle is the sterling that can make life more beautiful. And Friedlander's does the same thing for the price.

For one month only, Friedlander's is very pleased to offer Towle's 23 favorite patterns at a very pleasing 25% off.

That's 25% off on full sets, individual pieces or serving pieces in every pattern shown (for patterns not shown, please write us for special prices).

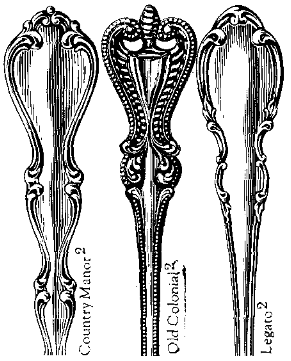
You can even take up to twenty-four months to pay, by paying only 10% down and making twenty-four equal monthly payments (with a $5 per month minimum). No finance charges.

It's a wonderful way to begin or complete your Towle service, or to give to someone near and dear to you for the Holidays.


Rambler Rose[1]
Fontana[1]
Silver Flutes[1]
Spanish Provincial[1]
Danish Baroque[3]
Debussy[3]
Old Lace[1]
El Grandee[3]
Contessina[2]
Queen Elizabeth I[3]
Mandarin[3]
French Provincial[2]
Craftsman[2]
Charlemagne[3]
Chippendale[1]
King Richard[3]

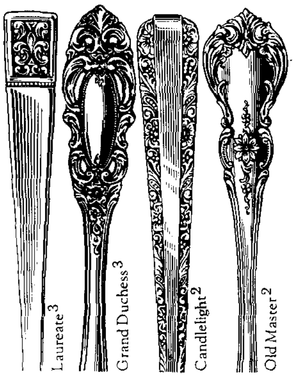
ITEM	GROUP I		GROUP II		GROUP III	
	REG.	SALE	REG.	SALE	REG.	SALE
*Teaspoon	11.00	8.25	13.00	9.75	15.00	11.25
*Place Knife	17.00	12.75	19.00	14.25	21.00	15.75
*Place Fork	18.00	13.50	20.00	15.00	22.00	16.50
*Salad Fork	15.00	11.25	17.00	12.75	19.00	14.25
Place Spoon	15.00	11.25	18.00	13.50	20.00	15.00
Spreaders	11.00	8.25	13.00	9.75	15.00	11.25
Cocktail Fork	11.00	8.25	12.00	9.00	13.00	9.75
Demitasse Spoon	8.00	6.00	9.00	6.75	10.00	7.50
Iced Teaspoon	14.00	10.50	16.00	12.00	18.00	13.50

*4-Pc. Place Setting


Country Manor[2]
Old Colonial[2]
Legato[2]

SERVING PIECES

ITEM	GROUP I		GROUP II		GROUP III	
	REG.	SALE	REG.	SALE	REG.	SALE
Butter Serving Knife (H.H.)	16.00	12.00	18.00	13.50	20.00	15.00
Cold Meat or Buffet Fork	32.00	24.00	35.00	26.25	38.00	28.50
Gravy Ladle	32.00	24.00	35.00	26.25	38.00	28.50
Pie or Cake Serving Knife	22.50	16.88	25.00	18.75	27.50	20.63
Sugar Spoon	16.00	12.00	18.00	13.50	20.00	15.00
Tablespoon	30.00	22.50	33.00	24.75	36.00	27.00
Tablespoon, Pierced	30.00	22.50	33.00	24.75	36.00	27.00


Laureate[3]
Grand Duchess[3]
Candlelight[2]
Old Master[2]

Friedlander & Sons, Inc.
501 Pike Street, Seattle, Washington 98101
Please ship me the following Towle sterling using the payment plan indicated.

Pattern Name ____________________

No. of Pieces	Name of Piece	Unit Price	Total Price
________ of	________	@$ ________	each $ ________
________ of	________	@$ ________	each $ ________
________ of	________	@$ ________	each $ ________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

☐ Cash – Check enclosed for full amount
Add applicable sales tax where required
☐ Master Charge No. ________ Exp. date ________
☐ BankAmericard No. ________ Exp. date ________

Fill in following information only if you are enclosing 10% down payment:

Credit References ____________________

____

This offer expires January 1, 1974.

Friedlander and Sons

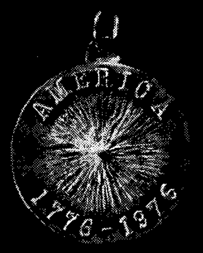
FIFTH AVENUE • SEATTLE • MA 2-7670
Northgate • Southcenter • Tacoma Mall • Everett • Bremerton • Bellevue Square

THE FIRST AMERICAN GOLDSMITH

to be honored by a one-man show at world famous Goldsmith's Hall in London by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

In a process both primitive and beautiful, molten 18 karat gold is handstruck in the steel die which holds the original image carved by the goldsmith Henry Shawah. And because the process is controlled by the artist from begining to end the finished work maintains a vitality often found in the reliefs of early Greek and Roman coins.

Shown actual size



Designed to be worn as a pendant, fob or amulet, the individually signed and numbered pieces are limited to an edition of 500.

In 18 karat gold $375.00
Mass. Residents please add 3% tax.

HENRY SHAWAH

14-B ELIOT STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 02138

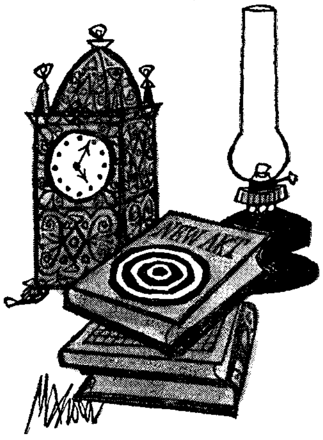
checked shirt. "That? That's where they keep the potent stuff," he said.

In a chair opposite the candy counter sat another white-haired man wearing rubber boots and a red checked shirt. He said, "Yes, sir. That's where they keep the potent stuff."

A sign on the wall said, "Cows may come and cows may go, but the bull in this place goes on forever."

THE United States Navy, in 1945, did not choose to exploit Ensign Taylor as a physicist. His request for a billet in atomic research was overlooked. Instead, he was sent out to the Pacific on an attack-transport to collect and bring home personnel from outposts of the war. One such place was Eniwetok Atoll, in Micronesia. When the ship was loaded and was steaming away, he stood by the rail, looked back at the receding islands, and thought, I don't know where my life will ever take me, but one thing certain is that I will never see this place again.

The Navy let him out in the summer of 1946, and he enrolled in graduate school at the University of California at Berkeley. To him, the academic world seemed almost purposefully designed to make subjects uninteresting. At least, this had been true at Cal Tech, where the art of teaching had seemed to consist entirely in pointing out errors, and now, at Berkeley, with only an exception or two, nothing much happened to change Ted's basic view. Most courses were lecture courses. Most lecturers were functional gargoyles pouring forth unrelated facts. Ted chose not to listen. He did study. He studied hard, following his own interests without much regard for the broad and general picture. He was bored by some quite basic subjects. "Thermodynamics was dull. Sometimes I think I am incapable of understanding something I am not interested in. I studied it but did not learn. A lot of physics was a mystery to me, and still is."

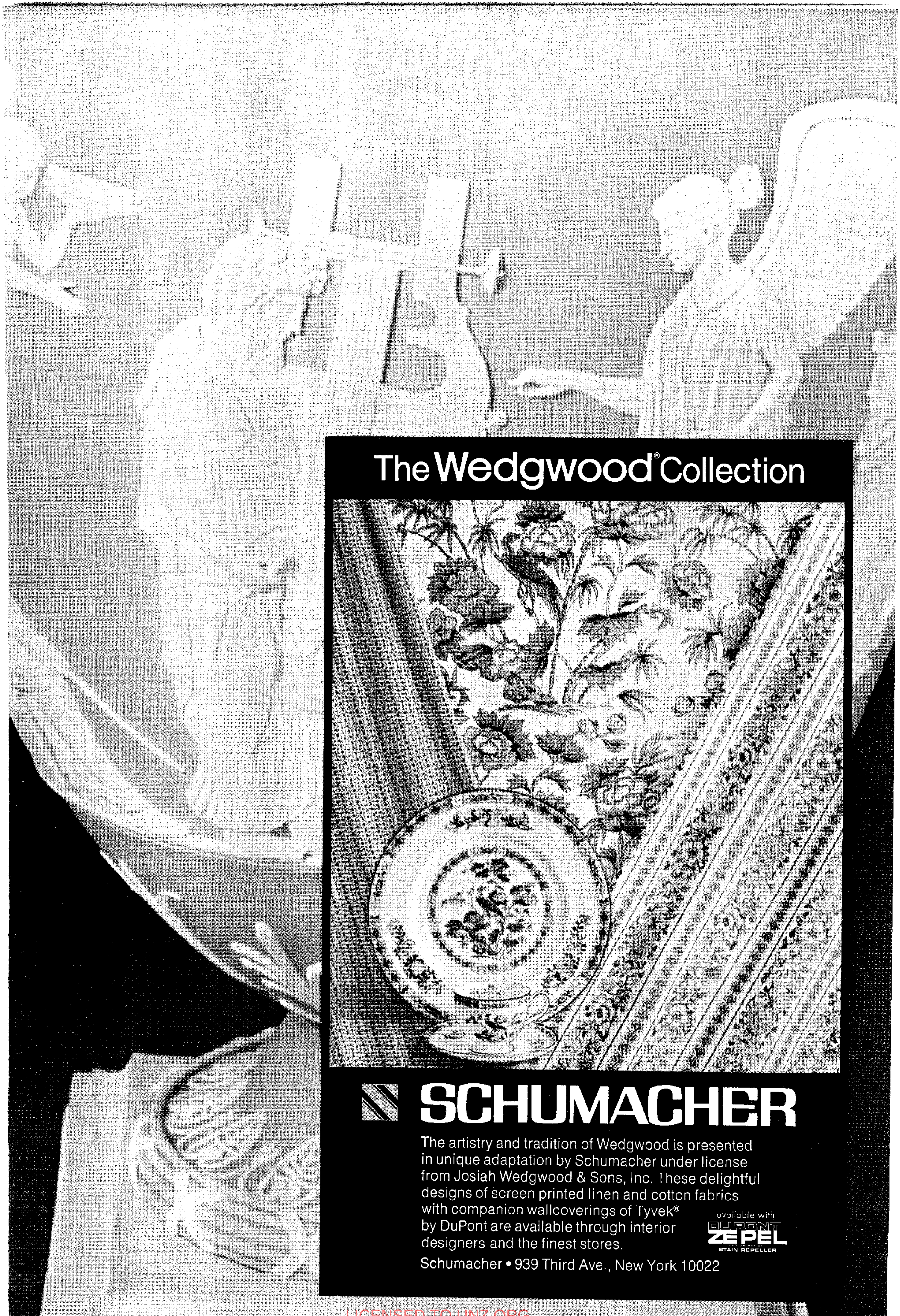


He went down to Claremont whenever he could, to Scripps College, to see a girl he knew. Her name was Caro Arnim, and she was majoring in Greek. She was writing her thesis on the "Electra"s of Sophocles and Euripides. She was athletic, dark-haired, blue-eyed. She wore glasses. If anything, she was even more shy than he was. She spoke in a voice so soft that it could almost disguise the acuity of what she had to say. She would someday be a librarian. They got along by whistling to each other. They whistled the themes of classical music. See if you know what this is. A kind of test. "Ted was really good at that sort of thing. I was surprised. We whistled themes from Beethoven symphonies, from Handel, from Bach. We tried to remember them. For people who are shy, that's not a bad way to start, if you have trouble talking."

She found him attractive—tall, gangling, with a broad forehead, a somewhat pointed chin, and great thoughtful brown eyes, which often seemed to be focussed on something no one else could see. "When we got married, he was going to be a college professor in a sleepy town. In those days, both of us were unsure. We were about the shiest people you ever met in the world. How we had the courage to talk to each other seemed a wonder sometimes. A sleepy college town was about our speed." They went to the beach, sat on a sand dune, and talked immortality. Within his enthusiasms, he could persuade her of almost anything, but with immortality she was somewhat bored. Ted took some getting used to. In their apartment in Berkeley, he would sit and look straight at a wall for vast tracts of time. She feared that there was something wrong, and that she might be at fault; but he was simply thinking. Sometimes, she tried whistling. "Do you know what that is?"

"Oh . . . That? 'Variations on a Theme of Frederick the Great.' "

(The Taylors now live part of the year in a house on top of a mountain in western New York. The record collection there contains a great deal of Bach, and one day last winter Ted was listening to "Variations on a Theme of Frederick the Great" while attempting to prepare himself a cup of instant coffee. A kettle was beginning to steam. He put some powdered coffee in a cup. He looked out a window into slowly falling snow. "Such a simple theme," he said. "The variations must have been the product of a very clear thinker, because the patterns are such a systematic exploration of a lot of different possibilities. Up pyramids. Down pyramids. There's a periodicity to it. Structural patterns like those are the



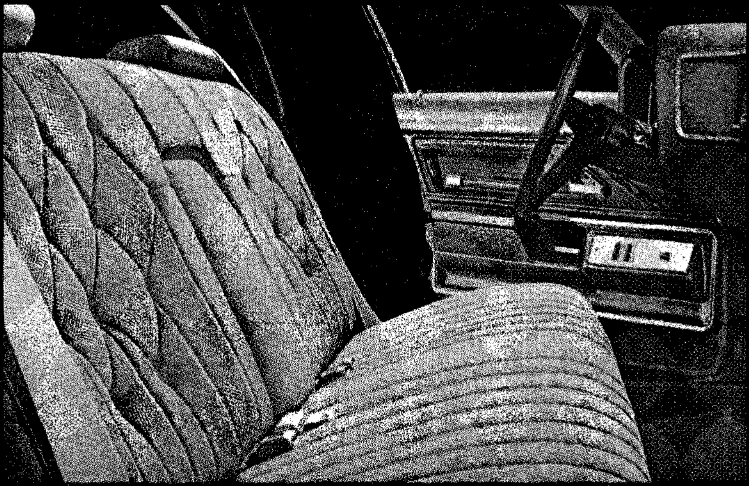
The Wedgwood® Collection

SCHUMACHER

The artistry and tradition of Wedgwood is presented in unique adaptation by Schumacher under license from Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Inc. These delightful designs of screen printed linen and cotton fabrics with companion wallcoverings of Tyvek® by DuPont are available through interior designers and the finest stores.

available with DUPONT ZEPEL STAIN REPELLER

Schumacher • 939 Third Ave., New York 10022



In front of Grand Safari's cavernous cargo area is a Pontiac luxury car. With our finest cloth or all-Morrokide interior.

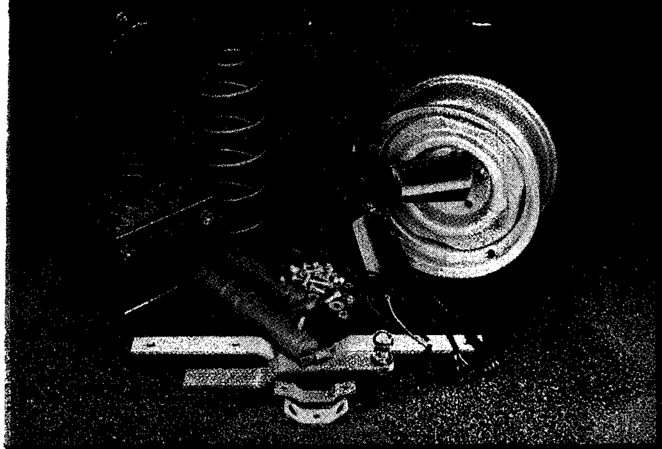
RTS **Radial Tuned Suspension**

The best way to top a Wide-Track wagon handling is to order a Wide-Track wagon with our Radial Tuned Suspension.

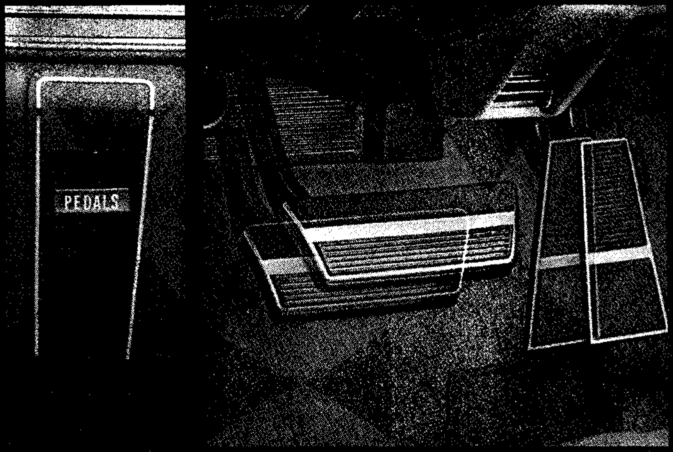
With RTS, you get the performance and durability of steel-belted radial tires. Computer-selected springs. Special shock Jounce restrictors. And front stabilizer ba You'll also get a smooth ride and outstand cornering.

So whether you're handling a cord of wo or a chunk of winding road, RTS can help you handle it better.

1974 Pontiac Grand Safari. When it comes to handling



Planning to haul a trailer with your new wagon? Order Pontiac trailer towing gear straight from the actory. Built-ins now cost less than bolt-ons later.



Legs come in different lengths. So now you can order pedals that adjust. One control moves pedals toward or away from you. A Pontiac comfort exclusive!

The Wide-Track people have a way with cars.

PONTIAC GM

Pontiac Motor Division

o it's a wagon. When it comes to handling it's a Pontiac.

Award your dinner guests with the world's most awarded after-dinner drink.

BULGARIA, 1891
VENEZUELA, 1910
PARIS, 1900
VIENNA, 1897
BREMEN, 1895
PERSIA, 1895
METAXA
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING PAUL I OF THE HELLENES
METAXA
A GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF GREECE
QUART
92° PROOF
PLACE CARAY
AU PIREE
DISTILLED SPIRITS IN THIS PRODUCT ARE GRAPE
BOTTLED BY S. & E. & A. METAXA PIRAEUS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

We Greeks happen to believe in awards.

After all, we started the Olympics. And we're proud to say that virtually all of the world's great brandies and cognacs have tasted defeat at the hands of Metaxa. Because at Fair after Fair in the major cities of the world (at a time when Fairs were renowned for their splendor), Metaxa defeated one after-dinner drink after the other.

And we have the medals to prove it.

In fact, when you get down to it, Metaxa may be the only thing the Germans, Chinese, Belgians, Swiss, French and Dutch are able to agree on.

Once you and your guests taste Metaxa, we think you'll agree, too.

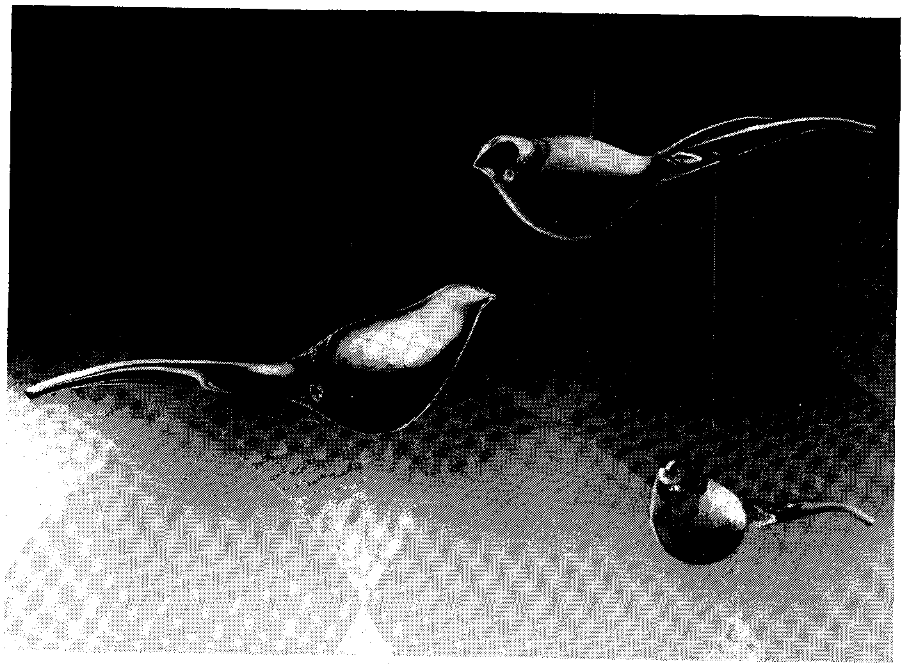
Metaxa. For about ten dollars, you deserve the taste of victory.

Metaxa

The Greek Classic

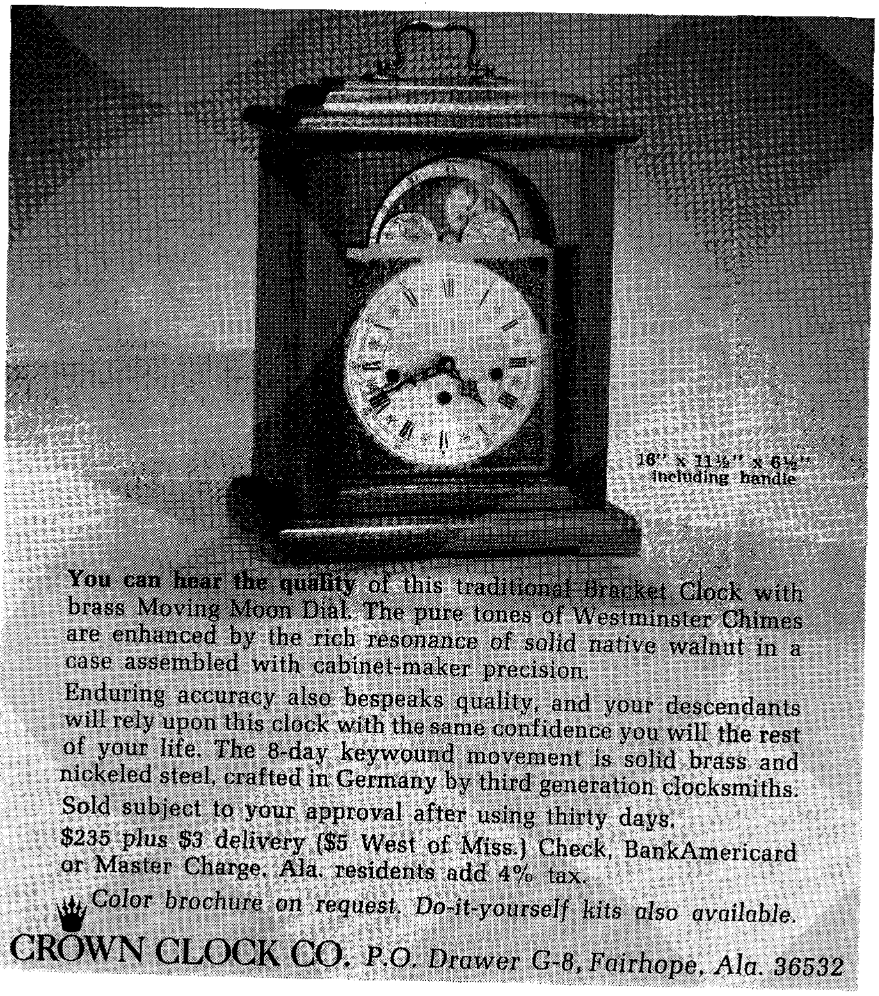
kinds of things that appeal to a theoretical physicist—the combination of predictability and surprises. The measure of greatness of a composer is his ability to combine these. The way I like to think about physics is that there is an exact analogue to the composer, the creator—the knack that Bach had for putting the world together in a way that is somewhat predictable but also full of surprises. One of the reasons that Bach's music is so satisfying in this respect is that he was a very religious man, and I suspect that he was getting some instructions in how to do this by simply listening to his Maker." Steam was pouring from the spout of the kettle, but Ted had become so absorbed in what he was saying that he reached over and made his coffee with warm water from the kitchen tap.)

One of the people who taught him physics at Berkeley was J. Robert Oppenheimer. Ted found him "a good teacher for bright students." Since Ted was not a bright student, he did not experience Oppenheimer's talent. With several other students, he once went to Oppenheimer with a written proposal for a general strike of all physicists in the United States. Oppenheimer said, "Take this paper. Burn it. Never recall it. Anyone who knew of this would label you a Communist and you would have no end of trouble the rest of your life." Ted worked part time at Berkeley's Radiation Laboratory, mainly on the cyclotron, also on a beta-ray spectrograph, for which, with other students, he designed some novel features. Noticing this effort, Ernest O. Lawrence, the laboratory director, decided that grad students should not be doing such work. The physicist Luis Alvarez said to Lawrence, "These young men are going to go very far." Not on this project, they aren't, said Lawrence, in effect, and a senior man finished what the students had begun. It had been quite a battle—Lawrence versus his subordinate colleagues. Ted, just a student, was bitter. He thought, If that is what experimental physics is, to hell with it. So he went into theoretical physics, and found it to be much more his natural milieu. He worked under Robert Serber, who had been an instrumental figure in the Manhattan Project, had helped construct the mathematical framework of the first bombs, and had written a compendium of the physics of atomic bombs—a work that was called "The Los Alamos Primer." Ted took Serber's course in neutron-diffusion theory, and he planned a doctoral thesis predicting the characteristics



FLYING BIRDS
Solid crystal • Suspended by transparent threads • Length 6½ inches • $75.00 each
For Christmas Book illustrated with thirty-eight color plates, send $3.00

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441
CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, NEW YORK 14830 • (607) 962-1060



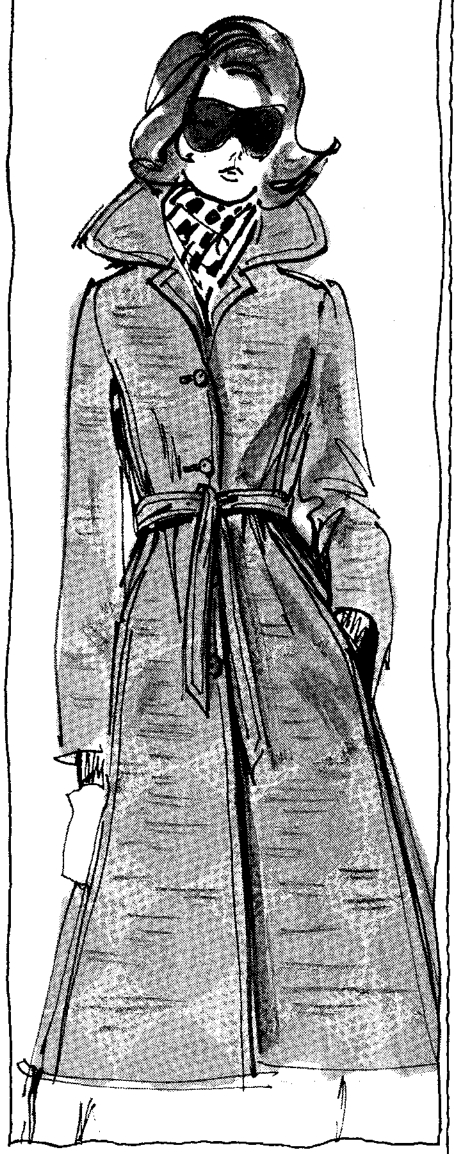
You can hear the quality of this traditional Bracket Clock with brass Moving Moon Dial. The pure tones of Westminster Chimes are enhanced by the rich resonance of solid native walnut in a case assembled with cabinet-maker precision.
Enduring accuracy also bespeaks quality, and your descendants will rely upon this clock with the same confidence you will the rest of your life. The 8-day keywound movement is solid brass and nickeled steel, crafted in Germany by third generation clocksmiths.
Sold subject to your approval after using thirty days.
$235 plus $3 delivery ($5 West of Miss.) Check, BankAmericard or Master Charge. Ala. residents add 4% tax.
Color brochure on request. Do-it-yourself kits also available.
CROWN CLOCK CO. *P.O. Drawer G-8, Fairhope, Ala. 36532*

of the scattering and absorption of neutrons by nuclei. Oral preliminary examinations came along. He took one on mechanics and heat. The examiners—three senior professors—watched while he tried to derive on a blackboard a formula having to do with the Second Law of Thermodynamics. He became confused and rattled. He simply did not know enough to do what he was being asked to do. He flunked. He took a second prelim, this one in modern physics, and he failed again. Low on self-discipline, high on enthusiasm, he had followed his interests ("I liked to do what I liked to do"), and had not spread himself sufficiently over the fields he was supposed to know. Moreover, he was nervous. He was numbed by the examination procedure, had always been afraid of exams. "We cannot in good conscience pass you," he was told. "We realize this is the second time. You can't remain here at Berkeley as a graduate student."

Serber, though, thought of his student as a person of special and unusual ability; he pondered the loss of him to the world of physics, and he hoped that would not happen. There was no university worth the name that would welcome Ted at this particular moment in his academic performance. Where could he go? He was not a scholar, not a profound and thorough analyst. It did not take much perception to see that. He was more a conceiver of things. Serber picked up a telephone and called J. Carson Mark, director of the Theoretical Division at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. Serber told Ted what nice country there was around Los Alamos—perfect for hikes; he would like it there. Mark had agreed to give Ted a try in New Mexico. Ted was grateful. His confidence was way down—as low, probably, as it would ever be in his lifetime. As he and Caro packed and left Berkeley, he did not even have a clear idea what he would be doing at Los Alamos. His work, as he understood it, was to be "in neutron-diffusion theory." Twenty-four years old—it was November, 1949—he was a little taken aback when, soon after he was shown to his desk at Los Alamos, he was handed drawings of uranium and plutonium bombs.

"THE LOS ALAMOS PRIMER," which contains the mathematical fundamentals of fission bombs, was declassified in 1964 and is now available from the Atomic Energy Commission for two dollars and six cents a copy. For four dollars, a book titled "Manhattan District History, Project Y, the

Everyone talks about the weatherbee®



Travel to Florida, to the Islands, around the world, with this handsome Weatherbee! Perfect for daytime, glamorous for evenings. Silkier than silk shantung of **QIANA*** nylon. Wear it belted or not. ZePel* finish. Glowing colors. Sizes 6 to 20. $80†.

At these and other fine stores:
Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Lazarus, Columbus; Hudson's, Detroit; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Lipman Wolfe & Co., Portland; Miller & Rhodes, Richmond; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Montaldo's, All Stores.

Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018
* DuPont Reg. T.M. † Higher Far West

The Innocent Island

Somewhere in the Atlantic, not very far from Nassau and Freeport, there's an island where wild horses still run free. ✖ An island with absolutely great people on it. And one of Dick Wilson's great golf courses, with hardly any people on it. ✖ An island where the beach is so long it disappears out of sight. Into a forest so cool and quiet and haunting you can't shake it out of your mind. ✖ An island with maybe the most delightful hotel in the Bahamas. And maybe the most delightful guests in the world. ✖ You really should read our brochure.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas
Abaco, Bahamas
See your travel agent, or mail the coupon.

Treasure Cay Beach NY
Hotel & Villas
P.O. Box 3941, Main Office,
Miami, Florida 33101.

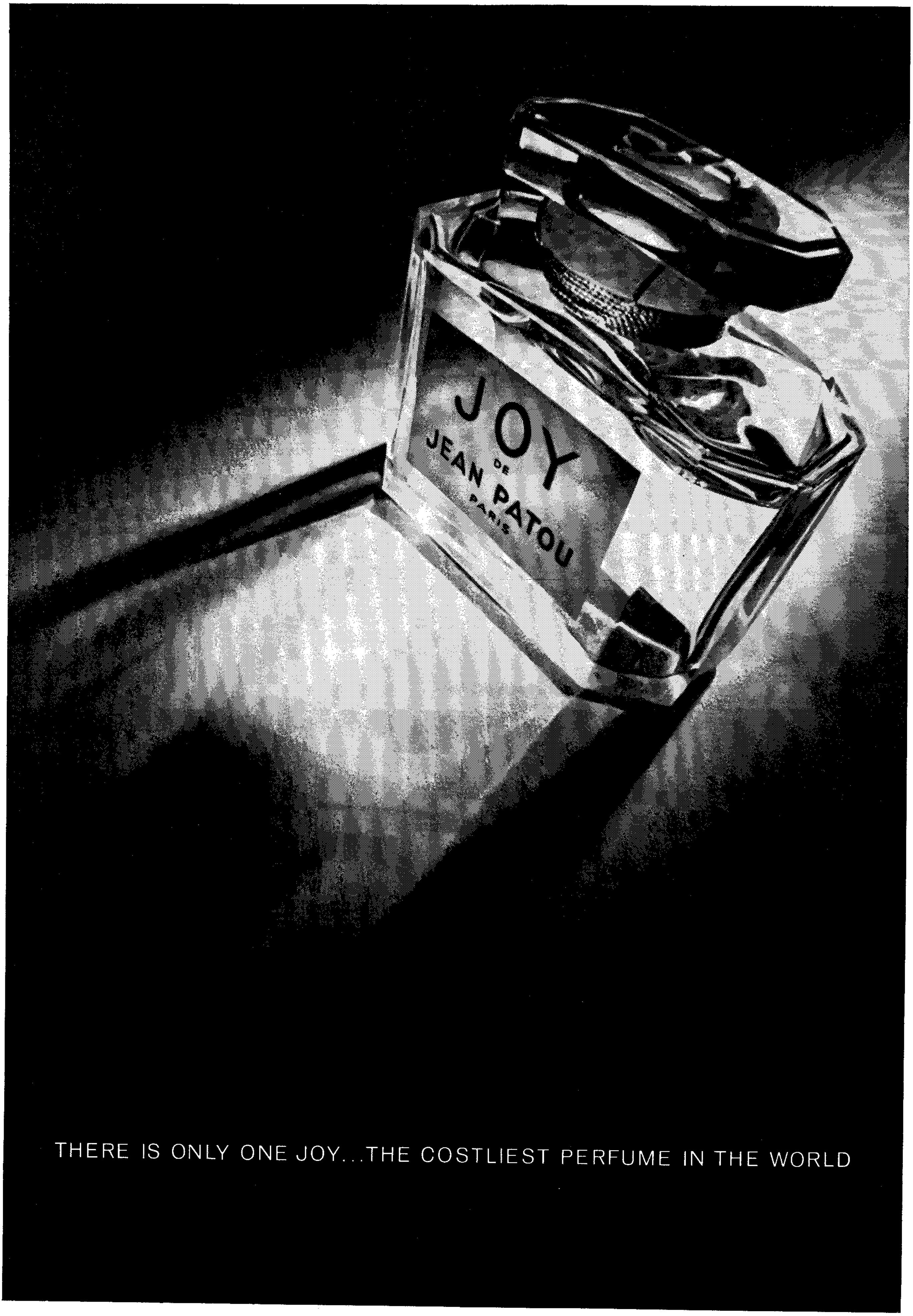
Gentlemen: Please send your brochure.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State______ Zip______

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel is represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

The Songbird Handbag
Lightweight, spacious . . . a credit to your every outfit, the perfect shopping companion. Bird & Vine cotton print is exquisitely done in rich colors. 13" x 9" x 5" bag has stiff sides & bottom, turnclasp close, taffeta lining. (Made exclusively for Johnny Appleseed's by Margaret Smith.)
$6.00 ppd.

Free catalog on request.
Johnny Appleseed's
65 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!


JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

GIMBELS

MORE THAN A RAINCOAT:
THE LONDON FOG® MAINCOAT®

A greatcoat of distinction to wear everywhere, whatever the weather. Meticulously tailored in water-repellent, shape-retaining 100% textured Dacron® polyester with a wool and nylon zip-out lining. British tan or navy. Regular, Short and Long, $100

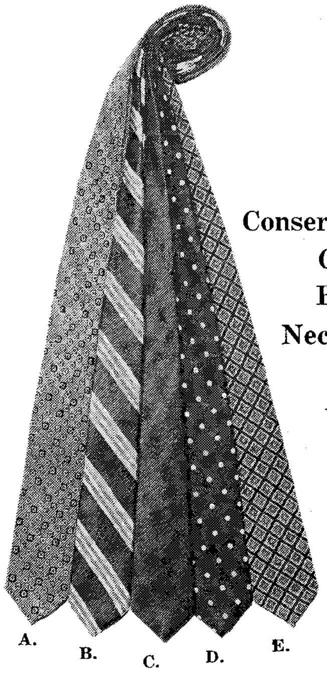
Londontown Manufacturing Co.
Baltimore, Maryland

Men's Raincoats, Second Floor.
Gimbels Broadway at 33rd Street
Gimbels East at 86th Street
all suburban stores

Los Alamos Project" can be bought from the Office of Technical Services of the United States Department of Commerce. Written in 1946 and 1947, this was the supersecret technical description of the problems that came up during the building of the first atomic bombs. The book was declassified in 1961. On its inside front cover is a legal notice that says, in part, "Neither the United States, nor the Commission, nor any person acting on behalf of the Commission . . . assumes any liabilities with respect to the use of, or for damages resulting from the use of, any information, apparatus, method, or process disclosed in this report." Long and various is the bibliography of works in public print that contain information that was once of the highest order of secrecy. The release of documents containing detailed information on the sizes, shapes, design, and construction of nuclear explosives—and on such topics as plutonium metallurgy and the chemistry of initiators—seemed to follow, over the years, a pattern of awareness of Russian knowledge. When it became clear that the Russians knew about something or other, what then was the point of keeping it secret?

The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 included almost no role for private persons. In 1953, President Eisenhower introduced his program called Atoms for Peace, its idea being to share the atom with all the world for the benefit of mankind, for the development of emerging nations, for the making of what was described as "meterless power." Much debate followed. Critics of the program called it Kilowatts for Hottentots and pointed out that a reactor exported to the African bush would not be particularly useful there unless a staggering amount of additional capital was exported with it. Others suggested that the United States, as the nation that had opened the nuclear era with more than a hundred thousand deaths from nuclear bombs, was now attempting to sublimate its guilt with a program that was styled to do good but could in the end bring evil, for every new reactor would be making plutonium, and plutonium atoms multiplying everywhere were hardly a guarantee of peace. After the debate, the Atomic Energy Act was amended, in 1954, and the way was now open not only to reactors in Bechuanaland but, on a much larger scale, to reactors in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, California. As it happened, though, the electric companies were quite reluctant to go nuclear. Arithmetic revealed that

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946



Conservative
Classic
British
Neckwear
2½"
Width
8.50

Our classic conservative 2½" width neckwear is preferred by many men. The handsome silk foulards, woollen challis and classic Repp stripes and solids are hand-block printed or woven in England especially for us. The narrower width is ideal for wear with our traditional button-down and shorter plain collar shirts.

A. English Silk Foulards in neat traditional *patterns*: Blue & Brown on Corn ground, Gold & Blue on Brown, Gold & Blue on Maroon, Red & Blue on Navy, Gold & Blue on Navy.

B. English Silk Repp Stripes: Navy & Red, Maroon & Navy, Brown & Bronze, Bottle Green & Gold.

C. English Silk Repp Solid colors in Navy, Maroon, Brown, Bottle Green, Beige, Blue.

D. English Silk Foulard polka dots: White on Navy, White on Maroon, White on Brown, White on Green.

E. English Woollen Challis in Navy on Corn ground, Red on Green, Blue on Brown, Blue *on* Red, Red *on* Navy.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mail Orders to: 2½" Width Ties
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Qty.	Colors	M.O. or Check ☐
Ties A. B.			Cable Car Charge ☐
C. D. E.			Sorry, no COD's

☐ Please send Catalogue (415) 397-4740

Name..........

Address..........

.... Zip..........

Add 1.75 Ship & Hdlg • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M12-3

Qualité Belgique...
C'est Magnifique.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S CASUALS and LADIES SHOES

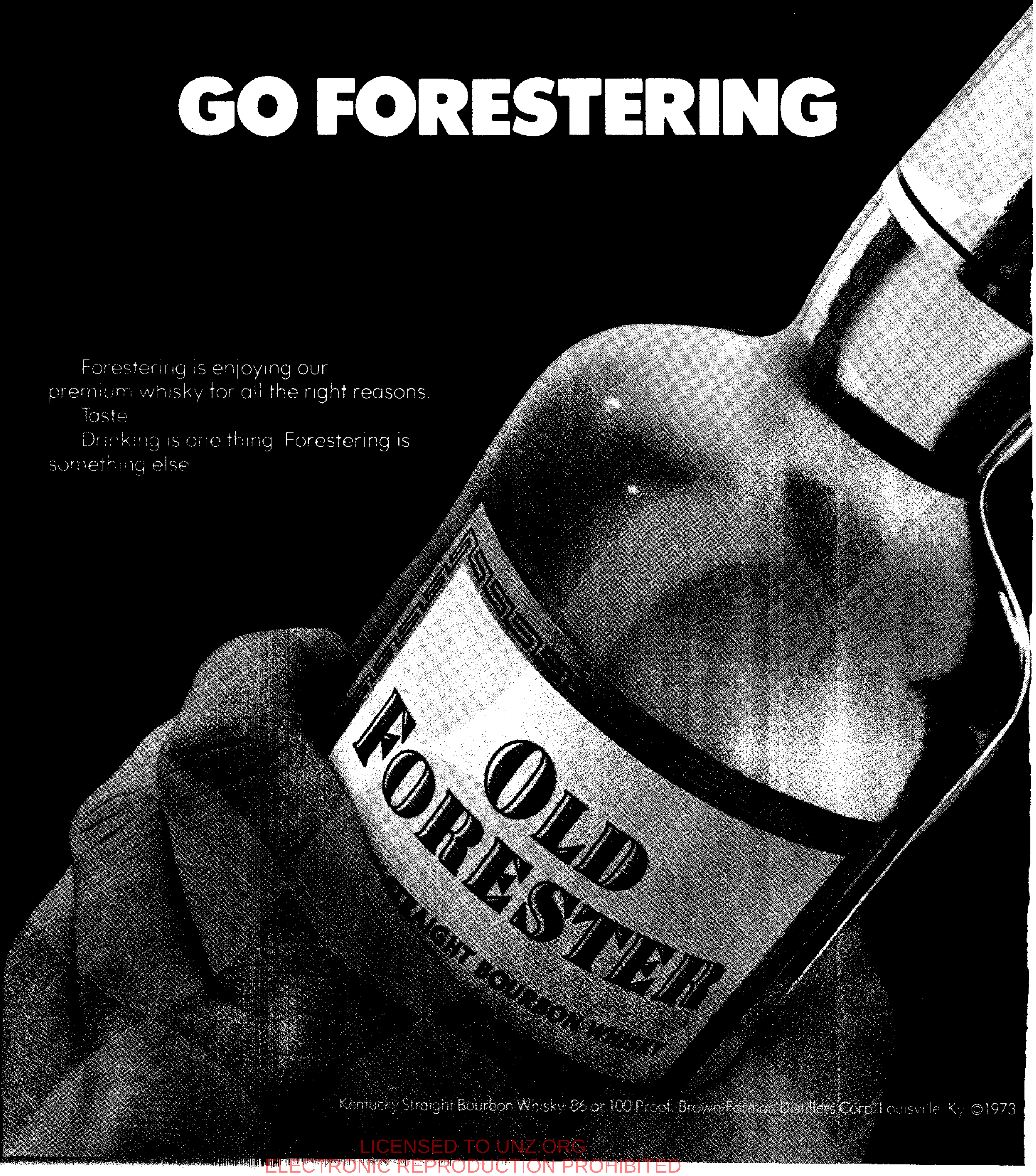
Color brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PL 5-7372
in San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

WHEN YOUR OLD GRAND-DAD IS READY FOR RETIREMENT

GO FORESTERING


OLD
FORESTER
RAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Forestering is enjoying our premium whisky for all the right reasons.

Taste.

Drinking is one thing. Forestering is something else.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Ky. ©1973.

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France.

This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco.

There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned".

So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France.

As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.

Cruse
Chateau
La Dame Blanche

Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

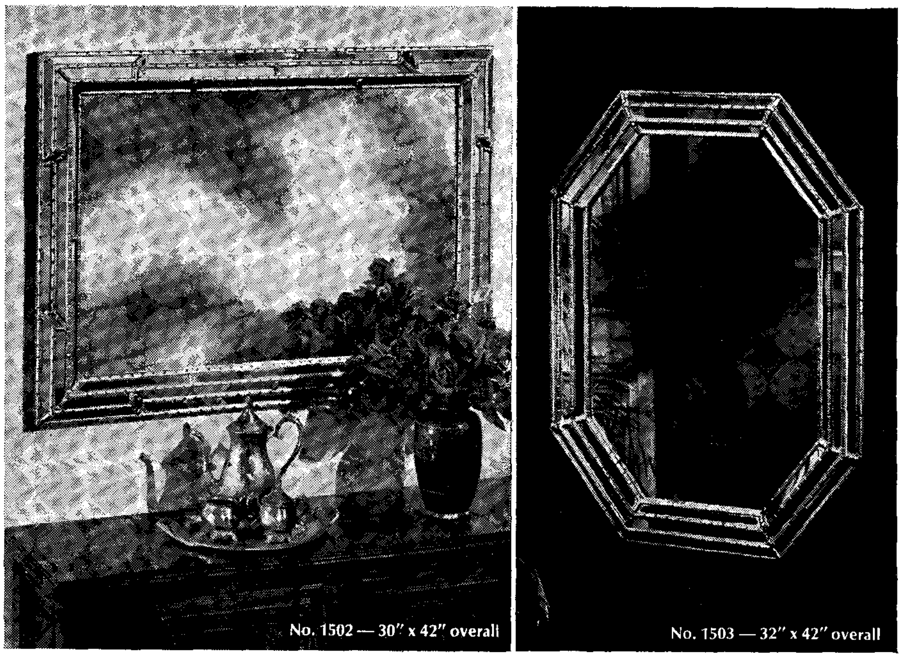
Cruse

© 1972 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.

"meterless" power would cost more than the kind the companies were already selling. The long-range safety of nuclear power plants was unknown. No insurance company would write a policy to cover a reactor. This put the Atomic Energy Commission in an interesting dual position. An energy crisis was obviously coming. A kind of mandate had been issued with the promulgation of Atoms for Peace. So it fell to the A.E.C., the agency that had been established to control atomic energy, to promote it as well. The apparent conflict of interest was quickly mitigated, though, because, as the agency rapidly expanded, it expanded principally in the direction of promotion. The United States government offered to become the insurer of power plants. The United States government would help build demonstration reactors. The United States government would lease slightly enriched uranium at an attractive price and buy back unwanted plutonium at an even more attractive price. Moreover, if the utilities really did not want to go nuclear, possibly the U.S. government would go utility. The electric companies went nuclear. Soon thereafter, the Atomic Energy Commission moved out of downtown Washington to rural headquarters near Germantown, Maryland—a marathon from the center of the city.

While most people within the A.E.C. were concerned with the development of the nuclear industry, some worried about the implications of proliferating plutonium. Finally, in the middle nineteen-sixties, a panel was set up to look into the matter, and two new divisions were established to deal with safeguards. Licenses that had been issued by the A.E.C. to private companies were renegotiated in order to spell out in a formal way requirements for safeguarding nuclear materials.

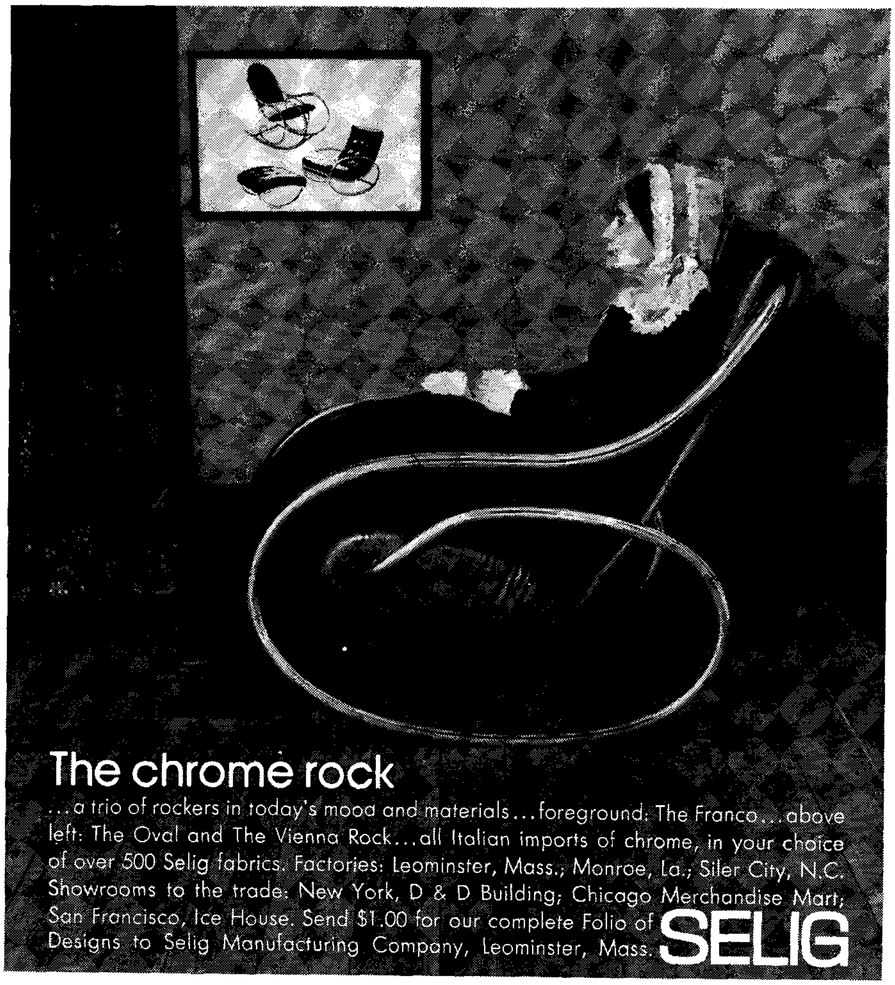
A semantic distinction developed between safeguards and safety. Safety meant environmentalists snapping about emergency core-cooling systems, thermal fish-kills, radiation clouds, "the China syndrome" (the reactor melts and starts down through the earth for China). Safeguards meant keeping track of and protecting the materials that could be turned into bombs. It meant vaults, alarms, fences, locks, guards, and German shepherds. And it meant accounting. By both chemical and nuclear means, it was becoming ever more possible to count atoms and, more or less, to balance books—to sense if material had been stolen or embezzled, and, with approximate accuracy, how much. People are now



The Glassed-in Mirrors

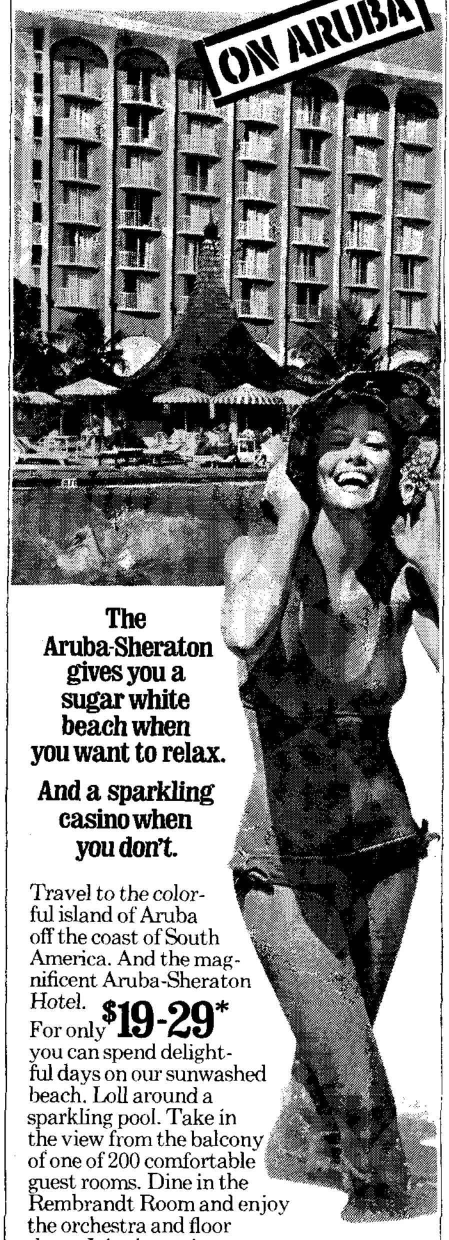
LaBarge
Holland, Michigan 49423
In Canada: Walker Glass Co. Ltd.
Ville D'Anjou, Montreal

LaBarge's superb mirror plate is totally surrounded by double rows of antiqued mirror in these two dazzling Italian imports. The hand carved frame is finished in antique gold leaf. See them at your LaBarge dealer's. His name and 4-color brochures on request.



The chrome rock
...a trio of rockers in today's mood and materials...foreground: The Franco...above left: The Oval and The Vienna Rock...all Italian imports of chrome, in your choice of over 500 Selig fabrics. Factories: Leominster, Mass.; Monroe, La.; Siler City, N.C. Showrooms to the trade: New York, D & D Building; Chicago Merchandise Mart; San Francisco, Ice House. Send $1.00 for our complete Folio of Designs to Selig Manufacturing Company, Leominster, Mass. SELIG

What has Sheraton done for you lately?



The Aruba-Sheraton gives you a sugar white beach when you want to relax.

And a sparkling casino when you don't.

Travel to the colorful island of Aruba off the coast of South America. And the magnificent Aruba-Sheraton Hotel. For only $19-29* you can spend delightful days on our sunwashed beach. Loll around a sparkling pool. Take in the view from the balcony of one of 200 comfortable guest rooms. Dine in the Rembrandt Room and enjoy the orchestra and floor show. Join the excitement of the casino. Or dance to Latin American rhythms in the Club Diablo.

For reservations call
800-325-3535.
Or have your travel agent call.

Aruba-Sheraton Hotel & Casino
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

*per person, per day, double occupancy, E.P. plus taxes and 10% service charge Dec. 16, 1973 thru April 28, 1974.

working on various aspects of safeguards at Germantown, M.I.T., Brookhaven, Los Alamos, and elsewhere. They develop, for example, instruments that can read the characteristics of fissile material—gamma emissivity, alpha emissivity, isotopic abundances (how much U-235? how much U-238?)—without having to destroy what contains it (fuel rods, waste-storage drums, or whatever). The idea is to enable a company to count its uranium or its plutonium and be able to say how much, after a given process, may be missing. An analogy is often drawn between special-nuclear-material balances and bank balances, but the analogy is imperfect. It is impossible to balance the books on nuclear material. While being machined or sintered or compacted into pellets, some inevitably gets lost. This is known as MUF—Materials Unaccounted For. The cumulative MUF at a large fuel-fabricating plant can amount to dozens of kilograms a year. The MUF problem cannot be eliminated, but it can be minimized, which is what safeguards specialists are attempting to do.

Safeguards, ideally, are a series of frames around the nuclear industry, expanding with it through time. As the industry multiplies—as plutonium recycle comes in, and the breeders, and the fully enriched uranium of the H.T.G.R.s—ideal safeguards systems would pace the industry, a little ahead of it. These would be commensurate safeguards, and one would imagine that nothing less would do. But there are problems. To start with, it is not possible to say with precision what commensurate safeguards should be—not in general, and not even in a particular situation. Two people of equal training will judge differently what is adequate. One extreme recommendation is that the nuclear industry, as a source of bomb material, is too dangerous and should be shut down. The opposite extreme is to decide that no person or group would ever steal special nuclear material, and even if material were stolen it would require another Manhattan Project to produce a bomb, so such worry is groundless and safeguards are unnecessary. Dozens of slightly varying positions are taken along the bridge between these points of view. Subjective influences are obviously present. Someone who has spent a fair part of a career perfecting a Lithium-Drifted Germanium Gamma-Ray Spectrometer obviously believes in the need for such a machine in accounting for nuclear material. Someone who has given years to the development of the

BY
APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
JEWELLERS

GRIMA

Andrew Grima of Jermyn Street London—Grima Galleries at Georg Jensen New York and Les Ambassadeurs Zurich

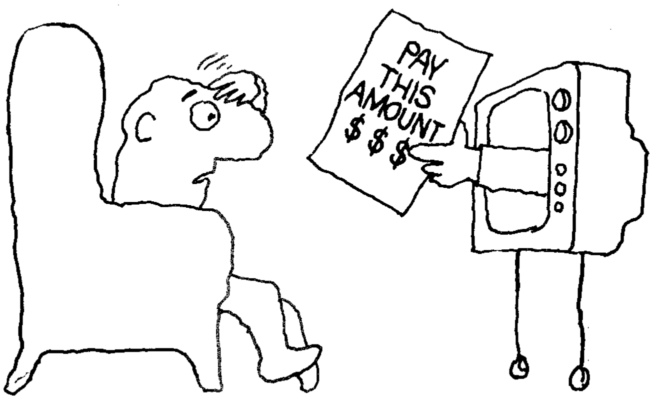
Amalie Parfum
Golden Fragrance
Of The Caribbean

Special Introduction
1/5 oz Amalie Parfum In
A French Glass Atomizer
$8.50

Postage Paid – Duty Free
Write For Free Price List

V.I. PERFUME CORP.
P.O. Box 1521, St. Thomas
U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

The last thing you need for the holidays is a bill for television programs you now get free.



Television's bag of winter attractions offers many hours of rewarding viewing. For every member of the family.

In December and January, for example, you'll see Katharine Hepburn in Tennessee Williams's *Glass Menagerie*. A new musical version of *Miracle on 34th Street*. A report on a national problem—*Colleges and the Middle Class*. As well as a stocking full of new and traditional programs for children.

And the nicest thing about all this is that you won't get a bill for it at the end of each month. Not this season, at least.

But recent hearings in Washington could mean that you'll have to pay for some of the programs you now get free. Unless Congress and the Federal Communications Commission act to protect you.

Here are just some of the free ways your family can have a merry, thoughtful, entertaining and educational holiday.

The People of "People's China." Life in Red China. Saturday, Dec. 1 (9-10 pm).

Marshall Efron's Illustrated, Simplified and Painless Sunday School. 7-part series teaches religious values entertainingly. Sundays, Dec. 2, 9, 16; Jan. 6, 13 (10:30-11 am).

The Black Arrow. Robert L. Stevenson novel animated. Sunday, Dec. 2 (5-6 pm).

The Killer Instinct. Primal Man—Examines man's aggressive instincts. Sunday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical version starring Eleanor Parker, Cyril Ritchard, Richard Basehart. Tuesday, Dec. 4 (8-10 pm).

The Many Faces of Comedy. Traces origins and varied manifestations of humor. Alan King, Milton Berle, Totie Fields, others. Tuesday, Dec. 4 (10-11 pm).

The House Without a Christmas Tree. Story of 10-year-old girl's first yule tree, with Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick, Lisa Lucas. Thursday, Dec. 6 (8:30-10 pm).

The Corporation. CBS Reports—The American corporation: how it thinks, works and influences its people. Thursday, Dec. 6 (10-11 pm).

The Homecoming: A Christmas Story. Earl Hamner's story of Walton family, starring Patricia Neal, Richard Thomas. Friday, Dec. 7 (9-11 pm).

What's the Supreme Court All About? Documentary for young viewers. Saturday, Dec. 8 (12-12:30 pm).

A Very Merry Cricket. Animated cricket startles New York with a special talent. Friday, Dec. 14 (8-8:30 pm).

The Borrowers. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Fantasy about tiny people who borrow things for their own use. Stars Tammy Grimes, Eddie Albert, Judith Anderson. Friday, Dec. 14 (8:30-10 pm).

Miracle on 34th Street. Musical version of classic film, starring Jane Alexander, David Hartman, Sebastian Cabot. Friday, Dec. 14 (9-11 pm).

Portrait: Legend in Granite. Ernest Borgnine as Coach Vince Lombardi, with Colleen Dewhurst as his wife. Friday, Dec. 14 (10-11 pm).

Hanukkah. Eternal Light—Author Chaim Potok. Sunday, Dec. 16 (12-12:30 pm).

A Child's Christmas in Wales. Dramatization of Dylan Thomas's poetic recollections in visual language by National Theatre of the Deaf. Michael Redgrave narrates. Sunday, Dec. 16 (6-7 pm).

The Glass Menagerie. Tennessee Williams's play, starring Katharine Hepburn. Sunday, Dec. 16 (8:30-10:30 pm).

Colleges and the Middle Class. Problems of middle class in paying for college education. Sunday, Dec. 16 (10-11 pm).

The Bear Who Slept Through Christmas. Instead of hibernating, a cub searches for Christmas. Voices of Tom Smothers, Barbara Feldon, Arte Johnson. Monday, Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm).

I Heard the Owl Call My Name. GE Theater—Anglican priest is sent to remote Canadian Indian village. Stars Tom Courtenay, Dean Jagger. Tuesday, Dec. 18 (9:30-11 pm.)

A Doll's House. Ibsen's classic domestic drama starring Jane Fonda, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, Edward Fox, David Warner. Sunday, Dec. 23 (8:30-10:30 pm).

A Christmas Dream. Inspirational tale of minister who takes over foundering church. Starring Hari Rhodes, Beah Richards. Monday, Dec. 24 (9-11 pm).

The Rockefellers. CBS News Special—In-depth view of the dynasty. Friday, Dec. 28 (9-11 pm).

F. Scott Fitzgerald and "The Last of the Belles." Biography of the author combined with one of his short stories, starring Richard Chamberlain, Blythe Danner. Monday, Jan. 7 (9-11 pm).

Journey to the Outer Limits. National Geographic Society—Outward Bound survival school students on expedition in Peru. Thursday, Jan. 10 (8-9 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Based on book, "The 18th Emergency," about young boy coping with bully. Wednesday, Jan. 16 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Trial by Wilderness. Five young adults on African expedition learn about protecting our environment. Thursday, Jan. 17 (8-9 pm).

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman. A black woman's lifetime fight for her race. Cicely Tyson. Wednesday, Jan. 23 (8-10 pm).

Traditional Holiday Fare. A Charlie Brown Christmas, Thursday, Dec. 6 (8-8:30 pm); Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Friday, Dec. 7 (8-9 pm); Dickens's A Christmas Carol, Saturday, Dec. 8 (4-5 pm); The Little Drummer Boy, Sunday, Dec. 9 (7:30-8 pm); How the Grinch Stole Christmas, Monday, Dec. 10 (8-8:30 pm); Frosty the Snowman, Monday, Dec. 10 (8:30-9 pm); A Christmas Carol, narrated by Michael Redgrave, Friday, Dec. 14 (8:30-9 pm); The Night the Animals Talked, Tuesday, Dec. 15 (8-8:30 pm).

Bowl Games for Football Fans. Gator, Dec. 29; Sugar, Dec. 31; Rose, Orange, Cotton, Jan. 1; Super, Jan. 13.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Closer Look.

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency +4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

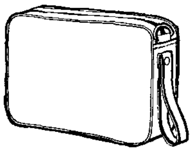
TOTE-ALLY®

THE ULTIMATE IN TRAVEL TOTES FOR MEN AND WOMEN CREATED BY

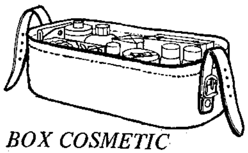
Julia Raymond

A lightweight 3-in-1 shoulder bag that fits under airline seat. Travels together or goes its separate ways. Handsome design with quality brass hardware. Waterproof, wipe clean. Shoulder strap adjusts to hand length and is transtransferable to handbag.

TOTE-ALLY® TOGETHER*



SEPARATE TOTE



HANDBAG OR UTILITY KIT

BOX COSMETIC OR SHOE CASE

HERS: A Tote with outside magazine pocket and zippered inside pocket. Handbag and a Box-Cosmetic Case, fitted with strong elastic to hold various articles. In vinyl coated natural canvas with black, navy blue, rich brown or bone vinyl trim, or solid colors, $75.00

HIS: A Tote, Utility Case for camera or toilet articles and a Shoe-Box (even holds a quart). All-black softie patent vinyl or rich brown leather-looking vinyl, $75.00.

Available at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.;
I Magnin, Calif. & stores;
Sakowitz Bros., Houston, Tex.;
Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo, N.Y.;
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
Send coupon to stores or:

Julia Raymond, Circle Luggage Co., Inc.
4041 Ridge Avenue, Phil., Pa. 19129

Please send me a Man's Tote-Ally®at $75 ______ in ______________ vinyl.
Woman's Tote-Ally® $75 __________
in natural canvas with __________ trim,
or solid colors. ____________________
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ________ State, _____ Zip ______

Enclose check or money order,
Add $1 for shipping.

**Mechanical Pat. No. 3,696,850*

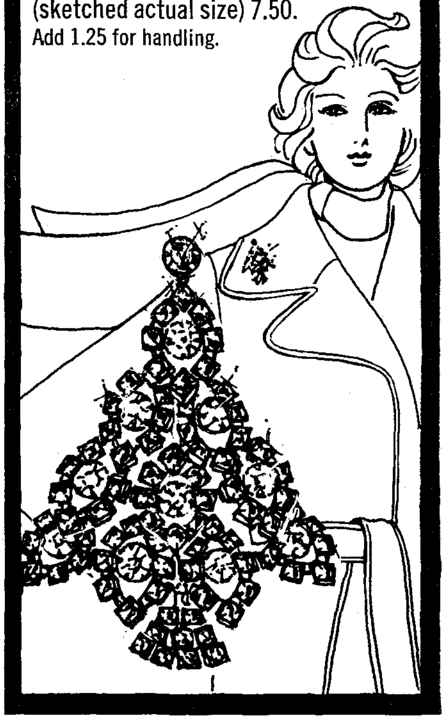
High-Temperature Gas-Cooled Reactor would not tend to begin a discussion of its features by pointing out that it uses weapons-grade fuel. If one can imagine commensurate safeguards, one can also imagine veneer safeguards—and different people might use the one word or the other to describe the same situation. As new A.E.C. safeguards requirements have come along—from early ones in 1967 to the most recent ones, this year—reactions have ranged from the complaints of industry (too much interference) to the dismay of people like Ted Taylor, who feel that the requirements are still little more than veneer, inadequate for the present, let alone the future. Difficulties mount. Safeguards cost money, which means a diminution of profit, putting kilowatts out of reach. Safeguards suggest dangers, which belie the promise of Atoms for Peace, and thus can be a hindrance to the promotion of nuclear commerce. The Atomic Energy Commission, as a whole, is profoundly dedicated to the growth and spread of nuclear power, and I have heard one of its commissioners (James Ramey), in addressing a large audience, say, "We in the atomic-energy industry . . ." Safeguards are inconvenient to an industry that does not want to frighten its corporate or individual customers, suggesting war instead of peace. Indications are that in the Soviet Union no nuclear material of any kind travels anywhere except under convoy by the Red Army. A suggestion that the United States Army be used in the same way was rejected because such military involvement would create a bad image for the industry. In the annual struggle for budget, people who concentrate on safeguards have to appeal for money, like everyone else. Since numerically they are less than two per cent, they constitute a voice that is somewhat muffled within the bureaucracy. I once asked Delmar Crowson, a retired Air Force general who was the A.E.C.'s director of Nuclear Materials Security, how difficult it was for him to implement new safeguards that he might consider essential. He shrugged, smiled at some colleagues, and said, "There's the problem."

Russell Wischow is a nuclear C.P.A., more or less. He is the president of the Nuclear Audit & Testing Company, which is based in Washington. His approach to the safeguards problem is, as he puts it, pragmatic, and he thinks that for many people it is, unfortunately, an emotional issue. He thinks the A.E.C. is too often "considered guilty until proved inno-

STEVENS

CHAS. A. STEVENS, 25 N. STATE, CHICAGO

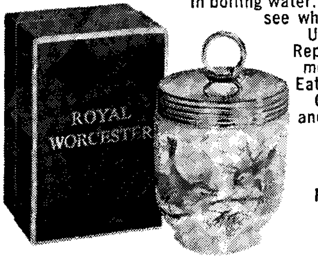
GALA GLITTER . . . our Christmas tree pin of Eisenberg Ice—red/green/clear rhinestones set in gilt. Holiday sparkle for her lapel, (sketched actual size) 7.50.
Add 1.25 for handling.



Remember Egg-Shell?

You won't with our traditionally English Porcelain Egg Coddler. Break egg in cup. Add salt, pepper, butter, whatever. Screw on cap. Plunge in boiling water. Open cap, see what's what. Underdone? Replace, cook more. Done? Eat from cup. Convenient and a perfect stocking stuffer.

$6.96
Please add $1.00 for shipping.



Kinloch Anderson Ltd
Scotland House, 607 South Washington St.,
Alexandria, Virginia 22313

Collected exclusively for us from the mountain campesinas of Colombia. Wonderful hats. All different. Thick wool. Multi-colored in reds, golds, greens or natural black & white. One size fits all. State color. $15.50 ppd. Nubby clutch bags, too. $15.50 ppd. NY res add tax

Write or visit
sermoneta
251 E 77 St, NYC 10021

ANNOUNCING A SPECIAL 23-DAY ADVENTURE TO PLACES AS DIVERSE AS MACHU PICCHU, THE AMAZON RIVER, THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS, THE MEXICAN RIVIERA, AND THE T.S.S. FAIRSEA.

On March 9, 1974, one of the world's great cruise ships sails from Los Angeles on a 23-day luxury cruise of unparalleled adventure. Ports of call range from the jet-set elegance of Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta to the Galapagos Islands and the Panama Canal. With a train excursion to Machu Picchu, lost city of the Incas; or a side trip to an unusual Peruvian hotel in the heart of the Amazon.

And for 23 days your home will be the T.S.S. Fairsea, where all the accommodations, activities and entertainment are first class. The Fairsea is just the right size for such a cruise, with spacious rooms, private facilities, and a charming Italian crew trained in the Continental tradition of impeccable service.

As you might guess, this unusual trip will book rather quickly. Be sure you're aboard. See your travel agent now. He'll handle the arrangements, and give you a handsome brochure describing the cruise in detail. Or write: Sitmar Cruises, 3303 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90010.

SITMAR CRUISES

The T.S.S. Fairsea is of Liberian registry.

"IT'S RIGHT AT HOME ON A HOLIDAY."

*"When the wanderlust hits me, I just go.
And this is the way to travel. Silky. Sexy. Gold buttoned and belted. It comes in sizes 6-16.
Also, in apricot. Costs $84. It's all carefree Qiana* nylon. Which I recommend
without any reservations."*

Priced slightly higher in the West.

*DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

IT'S TANNER. IT'S QIANA®.

Abercrombie & Fitch, New York
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis
Diamonds, Phoenix
Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati
Halle Brothers, Cleveland
Jordan Marsh, Florida
R. H. Stearns, Boston
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina,
530 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10018

cent." He thinks the private nuclear industry is here to stay, that there can be no reversion to a government monopoly, and that industry—as a responsible unit of society, regulated by the A.E.C.—will do the best it can. "What else can you do? Put the material in a vault and turn the vault back to 1942?"

I had called on Wischow in a suite his firm had taken at the Hotel Shoreham in Washington during a meeting of the Atomic Industrial Forum and the American Nuclear Society. A tall, elegant, dark-haired man in his forties, in buckle shoes, a black suit, a shirt in stripes of pink and gray, he had once taught in the reactor school at Oak Ridge and had worked some years in West Valley. He spoke informally over bits of pineapple wrapped in bacon. These were some of the things he said:

"It's not like a bank. You cannot balance the books. What's wrong with a MUF of a few dozen kilograms of plutonium if your throughput is such that you can't measure it closer than that?

"I guess this is a dangerous statement, but I'm going to make it anyhow. If there were real intent to divert material, you could get away with it. You can't be greedy. You have to work within the limits of measurement.

"What are we trying to do—keep a bomb out of the hands of a country or a few grams out of the hands of a group? If you want a few grams of plutonium, you can steal that almost anyplace in the country. The safeguards problem is out of focus. No one is willing to state how much.

"I can't believe that a company would divert. Individuals, yes. If any segment of the industry wanted to divert, it could—gram quantities, kilogram quantities. When you found it out, it would be too late.

"Guards in some places have guns but no bullets. No company pays its guards enough to ask them to throw down their lives for material.

"Somewhere between the intensity of Ted Taylor and the lackadaisical attitude of some in the industry is reality.

"Safeguards are frustrating. The stuff is difficult to quantify. You can't put it into a vault and keep it there. Once it is in the manufacturing cycle, you open it up to pilferage. I'm very concerned about the end results of a safeguards system that doesn't work."

Before forming the Nuclear Audit & Testing Company, Wischow was director of Nuclear Materials Safe-

VACHERON CONSTANTIN

Truly precious, truly rare.

Vacheron-Constantin is truly a very rare watch. Few are made—no other watch is made as finely. Its quality precludes extensive production; only a limited number are created each year.

The world's oldest watch company, Vacheron-Constantin had already accumulated over a half century's experience, when in 1810, the Emperor Napoleon selected one of our creations for his Empress.

The tradition continues. Today, Vacheron-Constantin still designs and creates the finest watches in the world. All jewelry masterpieces crafted in precious metals and stones for the fortunate few who will possess them.

The two watches shown here are among our most recent styles. Each is fashioned in 18 karat gold—enhanced by a gemstone dial of tiger's eye or lapis lazuli.

Vacheron-Constantin is offered only in the finest stores—appointed for their experience and integrity. For a color brochure illustrating the current collection, please write Vacheron-Constantin, Dept. K., 1212 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036.

- New York City—Lambert Bros., Wexler's
- White Plains—Black, Starr & Frost
- Boston—Dorfman & Son
- Chicago—Sidney Garber
- Los Angeles—Laykin et Cie. at I. Magnin
- Miami & environs—Mayor's
- New Orleans—Hausmann's
- St. Louis—Famous-Barr
- San Francisco—Sidney Mobell

Come to Andros.
Where the world is still new.

Parts of Andros may always remain undiscovered. Nature saw to that. The west coast is uninhabited. The vast interior is a forest of timber pine where the voice of man is rarely heard. But the east coast makes this Bahama Out Island idyllic for a sportsman. For divers, the incredible Blue Holes and the third largest barrier reef in the world. For fishermen, the Tongue of the Ocean and bonefishing back into the bights. For hunters, wild duck and wild pigeon. For all, comfortable accommodation.

There are frequent flights between Andros and Nassau via Out Island Airways; between Andros and Florida via Mackey International Airlines.

For all the details on Andros, send in this coupon.

NY-12-3-S

Bahama Islands Tourist Office
200 Southeast First Street
Miami, Florida 33131

Tell me everything.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State______Zip______

Bahama Out Islands.
Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

GIVENCHY
GENTLEMAN
eau de toilette
PARIS
FRANCE

Think of it as investment spending.

GIVENCHY
GENTLEMAN
eau de toilette

Eau de Toilette
After Shave Lotion
Bath Soap
Shaving Foam
Protein Shampoo
Spray Talc

guards at the A.E.C. He was replaced by Charles Thornton, whose experience went back to the Manhattan Project. Thornton helped set up labs at Oak Ridge in 1943, and worked on isotopic separation there. I sought him out at the same convention in Washington. A small, thin, wiry man with white hair to his shoulders and rimless glasses, he looked to me remarkably like Benjamin Franklin, a condensed Benjamin Franklin, although he was wearing a plaid suit, a checkerboard shirt, a wide gold tie, and a snakeskin belt. These were some of the things Thornton said:

"All the guys who tell you that American industry is experienced in protecting its vital materials—that's a crock. Mankind has never handled as dangerous a commodity as plutonium. We have never developed the skill.

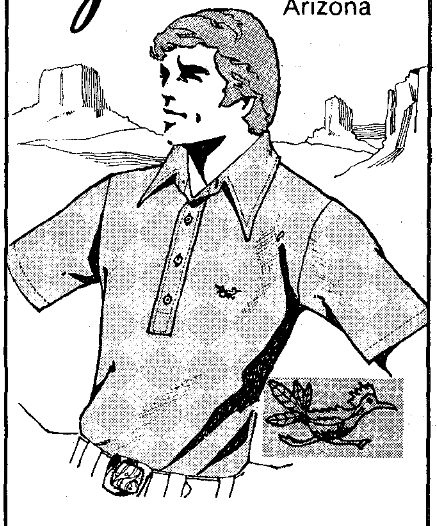
"Plutonium is worse in its toxicity than as a bomb. Plutonium is worth, at most, ten dollars a gram. If the Black September organization had a hundred grams of this material they could wreak havoc. The Fast Flux Test Facility will have two contracts handling seven hundred kilograms of plutonium each. That is more than ten million dollars' worth of material. A thousand-dollar loss is thus insignificant.

"One gram equals one times ten to the sixth micrograms—a million micrograms—and if it were properly distributed it would bring one times ten to the sixth fatalities. A microgram inhaled can cause bone cancer. Take what people think they're worth in terms of dead. At least twenty-five thousand dollars, right? One times ten to the sixth times twenty-five thousand dollars is twenty-five billion dollars. Such criteria might be used to determine the intensity of the constraints put on the industry.

"The aggregate MUF from the three diffusion plants alone is expressible in tons. No one knows where it is. None of it may have been stolen, but the balances don't close. You could divert from any plant in the world, in substantial amounts, and never be detected. In a diffusion plant, take any pipe and freeze out the material that is passing through. Set up a diversionary pipe. Cool it with liquid air, and get it into a bottle. Coca-Cola trucks go in and out of the restricted areas there all the time. All sorts of people.

"The statistical thief learns the sensitivity of the system and operates within it and is never detected. Scenarios to get stuff out of the cascades are as varied as the ingenuity of individuals. Put a saddle valve into a pipe.

Goldwaters
Arizona

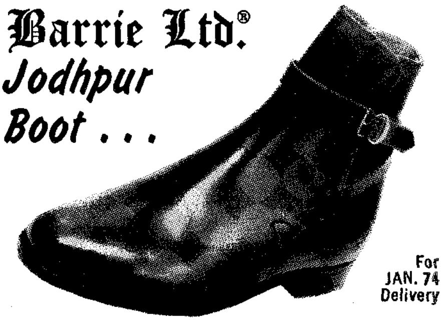


THE ROADRUNNER
Symbol of the Southwest. Now by Izod on this favorite shirt exclusively at Goldwaters. In white, yellow, navy, red or blue polyester/cotton, M, L, XL, 13.00

Mail orders invited. Please add 4% sales tax for Arizona orders. Add 1.35 for postage and handling.

Dancing in
THE CLUB
MEMBERS AND NON MEMBERS ONLY
is just one of the attractions
at the
River's Edge
Superb river-view dining
on the Delaware
at the gateway to Bucks County
Lambertville, N.J., at the New Hope Bridge
Route 202
Reservations: (609) 397-0897

Barrie Ltd.®
Jodhpur
Boot . . .



For
JAN. 74
Delivery

Authentic English jodhpur boot of selected aniline calfskin with full leather linings, flexible leather insoles and outsoles, leather heels. ☐ Brown or ☐ Black $36.95 plus $1.00 shipping. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
79 E. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
537 VINE ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO
We accept ● American Express ● BankAmericard ● Master Charge

Cool the pipe with methyl chloride. Take a saltshaker each day in your lunch bucket. Take a hundred grams a day. A kilogram every ten days. Or hit the shipping point. Or doctor the record of sampling bottles. That would not be my choice, though. Fully enriched uranium in a conversion plant—a pale-yellow fluid—could be put in a hot-water bottle under your shirt.

"The A.E.C. can say officially that quantities of MUF are not dangerous. This is not so. Tons have been lost. They can say they have impregnable barriers, sensitive modern instruments. Not that impregnable, not that sensitive. They can say, 'The numbers are not good, but we don't know how to do any better.' If you admit that this industry is not controllable, then you shut down. You wait until it is controllable, and then start up.

"The incremental capital for an adequate safeguards system would not destroy the industry—if it were designed in.

"It's late in the history of the world to go into the safeguards business."

Thornton—whom William Higinbotham, of Brookhaven, has described as "a great undiplomatic breath of fresh air who rattled everybody"—lasted a year and a half in the safeguards job, and then, by his own description, was "fired." His detractors called him a pedant. He was not actually fired. He was lateralled off the field. Remaining in the employ of the A.E.C., he became Special Assistant for Energy Policy, Office of Planning and Analysis.

India, Italy, and Japan have reprocessing plants capable of removing plutonium from spent reactor fuel on a laboratory scale. Big power reactors are on line and making plutonium in India, Pakistan, East and West Germany, Japan, Spain. Only several thousand kilograms of weapons-grade nuclear material exists now outside the five nations that have exploded bombs. The figure is steadily growing. Safeguarding special nuclear material is basically an international matter. Some thirty nations will have reactors and will be producing weapons-grade material by 1980. Furthermore, material stolen from one country could be used by a second country against a third. Because only a small quantity of material is needed to do immense damage, international safeguards are analogous to a simple chain, and until it is too late to do much in a preventive way it may be impossible to tell which of many links is the weakest. Responsibility for international safeguarding lies with the International Atomic Energy

the buckle watch

A large tailored rectangular sterling silver belt buckle encases the square dial. Buckle curves to comfortably fit the wrist. Silver tongue fits through notch in the elephant hide band to fully wrap wrist for an all-in-one look. Silver slide and strap tip. One from the Serge Manzon Collection for Longines—$395.

J. B. HUDSON
Minneapolis

SHREVES
San Francisco

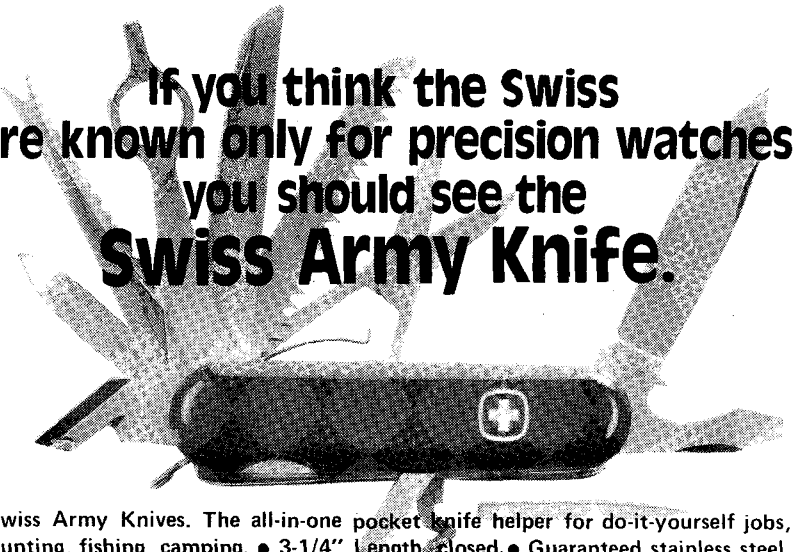
CHARLES W. WARREN
Detroit

J. E. CALDWELL
Philadelphia

C. D. PEACOCK
Chicago

JESSOPS
San Diego

(612) 370-6486 • P.O. Box 2304, Loop Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.



If you think the Swiss are known only for precision watches, you should see the Swiss Army Knife.

Swiss Army Knives. The all-in-one pocket knife helper for do-it-yourself jobs, hunting, fishing, camping. • 3-1/4" Length, closed. • Guaranteed stainless steel blades & springs; mirror polished. • Knives pivot metal on metal. No visible rivets. • Unbreakable sides resist climatic changes. Model 12501: The Champion features: • Blade. • Nail File. • Screwdriver with caplifter. • Can Opener. • Reamer. • Double-cut saw. • Scissors. • Fisherblade. • Metal file. • Magnifying glass with precision screwdriver. • Tweezers. • Toothpick. Many other models to choose from. Precision manufactured by skilled craftsmen in the Jura Mountains of Switzerland, home of the watch industry.

Guaranteed for 5 years Model #12501 - $19.50

Little Switzerland
ST. THOMAS · ST. CROIX · ST. MARTIN · ST. BARTS

For shipping and handling Air Mail Orders, please add $2.00. Duty if any, payable upon receipt.
We accept American Express Cards. NYKR P.O. Box 887, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 00801

The Pierre

is your hotel in New York, for all the right reasons ...and a few more.

The PREFERRED Hotel in New York

5th Ave. & 61st St. N.Y.10021/212-838-8000
Write for color brochure

Agency, which has its headquarters in Vienna and sends inspectors—nuclear auditors—to nations that have agreed to coöperate, either under the terms of the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty of 1968 or by some earlier arrangement already existing between a given nation and the I.A.E.A., which was established in 1957. Not all nations coöperate.

Henry D. Smyth, professor emeritus of physics at Princeton, was United States Ambassador to the International Atomic Energy Agency from 1961 until 1970. He has often been called a nuclear statesman. He worked on the Manhattan Project—among other places, in the Metallurgical Laboratory in Chicago—and it was he who was chosen to write a book to be published immediately after the war explaining publicly what had happened, what had led to the new phenomenon. From 1943 onward, his office on the Princeton campus had armed guards outside the door round the clock, because Smyth, some of the time, was in there describing the development of a type of weapon that would end the war, no matter who exploded it. His book, "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes," remarkable for its concision and its lucidity, was published in 1945. It contained the basic physics but not what were then the secrets of the fabrication of the bombs. From 1949 to 1954, some years before he began to commute between Princeton and the I.A.E.A. in Vienna, he was one of the five commissioners of the United States Atomic Energy Commission. I went to see him one day not long ago at his office in Princeton. He is a tall and angular man with steel-gray hair, mildly formal in manner but without starch. I asked him if he found it possible to be optimistic that there could be effective international safeguards.

"Yes," he said. "Let me explain. Anything is better than nothing.

"The safeguards aspects of the nonproliferation treaty were drawn up by a special committee, involving thirty or forty nations, that met on and off for a year. That such a committee could work for a year on a difficult technical and political problem and come out with a reasonable answer is in itself something of a triumph. I was surprised at the degree to which you could get coöperation from people, and the degree to which they developed national pride through being internationally minded. I think there are going to be a lot of people who are reluctant to break the club rules.

"International safeguards depend on national systems. A truly international

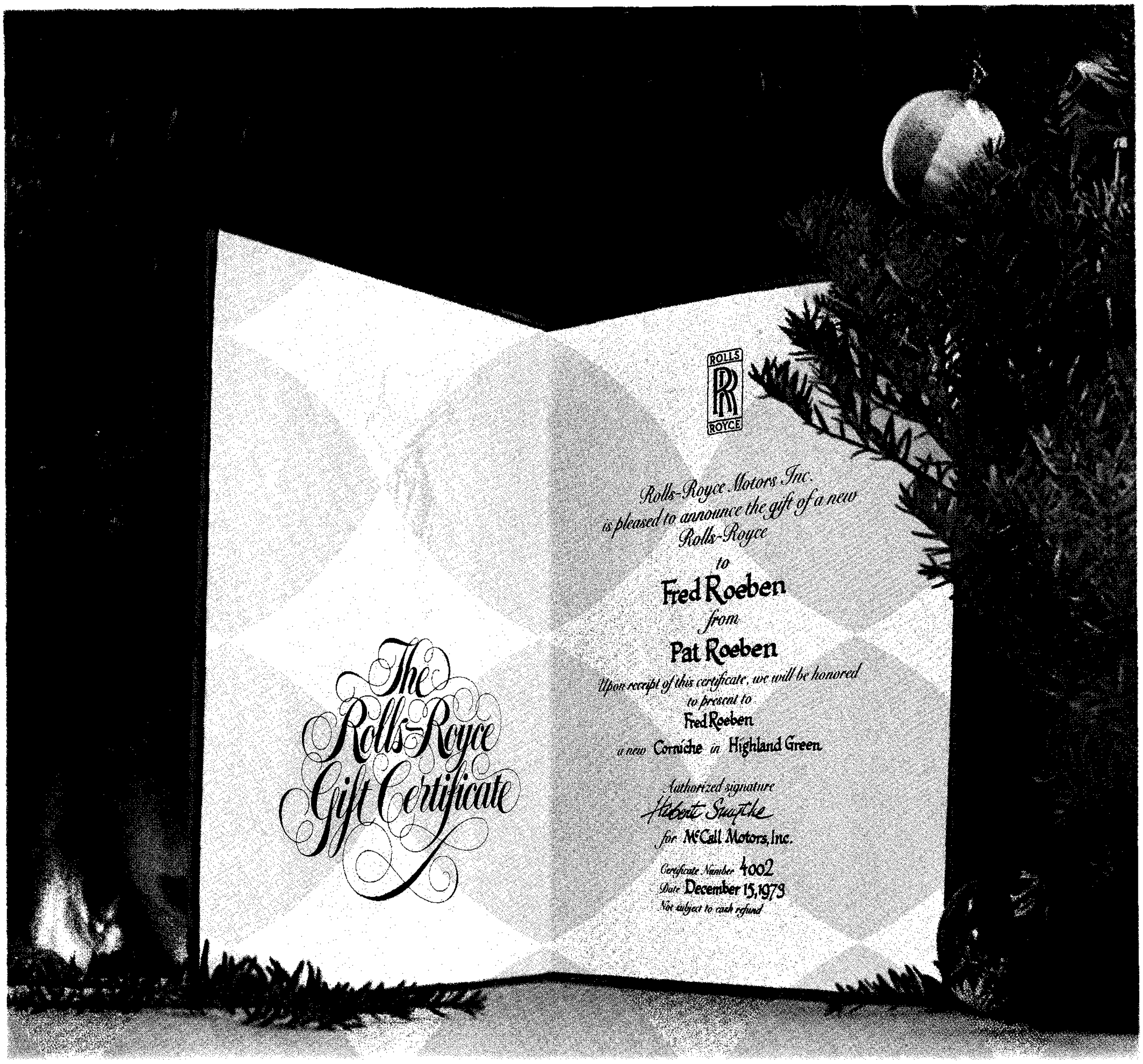
ROLLS ROYCE You can see the personal Rolls-Royce at any of these dealers.

ARIZONA
Scottsdale/Max of Switzerland
CALIFORNIA
Beverly Hills/Charles H. Hornburg, Jr. Motor Cars
Costa Mesa/Roy Carver Rolls-Royce
Pasadena/Peter Satori Co., Ltd.
San Francisco/British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
Van Nuys/"Bones" Hamilton Rolls-Royce Co.
COLORADO
Denver/Kumpf Imports Inc.
CONNECTICUT
E. Hartford/Hoffman Oldsmobile, Inc.
Greenwich/Imported Cars of Greenwich
FLORIDA
Fort Lauderdale/Taylor Rolls-Royce, Inc.
Miami/C. R. Berry Rolls-Royce, Inc.
St. Petersburg/Scarritt Motors, Inc.
West Palm Beach/Taylor Rolls-Royce, Inc.
GEORGIA
Atlanta/Mitchell Motors, Inc.
ILLINOIS
Chicago/Loeber Importers, Ltd.
INDIANA
Zionsville (near Indianapolis)/Albers Rolls-Royce
KANSAS
Overland Park/Heshion Motors Inc.
LOUISIANA
New Orleans/Durham Motors, Inc.
MARYLAND
Bethesda/McNey Motors Inc.
Glen Burnie/Gladding Rolls-Royce, Inc.
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston/Foreign Motors, Inc.
Natick/Foreign Motors West Inc.
MICHIGAN
Detroit/Falvey Motor Sales Co.
MISSOURI
St. Louis/Charles D. Schmitt and Co.
NEBRASKA
Omaha/McKenzie Pontiac, Inc.
NEVADA
Reno/Modern Classic Motors
NEW JERSEY
Montclair/Imported Motor Car Co.
Morristown/Powers Motor Company
NEW YORK
Glen Cove/Rallye Motors, Inc.
New York/Peter Zage & Co. Ltd.
Palmyra/Palmyra Motors, Inc.
NORTH CAROLINA
High Point/Transco, Inc.
OHIO
Cincinnati/Williams Ford Sales, Inc.
Cleveland/Qua Buick, Inc.
Worthington/Rolls-Royce of Columbus, Inc.
OREGON
Portland/British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia/Keenan Motors, Inc.
Sewickley/Ascot Imported Cars, Inc.
RHODE ISLAND
Providence/Inskip Motors, Inc.
TENNESSEE
Memphis/Robertson Motors, Inc.
Nashville/E. Gray Smith
TEXAS
Dallas/Overseas Motors Corporation (Rolls-Royce Division)
Fort Worth/Overseas Motors Corporation
Houston/Sam Montgomery Oldsmobile Co.
UTAH
Salt Lake City/Peck & Shaw Fine Cars, Inc.
VIRGINIA
Richmond/Dominion Rolls-Royce Ltd.
WASHINGTON
Seattle/British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.

Mr. Lynn Perkins
Public Relations and Advertising Manager
Rolls-Royce Motors Inc., Dept. R043M
Box 564, Paramus, N.J. 07652

☐ I enclose $25.00. Please send me a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual.
☐ I enclose $3.00. Please send me the brochure on the new Rolls-Royces.
☐ I enclose $5.00. Please send me "The Rolls-Royce Story," a full-color picture-history poster of the Rolls-Royce.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State______Zip______



The Rolls-Royce Gift Certificate

Rolls-Royce Motors Inc.
is pleased to announce the gift of a new
Rolls-Royce
to
Fred Roeben
from
Pat Roeben
Upon receipt of this certificate, we will be honored
to present to
Fred Roeben
a new Corniche in Highland Green

Authorized signature
Hubert Smythe
for McCall Motors, Inc.

Certificate Number 4002
Date December 15, 1973
Not subject to cash refund

We've made it easy to give someone a Rolls-Royce this Christmas.

Introducing a most practical expression of the pure joy of Christmas: The Rolls-Royce Gift Certificate. It not only allows the recipient to make his or her own choice of color and appointments, but also makes it possible to register the car in the rightful owner's name from the very start. Thus eliminating the fuss, inconvenience, and bother of returns and exchanges.

Any of the Rolls-Royce Dealers listed on the facing page will help you prepare your Rolls-Royce Gift Certificate. It's very simply done. But of course, if you need special attention, by all means get in touch with Mr. Lynn Perkins, Public Relations and Advertising Manager, Rolls-Royce Motors Inc., Dept. R043M, Box 546, Paramus, New Jersey 07652. He'll hurry things along for you in time for Christmas.

But it pays not to wait too long. Get your Rolls-Royce Gift Certificate early, and avoid the crush.

©Rolls-Royce Motors Inc. 1973

To have

hair that's deeply glowing,
thickly luxurious and
highly cooperative:
The Shampoo

ULTRA CONTR
DE
PANTENE
SHAMPOO

and to hold

it softly but surely through
your active days and nights:
The Spray

ULTRA CONTROL
DE
PANTENE®
HAIR SPRAY
The firm hold formula that won't let you down.
8 fluid ounces

Pantene develops Ultra Control.

Who's in charge—you or your hair?

Now Ultra Control is here to put you in control. Developed by the hair care specialists of Pantene, it makes your hairdo do what you tell it to.

The Shampoo. For a healthier glow, more sensuous body than your hair ever knew. Does away with fly-away and helps control split ends.

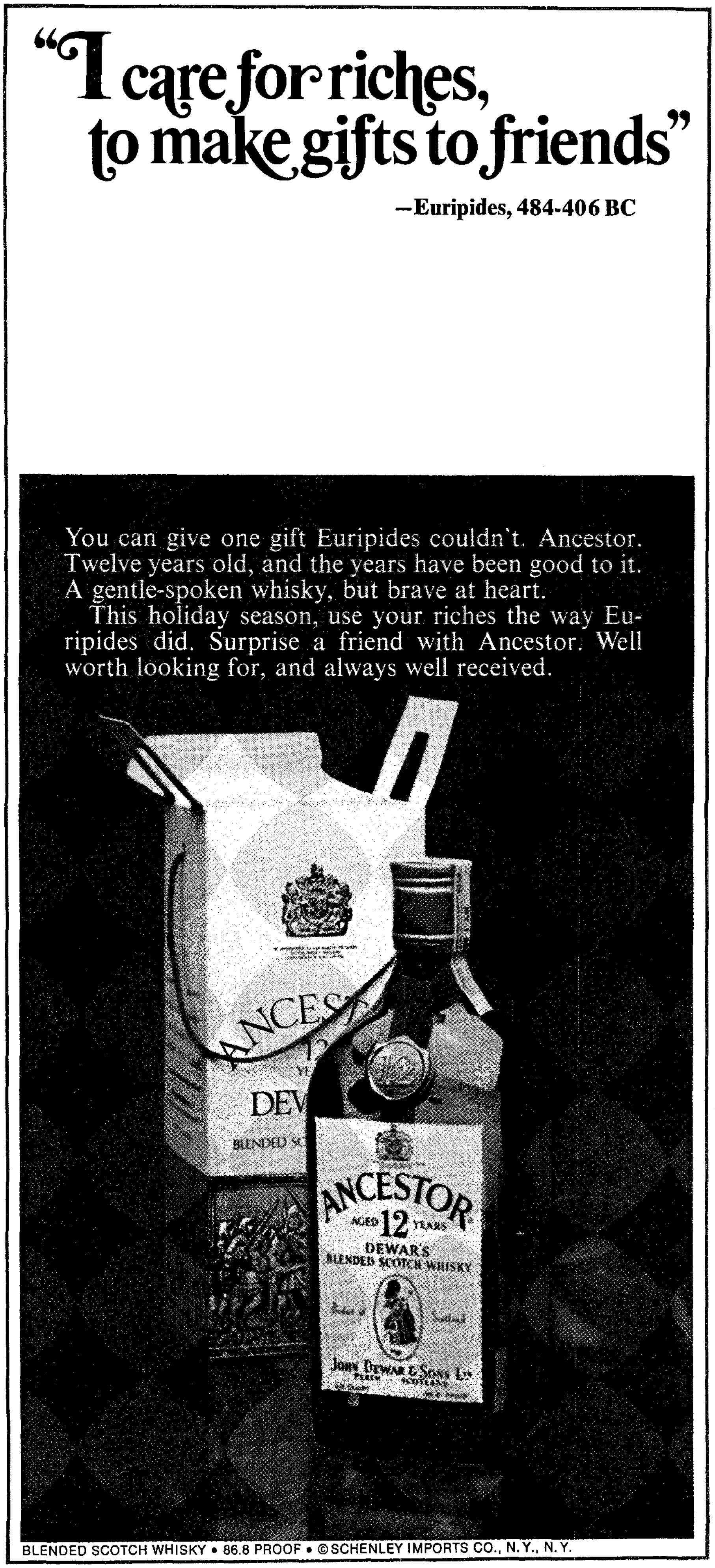
The Spray. Not a lick of lacquer. No wasteful aerosol propellant. Just a gentle mist that holds your hair firmly through wind and weather.

Both medically tested and blended with imported Swiss conditioners.*

Ultra Control de Pantene®.

What the name promises, the product performs.

*Product made in U.S.A. © 1973 The Pantene Company, Div. Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., Nutley, N.J. 07110



You can give one gift Euripides couldn't. Ancestor. Twelve years old, and the years have been good to it. A gentle-spoken whisky, but brave at heart.

This holiday season, use your riches the way Euripides did. Surprise a friend with Ancestor. Well worth looking for, and always well received.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

safeguards system would be impossibly expensive. Nations would not go along with it *anyway.*

"Our most serious problem with regard to the nonproliferation treaty is that it emphasizes national safeguards systems—and if the United States is interested in the nonproliferation treaty, the United States safeguards system should be good and effective and orderly, and, as far as I can make out, it isn't.

"What I am concerned about internationally is power reactors in countries that have unstable governments. The Pakistan reactor, for example, builds up a stockpile of plutonium. Suppose there's a revolution. A totally new and crazy government comes in, and there's the plutonium just sitting there asking to be made into a bomb.

"The A.E.C. production and reactor people couldn't care less about these international problems.

"The A.E.C. approach is 'Papa knows best. Papa is guarding against every possible danger.' You look into it and find they are not.

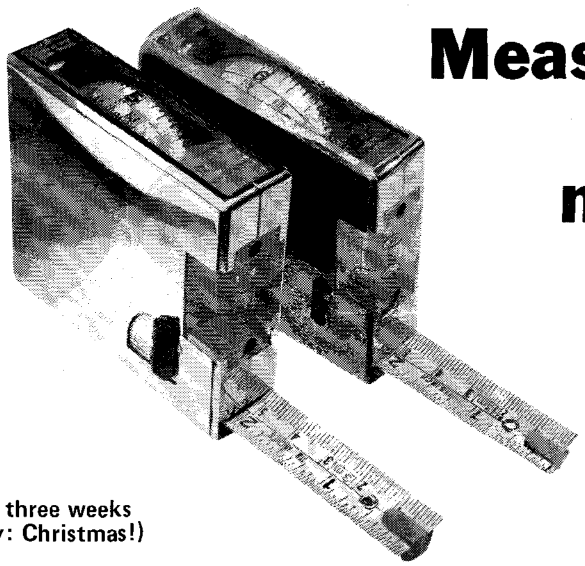
"I think security in this country is important, particularly protection of weapons themselves, but I think illicit production of weapons is more likely to come as a national enterprise than as the enterprise of a gang."

General Crowson agreed with that last point. "It requires a plot," he said one day in Germantown. "To get all the people together without the plot leaking seems all but impossible. A dozen, maybe two dozen, would be needed—all highly trained individuals. One man could not do it. The scenario of the home bombmaker is overplayed. That piece has been highly overplayed. Suppose you have a set of plans for a gasoline engine. How many people do you know who could make one?"

When Ted Taylor first approached Los Alamos, in 1949, he climbed into the mountains from Santa Fe in his 1942 green Buick coupé. Caro steadied a basket that held a baby. In back, where a seat had once been, was a large part of their earthly goods. Los Alamos, seven thousand feet up into the ponderosas, and not far from the Continental Divide, is built on mesas that project from mountainsides. The laboratory is twice as large now as it was when Taylor first saw it. On that day in 1949, a big Army tank was beside the gate, its cannon pointing down the road at incoming cars. Ted stopped at the gate—a guard tower to his left, a building to his right full of guards and files on all personnel, even babies. The Taylors were identified and given badges, and they went on through. Today, cars come and go. The tank is gone. The tower is empty. The guard building is a Mexican restaurant called Philomena's. The road is open.

J. Carson Mark, the man who had agreed to have Taylor come work at Los Alamos, had been there since wartime, when he led the diffusion-theory group of Project Y, the code name of the Los Alamos project. A Canadian, as precise in his diction as in his physics, Mark was a subtle man—large of frame, a large head, a somewhat judicial demeanor. He had eventually become chief of the Theoretical Division, which now, in 1949, was about to enter its second era of extraordinary conceptual advance, its efforts directed mainly toward the perhaps insuperable problem of igniting a thermonuclear explosion. A quarter century later, Mark would still be at Los Alamos, still running the Theoretical Division, with an old Santa Fe Railroad clock on his wall; and he would look back with fondness to the days at the beginning of the nineteen-fifties when a group of young men came in from various universities to help conceive new bombs. "This was a tremendous group of people," Mark would remember. "A constellation. Bob Thorn, Walter Goad, George Bell, Ted Taylor—all new to professional work, all enthusiastically collaborating. Bob Serber, at Berkeley, had known Ted well enough to be able to assure me that we would be quite well served if he came here. Serber said that Ted had gone to pieces in his oral examination. That was not a worry to me. While we had lots of things at Los Alamos that people could get anxious about, we did not have anything quite as crucial as an oral examination. Ted was a delightful, bright young man. He was not the best from the point of view of command-depth assurance in physics, but he was far above average; and what was really outstanding was his prying into corners, turning over stones—his enthusiasm, his eagerness, his curiosity, his restlessness. These things, combined with a very *good* level of physics, made something quite unusual."

On December 10, 1949, Ted and Caro began what proved to be a long letter, written over several days, to Ted's parents in Mexico. ("Working on the bomb was a difficult thing to write home about," Caro would say in later years. "After all, Ted came from a family of missionaries and ministers. All through our time at Los Alamos, Ted's mother made guarded



Measure of a man®

(just three weeks
away: Christmas!)

Here's the most elegant steel tape measure ever made. From France, the chrome body sheathed in gleaming sterling silver or upholstered in sleek black cowhide. Spring-loaded 10′ rule. Not just feet and inches, but meters and centimeters too. Hairline reading window. And useful! It's a square. It's a level, with built-in bubble gauge. Retractable point to scribe lines, draw circles. If you have a special man, this is his measure. Or yours.

Measure of a Man in leather $10
The Sterling Measure of a Man $45

By mail: write Dept. Y, House of Wares, 884 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Please add any tax and $1 delivery. Sorry, no c.o.d.

Our catalog of other unexpected pleasures and treasures, 35¢

House of Wares
assorted east side amenities

884 Madison at 72nd—1053 Madison at 80th
Trafalgar 9-8090 Daily till 6:30 p.m

© 1972 feldman's house of wares, inc.

Stratton
LEARN. SKI. RACE. TOUR.
UNLEASH YOUR POWER. REACH YOUR GOALS.
THE LIFE IS GRACIOUS. THE EXPERIENCE IS EXHILARATING.
Stratton THE GREAT WHITE CHALLENGE

Send me more reasons on why I must come and where I should stay. Or, for immediate reservations, call (toll free) 800-451-4160.

NAME________________CITY________________

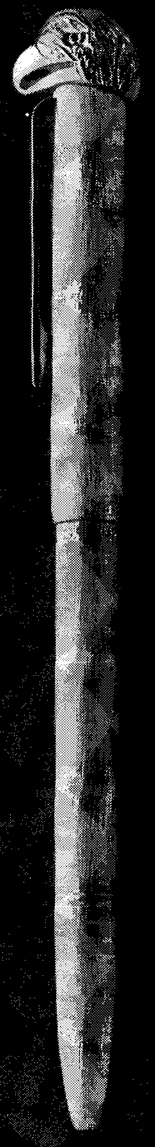
STREET________________STATE____________ZIP____________

Special economy ski week rates available
Nov. 25, 30, Dec. 2-7, 9-14, 16-21, Jan. 6-11, 13-18, March 31-April 5, April 7-12.

MEMBER INNS. THE STRATTON MOUNTAIN LODGING ASSOCIATION. The Barn • Birkenhaus • Chalet Wendland • Four Winds • Fundador • Haig's • Hillcrest Inn • Hotel Tyrol • Jo-Mary's Motel • Kandahar • Liftline Lodge • Marbledge • Palmer House • Post Horn • Robinson House • Scotty's Motel • Snowdon Motel • Snow Bound Motel • Spillikens • Stratton Mountain Inn • Sunnybrook Lodge • Swiss Inn • Toll Road Motor Inn • Windham Hill Farm • Worthy Inn.

STRATTON MOUNTAIN LODGING ASSOCIATION, STRATTON MOUNTAIN, DEPT. SN16, VERMONT, 05155

THE DUNHILL EAGLE



The Dunhill Eagle pen in a Florentine finish. Sterling silver, $50.00. In 14K gold with jewels, $500.00. Mail and phone orders will be filled immediately. Outside delivery area, add $1.25. Add sales tax.
Alfred Dunhill of London, Fifth Avenue at 50th St., New York. Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco.
dunhill

statements about what he was doing. Ted had talked peace in college. It was a surprise to find him working on the bomb.") In the letter, Caro wrote:

> I'm getting more used to the looks and atmosphere of the town. At first it was a shock to see so many like houses set row on row. Some of the newer, postwar places are very nice looking, though of necessity they are all rectangular or square boxes. Some of the earliest places are like slums, with little or no lawn, and a general downtrodden look. Most of these are "sub-standard" and to be torn down. Ours is sort of in the middle. I guess it's not a slum, and is very clean and adequate inside, though built with no imagination, and painted a horrid mustard and maroon on the outside. There is a patch of lawn in front which needs encouragement, and a hundred square yards of picket-fence-enclosed bare dirt in back, for laundry and mudpies. . . .
>
> The nature of Ted's work and its secrecy are sort of a family ghost, and a hindrance to companionship. Perhaps I'm too curious, or too dependent on his interests for mine, but it used to be fun to at least hear what he was doing.

Ted continued:

> My work has been most interesting, and I've been learning a great deal. No doubt you remember how I felt, a couple of years ago, about ever working on anything directly connected with military applications of atomic energy. Since then my ideas of this have changed. I'm not certain when this change came; it's been slow. (I do know that it was *before* I was offered the job at Los Alamos.) I've always thought that the very existence of a means by which men could conceivably completely destroy each other might be just the thing which would prevent any future world wars—and yet at one time I claimed that I would have nothing to do with development of the bomb. This now seems inconsistent. The way I feel now is this: A full-scale war between Russia and the U.S., in which A-bombs *in their present form* were used, would make this world unliveable, as far as I am concerned. And yet people in Congress (and, I suppose, in the Kremlin) talk about a future war as something indeed horrible—*but* they talk in terms of preparing to win it. I claim that these people don't fully realize the *destructive potentialities of atomic energy*. The Bikini tests have been played down; Hiroshima is pointed at as the proof that a modern city can survive an atomic blast; comparison is made with the strategic bombing of Germany during the last war, and the conclusion is reached that atomic bombing would be *little more decisive. This, I think, is all* wishful thinking. It ignores the tens of thousands killed outright at Hiroshima, the effect on a nation of the destruction by conventional bombs in Germany *if* it had all been accomplished in one day, the fact that there *was* an immense amount of destruction at Bikini.
>
> I think that there is only one realistic way to avoid war, and that is to make the world really afraid of it. I think the

Alan Paine

Radley Shetland
Fully fashioned crew-neck pullover from England. In striking new colours created by Alan Paine. About $22.

For store names, write:
Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 St. New York 10016

Tell Pierre six o'clock. In Manhattan. In all boroughs. For airports, theatres, races, restaurants. Wherever. The superb attention you've learned to expect in Europe. With the same chauffeur, if you prefer, each time.

Security. Style. New 1973 Cadillac limousines. Call now for chauffeur. Or information.

GRAY
212/786-8880
Limousine Service
38-21 23rd/Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Go Gray in style.
American efficiency. European courtesy.

A winter vacation in Sarasota!

An uncrowded...unhurried vacation of sunshine. beaches. sports. theater. music and art.

For information write: Chamber of Commerce
P. O. Box 308 NY, Sarasota, Fla. 33578

world should be afraid of it now, but apparently wishful thinking and ignorance (particularly on the part of those people who have some say in what goes on) have removed much of this fear. If A-bombs in their *present* form will make another war something which mankind cannot bear, and if most people don't realize this, then, I say, there is only one thing to do: develop a bomb which will leave no doubt in *anyone's* mind. This idea is repulsive to most people I know, and yet I feel, as strongly as I have ever felt anything, that it is the only way out. The basic physical principles of a superbomb are all there. If a war with conventional weapons did not effectively wipe out civilization (as I think it would), I am certain that a superbomb would be developed during the war, as it was during the last, and would be used until civilization really was wiped out. So, again, I think that the thing to do is to find that horrible thing *now*, before a shooting war starts and people completely lose their ability to reason. Once fear of war removes the immediate threat, then my idealism takes over, and I think in terms of World Government.

Enough of all this, for now. I can just say that I firmly believe that what I am doing now is right, and that I will continue to do it until someone or something shows me a way in which I, personally, can do more to help prevent another war, or that I am wrong.

Lots of love,
TED

When Ted spoke of a superbomb, he was still thinking about a fission bomb, because the feasibility of the fusion bomb—the hydrogen bomb—was by no means clear, and meanwhile he thought he saw ways to do fission bombs in yield ranges immensely exceeding the scale of anything yet exploded. There were about a hundred people in the Theoretical Division, and Ted's confidence, at age twenty-four and after Berkeley, was not such that he thought his voice would ever amount to much among them. Established stars, like Stanislaw Ulam, the mathematician, and Edward Teller, the physicist, were at work on the enigma of the hydrogen bomb. Taylor's first assignment, by contrast, had been to calculate the possibilities of making a somewhat smaller version of the old bomb that had been exploded over Nagasaki. He became absorbed with fission, with its possibilities, both great and small, and he was surprised by how much he seemed to see in his own mind in comparison with how little had been done at Los Alamos since the war. When he arrived, there were no good efficiency calculations, for example. Within the Theoretical Division, there was much more interest in hydrogen bombs than there was in fission bombs. The prevailing attitude was that fission bombs were conceptually more or less a fin-

Today you can still buy the finest champagne the world has ever known.

G.H.MUMM & Cº
Sté VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE SUCCr
REIMS.
FRANCE
CORDON ROUGE
1964
G.H.MUMM & Cº REIMS
CHAMPAGNE BRUT
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
*TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Mumm's the word. Always will be.

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

The Christmas Future.

A mutual fund is a Christmas present with a future. And a Scudder no-load fund is one without a sales charge. The full amount of your gift dollar is used to purchase shares. So what you give is what they get. We have three no-load funds with different investment objectives for almost everybody on your list. From your maiden aunt to your long-haired son. Send us the coupon, we'll tell you about our funds. Then when your family tries to guess what they're getting, give them a stock answer.

SCUDDER
SCUDDER, STEVENS & CLARK INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Scudder Fund Distributors, Inc.
Dept. 45C, 10 Post Office Square, Boston, Mass. 02109

Please send me a free prospectus for the following:

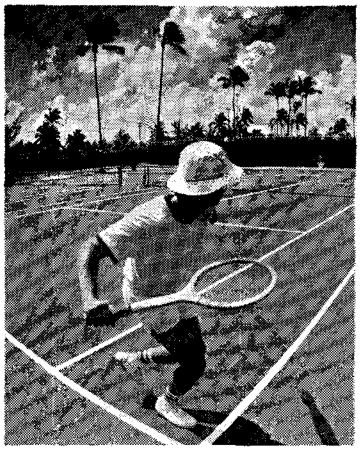
☐ Scudder, Stevens & Clark Balanced Fund.
This fund seeks conservation of principal, regular dividend income and long-term growth through a "balanced" portfolio of high-quality stocks and bonds. Minimum initial investment $500.

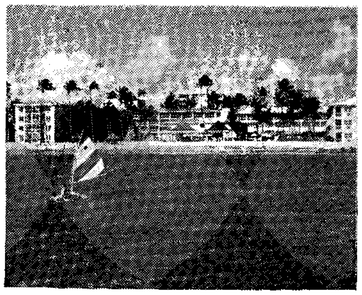
☐ Scudder, Stevens & Clark Common Stock Fund.
A diversified portfolio of good quality common stocks selected for long-term appreciation opportunity. Minimum initial investment $500.

☐ Scudder Special Fund (For big givers.)
A portfolio which emphasizes securities of above-average risk, with the objective of above-average capital appreciation. Minimum initial investment $5,000.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND IN FLORIDA





A holiday setting of untamed beauty just 18 minutes by car from Miami Airport.

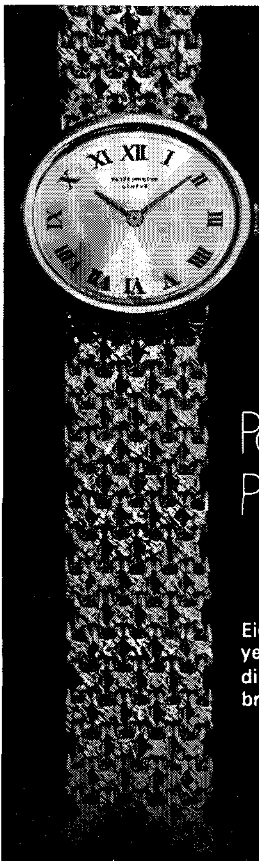
Beautiful Key Biscayne. As unspoiled a vacation island as you've ever seen. On its shore, a vacation resort as superb as its setting, at low summer rates now through December 16th. Far away in feeling, yet just a short causeway drive from Miami.

You'll find miles of wild beaches. White sands. Blue seas. Walking trails. Two swimming pools. Ten cushion-surface tennis courts. Championship golf five minutes away. International cuisine. Luxurious rooms with two double beds, private terraces, ocean views. And all the amusements of Miami close at hand whenever you want them.

See your travel agent. Or call toll-free 800-325-3535.

ROYAL BISCAYNE
BEACH HOTEL & RACQUET CLUB · KEY BISCAYNE, FLORIDA
A SHERATON RESORT HOTEL · A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

ished chapter—an assembly-line matter, no longer of great interest to the designer. Their future would be just a question of paring them, trimming them, tidying them up. Contemplating in turn each of the components of a Nagasaki-type bomb, Ted calculated the relationship of one part to another to another—the various densities, alternative materials—and he began to think how scientifically crude it was to test new or varying components all at once. Yet that had been standard procedure. The bomb was a sphere within a sphere within a sphere within a sphere. The small sphere in the center was called the initiator and was designed to give off millions of neutrons when squeezed. Around the initiator was the ball of fissile material, metallic uranium-235 or plutonium-239, in which the neutrons from the initiator would make fissions. Around the uranium or plutonium was the reflector (also called the tamper). It was made of natural uranium or some other heavy metal to prevent neutrons from getting out and to contain the explosion just long enough to prolong the fission chain reaction and produce a greater yield. Around the tamper was ordinary high explosive, the bulk of the bomb. Basically TNT, its purpose was to squeeze the uranium or plutonium from a subcritical density to a supercritical density, squeezing the initiator at the same time and creating an instant fireball. The high explosive had to be set off with something like absolute symmetry all around the sphere, or the squeeze, the implosion, would not be adequate. Two-thirds of the force of the high explosive went outward, and was lost anyway, so the implosive one-third had to be all the more nearly perfect. Mathematics had shown that charges shaped as lenses were best at starting such a process, so lenses formed the outer part of the sphere. The lenses looked like breasts, and each—there were dozens of them—had a kind of nipple to which a wire was attached. The wires ran to a common source of electricity, and this detonated the bomb. Timing was crucial. Differences of as little as a millionth of a second in the time at which lenses were detonated could affect the symmetry of the implosion, bringing it in too early on one side and thus failing to compress adequately the metal within. Timing, absolute densities of material, deviations from perfect symmetry—Ted explored each aspect of the art and decided that multiple small-yield nuclear explosions, each testing a separate aspect, would bring the level of conceptual design, as he put it,

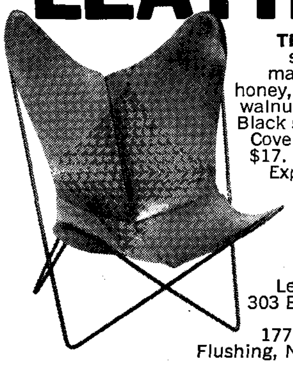


Patek Philippe

Eighteen karat yellow gold case, dial and mesh bracelet—$2,350

J. B. HUDSON Minneapolis
CHARLES W. WARREN Detroit
JESSOPS San Diego
SHREVES San Francisco
J. E. CALDWELL Philadelphia
C. D. PEACOCK Chicago
(612) 370-6486 • P.O. Box 2304, Loop Station
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401

LEATHER



THE SLING Heavy saddle leather in mahogany, antique honey, gold, olive, rust, walnut, natural, black. Black steel frame. $39. Cover only, $32. Stool $17. Packing chg. $1. Exp. Col. No COD's. Available: folding frame (same price) Shpd. U.P.S. or Parcel Post anywhere.
Leathercrafter (N)
303 E. 51st St., N.Y.C. 10022. Branch:
177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y. Catalog 50¢.

CRAFTER

Spend a restless night at Detroit's St. Regis worrying about the price.

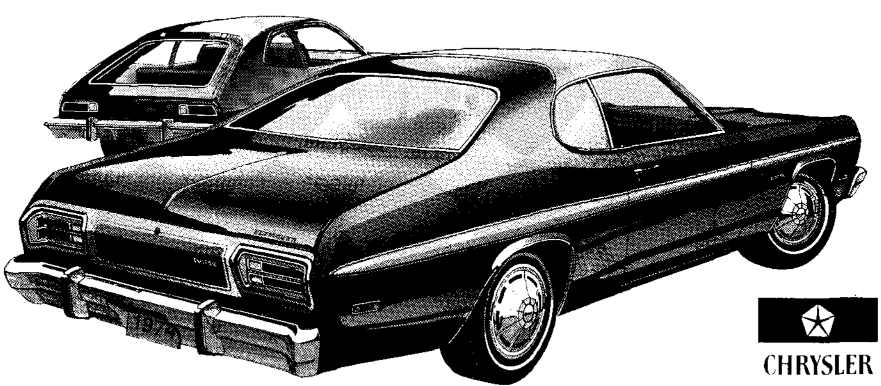
For the price of any good hotel, we'll give you one of the best.
Hotel St. Regis
West Grand Blvd. at Cass, Detroit 873-3000

"closer and closer to the middle of things."

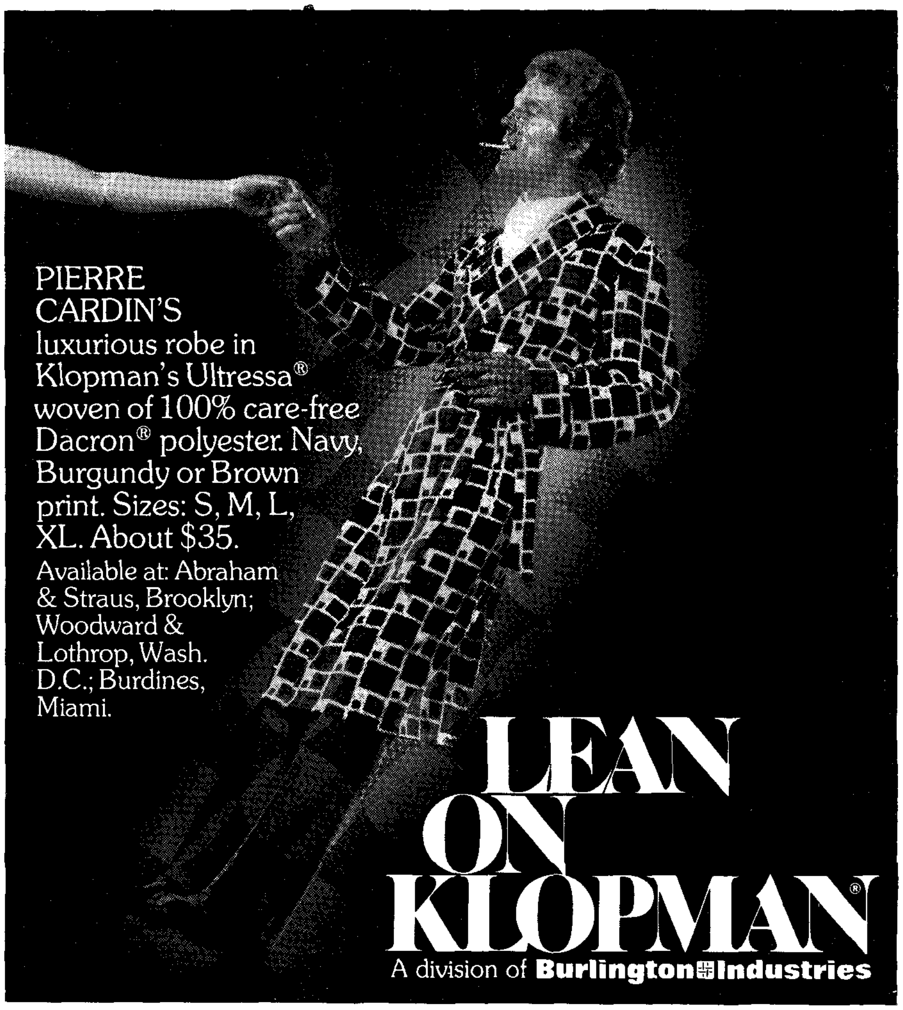
The idea was, if nothing else, impractical—a whole series of nuclear explosions just for one bomb. Shyly, Ted talked it over with George Gamow—an expansive, garrulous, imagistic physicist, to whose Russian warmth Ted felt drawn, as did everyone else at Los Alamos. Gamow, a progenitor of the Big Bang theory of the creation of the universe, had also postulated the mechanism for alpha-particle decay, and was the author of "Mr. Tompkins in Wonderland" and "Mr. Tompkins Explores the Atom"—popular elucidations of such subjects as relativity and quantum theory, illustrated with his own drawings. Gamow had defected from Russia in the thirties. With growing interest, he listened to Ted's idea, and he reviewed calculations Ted had made in contemplation of new sizes, new shapes, new yields—all within a whole new method of approach. Gamow spoke with Teller, and with Enrico Fermi. Eventually, a meeting was called of the senior members of the Theoretical Division and its consultants, and Ted was asked to explain his concept. Norris Bradbury, the director of Los Alamos, was there, and so were Teller, Fermi, Gamow, Ulam, Konopinski—people whose names Ted had known for years, people he had wondered if he would ever meet. The situation was something like the oral examination, with the difference that Ted felt no apprehension whatever, although he was intensely excited. He was, above all, interested. He knew exactly what he wanted to say. He began by explaining that he was there to talk about experimental testing of individual phenomena inside implosion systems. He said it seemed clear that a whole task force couldn't go out to the Pacific just to test a part, so a test site on the North American Continent would be necessary. He outlined the sorts of experiments he had in mind. The meeting reacted with enthusiasm, and, of course, was followed by much critical review. The result was the first series of nuclear tests in the United States—and the establishment of the A.E.C.'s test sites at Yucca Flats and Jackass Flats, Nevada. "You can imagine what this did for my ego," Ted would say many years later. "After Berkeley, I had really been down in the dumps. That meeting, and one or two after that, brought me up to a level of confidence that has been maintained ever since. I've never lost it."

After that meeting, Ted was given lots of time, open access to the com-

There are a lot of big reasons for buying a Duster instead of a Pinto.
Duster has room for five. Pinto has room for four.
Duster's trunk is almost three times bigger.
Duster's engine offers half again as much horsepower.
And Duster has a wider stance.
Of course, Duster's price is more.
But not that much more.
So there's little reason to buy a Pinto when you know the big advantages of Duster.



CHRYSLER
Plymouth
Plymouth Duster.
Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.
CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION



PIERRE CARDIN'S luxurious robe in Klopman's Ultressa® woven of 100% care-free Dacron® polyester. Navy, Burgundy or Brown print. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. About $35.
Available at: Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash. D.C.; Burdines, Miami.
LEAN ON KLOPMAN®
A division of Burlington Industries

puter, freedom of the imagination. Once in a while, he visited the divisions that actually built the bombs, and poked around in the shops there, but in his work he did not handle nuclear materials. He was a conceptual designer. All he needed was a hand calculator, a slide rule, pencils, some blank paper, some graph paper, and, from time to time, a computer output. Completing a new design, he would go to Carson Mark with a piece of graph paper in his hand—lines and numbers on it—and Mark would look at it and often say, in a way that was extremely rewarding to Ted, "Well, I'll be damned!" Ted had a desk, but was not disposed to sit. He could not think sitting down. He walked around a lot, up and down the corridors of the rambling wooden building where the wartime bombs had been designed. As he walked, his eyes swam with calculations, and he lost touch with his surroundings while nuclear devices gradually took form within his mind. If he *snapped his fingers with both hands,* he was thinking particularly well. If his body wiggled, he was even closer to fresh solutions. At home, he moved around a lot, too. Caro by now was accustomed to this. "When we first got married, that had been the most difficult thing of all—to exchange confidences with a moving target."

Ted loved to hike, not only indoors but out, and on weekends he would sometimes go to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, above Sante Fe, across the Valley of the Rio Grande. He walked on a trail on the ridgeline, at twelve thousand feet, conceiving bombs. Any number of them fell apart in his mind, or on the scraps of paper back at his desk, but when they did not fall apart they were shown first to Mark, then to Jane Hall, a physicist who served as the link to the military, then to Duncan MacDougall, leader of the GMX Division—the division that dealt with high-explosive components. A design that got past these three was then put on the agenda of a meeting of the Fission Weapons Committee. Ted was required to do what he called "a selling job" before the committee, flogging his new bomb. When he was successful, the metal core and the high-explosive components were made separately and shipped to Eniwetok or Nevada, where they were assembled.

Caro knew only in a general way what Ted was doing, and she was, in her words, "sort of shocked by it—considerably so—although Ted had found a way to see that it was a good thing." She decided that she could do

DRAMATIC DINOSAUR MURAL 9 FEET LONG -- IN FULL COLOR!

Rudolph F. Zallinger's Pulitzer Prize-winning "Age of Reptiles" mural in the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale University can now be a major exhibit in school and libraries, or a spectacular home decoration.

Faithfully reproduced on 9' x 1½' durable plasticized paper, in full color, this fascinating "sweep through time" blends together a continuous image of life during the age of reptiles. The original, authenticated by experts, took 4½ years to complete.

An accompanying 40-page teaching guide describes the plants and animals, and includes a fold-out keyed illustration. $28, postpaid.

Peabody Museum Associates, Dept. NY
Yale University, New Haven, Conn. 06520

yApre' cravats

DESIGNED BY HERBERT BERGHEIM

yApre'cravats $8.50 to $25—at fine stores
99 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

Some people
say winter is our warmest
season.

THE Woodstock Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for our color brochure, Box 57-N
In New York call (212) 586-4459
In Boston call (617) 542-0202
Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

Nightly
(Except Sunday)

Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!

◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-6 a.m.)

nothing about it, so she tried to put the matter out of her mind. This was somewhat difficult, because explosions occurred frequently at Los Alamos. The GMX Division, which had a huge machine that could X-ray an implosion, tested high-explosive systems in the canyons that splayed the town. Los Alamos was ringed with antic signs—"DANGER EXPLOSIVES KEEP OUT."

Down a slope from the Taylors' house was a culvert, and Ted decided that if a red alert should come and there was no time to seek better shelter his family would huddle in the culvert. In time, he discussed bomb attacks and civil defense with his children—radiation, fallout, shock waves, nuclear-weapons effects. This was too much for Caro. "Ted is a good talker. If he wants me to believe something is bad, I believe it. I still expect the worst when I hear a siren. We knew too much about all these things." A forest fire once threatened Los Alamos, and Ted and others went out to fight it with shovels. The wind shifted and the fire crowned over their heads. Ted had never before been so frightened. He had to run for his life.

Los Alamos was set in a beautiful place, with its high altitude, its clear air, its big pines, and the forested mountainsides rising above its mesas. Ted and Caro looked out a window one morning and saw a black bear in a tree. There was plenty to do beyond the town gates—ski, climb, fish for trout, camp beside a stream beneath the ponderosas. Views from the streets of the town reached forty miles to the snow-covered Sangre de Cristos. Obviously, more than remoteness had drawn Robert Oppenheimer to establish a wartime scientific laboratory around a group of log buildings called the Los Alamos Ranch School, which he had often visited on his vacations in New Mexico. "Shut in by a gate, shut out by a gate, your perspective was limited, though," Caro has recalled. "Los Alamos was a town inside a fence. At a dinner party, the men went off into a corner—more so than ordinarily. You didn't think about it, but there was something that was missing. Not long after we arrived, churches and privately owned stores and such were for the first time permitted to come in there. Churches suddenly sprang up of all sizes and kinds—about every denomination you can think of. It must have been an indication of something. Los Alamos was a nervous collection of middle-aged young people. The average age there was eighteen. The average adult age was thirty-five. You were

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

BOTSWANA WING SAFARI,
another "first" in Lindblad's world-wide explorations.

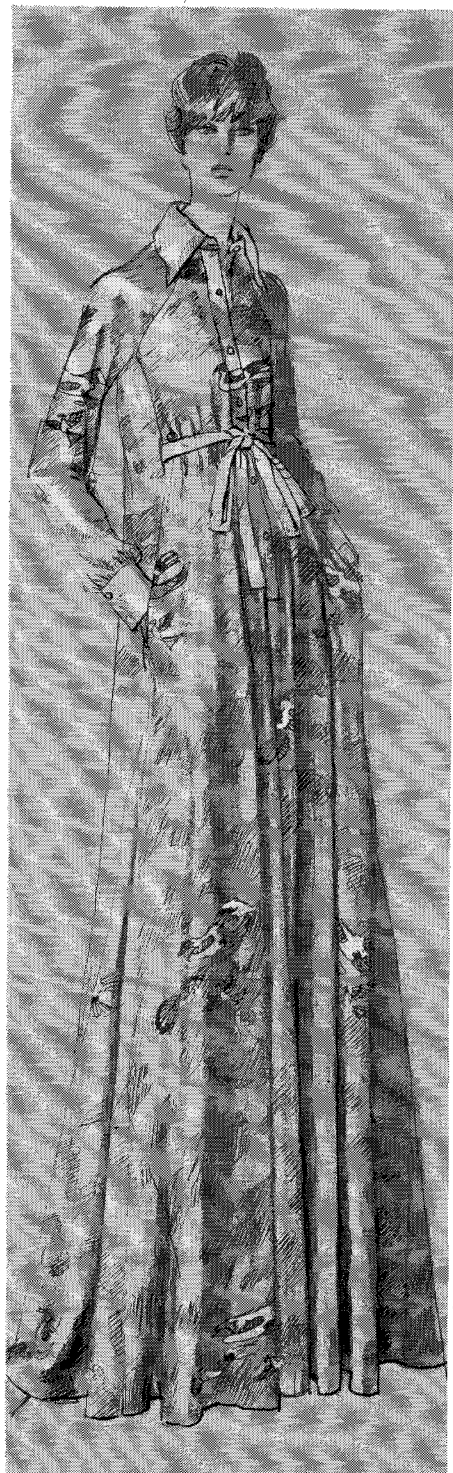
There exists a fascinating country in southwest Africa known as Botswana (formerly the Bechuanaland Protectorate). It is perhaps one of the few remaining pockets of unspoiled nature left in this world. All your travel into this verdant nature paradise will be done by sturdy Land Rovers as well as by small planes. You will see sizeable animal herds of all kinds, visit National Parks and, because the Etosha Game Reserve is one of the finest in the world, we have decided to include it on our itinerary. The opportunities for excellent nature and animal photography are endless. Unlike East Africa, people are permitted out of their Land Rovers to photograph the animals. Your nights will be spent in restful and well-managed camps and lodges. And because this twenty-day Botswana Wing Safari is a very popular Safari, we suggest you write at once for our informative color brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYS12373
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300

MERRILL SHARPE'S silk-like shirt for dress or sport in Klopman's Delaware;™ a care-free knit of Qiana® nylon. 12 colors; lights, pastels and darks. Sizes: S, M, L, XL.

Available at: De Lisi, New York; Sakowitz, Houston; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Snyder & Sons, L.A.

LEAN ON KLOPMAN®
A division of Burlington Industries



FOR AT-HOMING BIRDS...

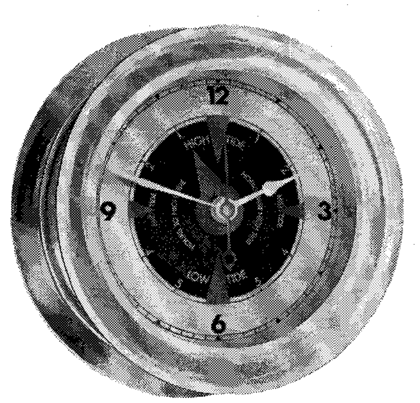
our humming bird shirt-float wings its way into the gifting season. Most elegant print in blues and mauve on peach, with sheen-y crystal look to the fabric. By Bill Tice ESP in washable 100% Antron® Comes in P-S-M-L. $60. Slightly higher on Coast. In all our Salons or by mail. Add tax and $1.00 for handling outside New York delivery area.

Elizabeth Arden

691 Fifth Avenue, NY • PL 9-9400

children of the government, paying subsidized rents and living in prefabricated homes. There were wild drinking parties, marriages ending, and so forth. Ted did not particularly notice this. For him, it was an exciting community. Hans Bethe came to dinner, in hiking boots. Sometimes, Ted would go with Mr. Fermi on hikes in the mountains above the town. It was hard for a person to know how Ted was coming along. A person's confidence had been a little shaken, maybe. You worry just a little bit about your husband professionally, you know. If he could entertain Mr. Fermi for a whole walk, for a whole morning, I figured he must be a good listener or he must have something to say. On the evenings when we happened to go out, I was impressed by the people who seemed to want to talk to him in corners. Ted would say that a device of his was to be set off in Eniwetok, and I'd know he was doing O.K."

In the fall of 1950, Ted made a long visit with two others to Washington as a kind of emissary to the Pentagon—to brief and to be briefed. He was twenty-five years old and had been a junior-grade lieutenant in the Navy, and now suddenly he found himself in the supreme palace of the military, being ushered around by fleet admirals and four-star generals who treated him with the kind of reverential respect they might have shown a legitimate son of Thor himself. Meals were served in the Flag and General Officers' Mess. First, the Pentagon acquainted the scientists with a summary of what might happen if the United States were to attack the Soviet Union. Then an entire day was spent reviewing what would happen if Russia—whose first nuclear bomb had been exploded a year earlier—were to attack the United States. The generals making the presentation succeeded in frightening Ted. The drift of their argument was that Russia would win easily, that Russia had only a small nuclear stockpile but with conventional arms would overwhelm Western Europe, and meanwhile the Russians were safe enough at home, as a result of an intensive program of civil defense. For six weeks thereafter, Taylor looked through stereoscopic glasses at three-dimensional photographs of bits and pieces of the Soviet infrastructure—a refinery here, an assembly plant there. Pentagon target analysts drew circles with compasses around Soviet military bases, industries, cities. The pictures had been made by the Germans during the Second World War. Taylor's role was to estimate



Two clocks in one.

Chelsea's new Sun & Moon Clock*. One clock that tells you what time it is and when high and low tides are. Combined on one 6-inch dial, color coded for easy reading.

It's accurate to within two seconds a day (extraordinary for a battery-powered timepiece).

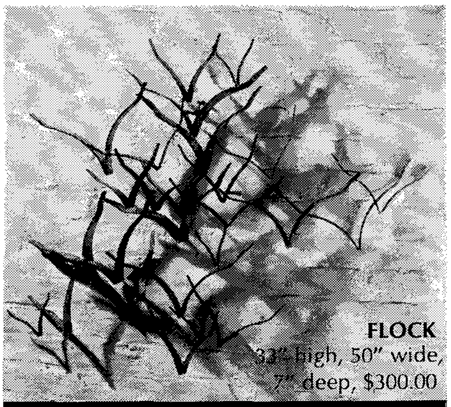
For boat or home, it's as perfect as the Chelsea craftsmanship that goes into it.

There are two models: "The Tide Mate" with hinge bezel and black phenolic case at $100. "The Tide Teller" in a screw bezel, brass case for $175.

Write us at 284 Everett Ave., Chelsea, Mass. 02150 for the name of our dealer nearest you.

BUNKER RAMO Chelsea

*Patent Pending

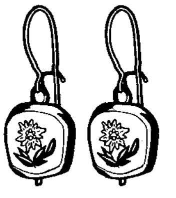


FLOCK
33" high, 50" wide,
7" deep, $300.00

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO

Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

edelweiss bell earrings from Austria



The sound of cow bells in Tyrolean Alps comes to life in these miniature sterling silver bells made into earrings. Decorated with hand enamelled Edelweiss flowers in blue and white. One of hundreds of gifts shown in our catalog. Order pierced or screw type. $9.50 ppd.

SEND 25¢ FOR NEW 64-PG. IMPORT CATALOG.

shopping international
764 shopping international bldg.
norwich, vermont 05055

Stores: Wellesley, Mass., Simsbury, Conn., Norwich, Vt.
We accept BankAmericard, Master Charge & American Express.

How'd you like to make foolproof shrimp scampi — at the dinner table.

Perfect barbecued beans — out on the terrace.

Impeccable scrambled eggs — at your bedside.

And anything you want, right there in the kitchen — even when every burner on your stove is busy.

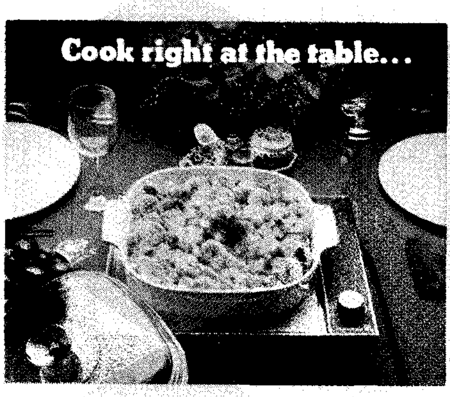
Our cookware is our cooktop: The Table Range.

Well, you can't do all that with an electric skillet. Or a beancooker. Or a food-warmer. Or a chafing dish.

But you can with the Corning® Table Range.

In many ways, it's a miniature version of the Gourmet model of The Counter That Cooks® electric cooktop. It has the same perfectly smooth cooking surface. And the same precision thermostat. So precise, in fact, you can set it low enough for use as a warming tray. Or high enough for frying. Yet it takes up less space than the average electric skillet.

Like our big range, our Table Range comes with its own special cookware: a gleaming white PYROCERAM® brand glass-ceramic skillet you can take directly from the freezer to the Table Range to your table.


Cook right at the table...

wherever the table is.

In fact, you can cook a stew on the Table Range. Freeze it. Thaw it. And reheat it. All in the same pan.

If you want to boil spaghetti or cook rice or whip up a casserole, there are four different sizes of pots and pans available.

And when you're finished cooking, just pop the cookware into the dishwasher, and wipe the cooktop clean with a damp cloth and a little cleanser.

For forty dollars, we think it pays for you to have our second range.

Especially since it's probably better than your first.

INTRODUCING THE $40 CORNING RANGE.

The Corning Table Range.

It lets you cook where you eat.

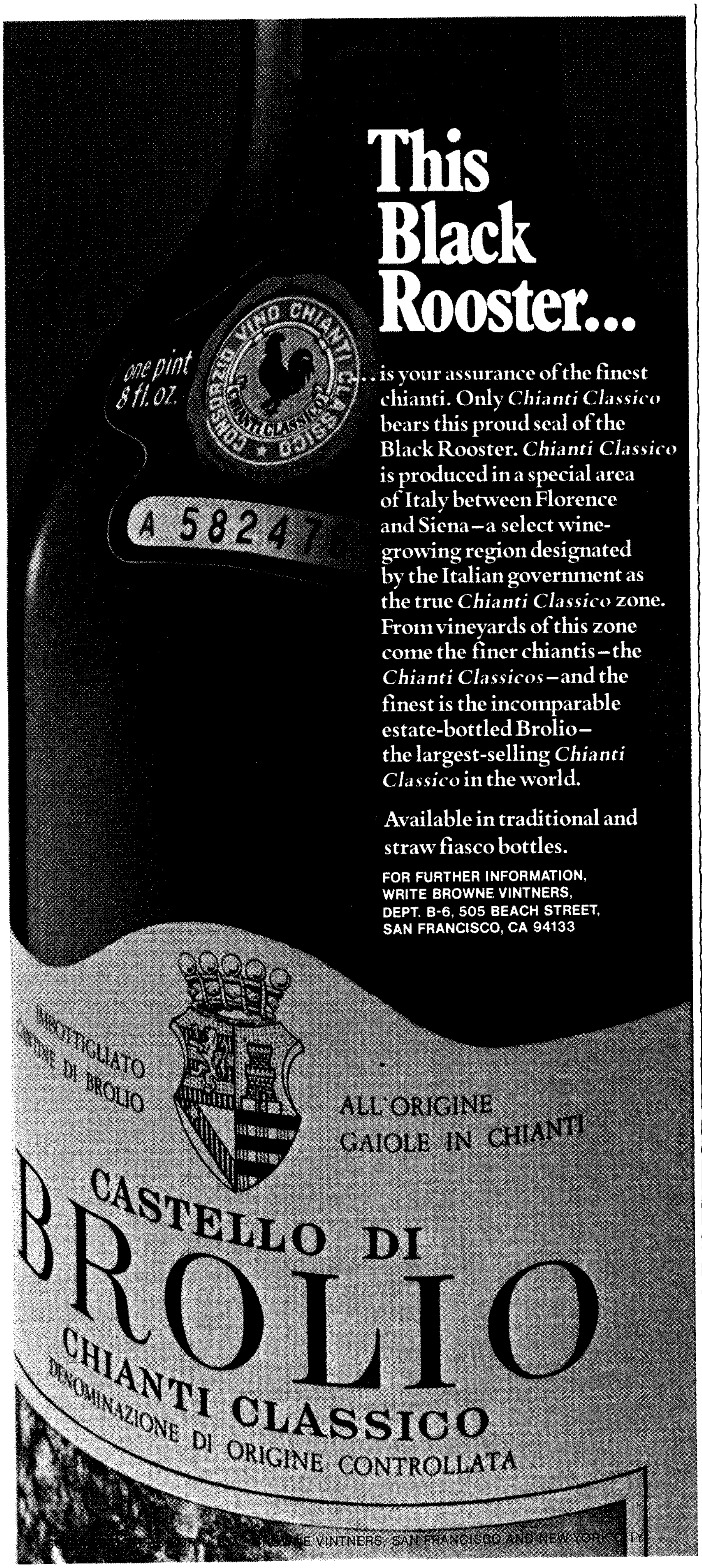
PYROCERAM brand and The Counter That Cooks cooktop are registered trademarks of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

how many kilotons would be required to remove something from a picture. The Pentagon wanted to figure out what, cumulatively, was needed to destroy the Soviet Union.

One result of these discussions was a military request for an extremely high-yield fission bomb. The generals thought that a hundred kilotons was the upper limit of possibility. Ted said he felt he could do a lot better than that. Really? The generals were under the impression that a fission bomb beyond that limit would have to contain so much uranium or plutonium that it would go critical and fizzle before achieving detonation. Ted said he felt the problem could be avoided. The generals wished him luck, saying they hoped for a fission bomb with a yield high enough to enhance what they called the country's deterrent posture. Ted went back to Los Alamos and designed the Super Oralloy Bomb.

At about the same time, work on the hydrogen bomb had reached a level of frustrating bafflement, if not paralysis. The theoretical potentialities were clear. The problem was how to ignite the thermonuclear material (liquid deuterium or whatever) in a way that would cause a fusion-reactive explosion. Very high temperatures were required, and these existed in an exploding fission bomb. But just to set one off inside a barrel of deuterium would not do, because the energy of the fission explosion would dissipate too fast as radiation or be drained off by electrons, which would simply whirl faster and accomplish nothing. One day, at a meeting of people who were working on the problem of the fusion bomb, George Gamow placed a ball of cotton next to a piece of wood. He soaked the cotton with lighter fuel. He struck a match and ignited the cotton. It flashed and burned, a little fireball. The flame failed completely to ignite the wood, which looked just as it had before—unscorched, unaffected. Gamow passed it around. It was petrified wood. He said, "That is where we are just now in the development of the hydrogen bomb."

S.O.B., the Super Oralloy Bomb, in time was detonated at Eniwetok, and—in Ted's mind, anyway—S.O.B. solved permanently the problem of the high-yield bomb (of whatever type), for anything larger seemed redundant. It was exploded at high altitude. As soon as the generals saw the fireball, they knew they had got what they wanted. S.O.B. was—and it still is—by far the largest-yield pure-fission bomb ever constructed in the world. I



This Black Rooster...

...is your assurance of the finest chianti. Only *Chianti Classico* bears this proud seal of the Black Rooster. *Chianti Classico* is produced in a special area of Italy between Florence and Siena—a select wine-growing region designated by the Italian government as the true *Chianti Classico* zone. From vineyards of this zone come the finer chiantis—the *Chianti Classicos*—and the finest is the incomparable estate-bottled Brolio—the largest-selling *Chianti Classico* in the world.

Available in traditional and straw fiasco bottles.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, WRITE BROWNE VINTNERS, DEPT. B-6, 505 BEACH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94133

once asked Taylor how much, if any, plutonium it had in it, and he said, "No comment." I asked him how much nuclear material was in it, and he said, "A lot."

"Can I say 'toward a hundred kilograms'?"

"I wouldn't say anything."

"What can you say about the yield?"

"It was in the megaton range."

In the parlance of weaponry, "the kiloton range" is the phrase used to describe fission bombs. "The megaton range" is the phrase used to describe hydrogen bombs. "Megaton range" has only been used once to describe a fission bomb.

A bomb test was an attractive aspect of work at Los Alamos—a business trip, sometimes to the South Pacific, the witnessing of an unforgettable spectacle—and there was a pecking order about who got to go. Ted did not see S.O.B. explode. He went to few bomb tests in the early years, because in the corporate scale of things he was so low. He was a forty-five-hundred-dollar-a-year designer with no Ph.D. He was a research assistant, not a member of the staff. Others, most of the others, came first. An exception was made for a test in Nevada. Ted had designed a bomb called Scorpion, which contained a component radically different from anything that had preceded it, and he was invited to be present at the explosion that would ratify or disprove his invention. The component was the reflector, which was ordinarily made of metals heavier than steel. The reflector traditionally added a considerable amount to the total weight of a bomb. Wandering around the corridors, musing about reflectors, Ted had begun to contemplate how light they might possibly be—how to make a single long stride toward a new generation of lightweight bombs—and his thoughts started through the periodic table from hydrogen, the lightest element, upward. Hydrogen, helium, lithium, beryllium . . . Beryllium was a compact, fairly dense collection of light atoms, lighter than oxygen, lighter than magnesium, lighter than aluminum. With regard to stray neutrons that might pass its way, beryllium had a high capacity to deflect them—a "high scattering cross-section." Being a good neutron scatterer might be worth even more than being dense. Quite a lot more. Ted went back to his papers, his slide rule, and his calculator, and began to sketch out the mathematics of Scorpion. No question, you could get some sort of explosion, but how big

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

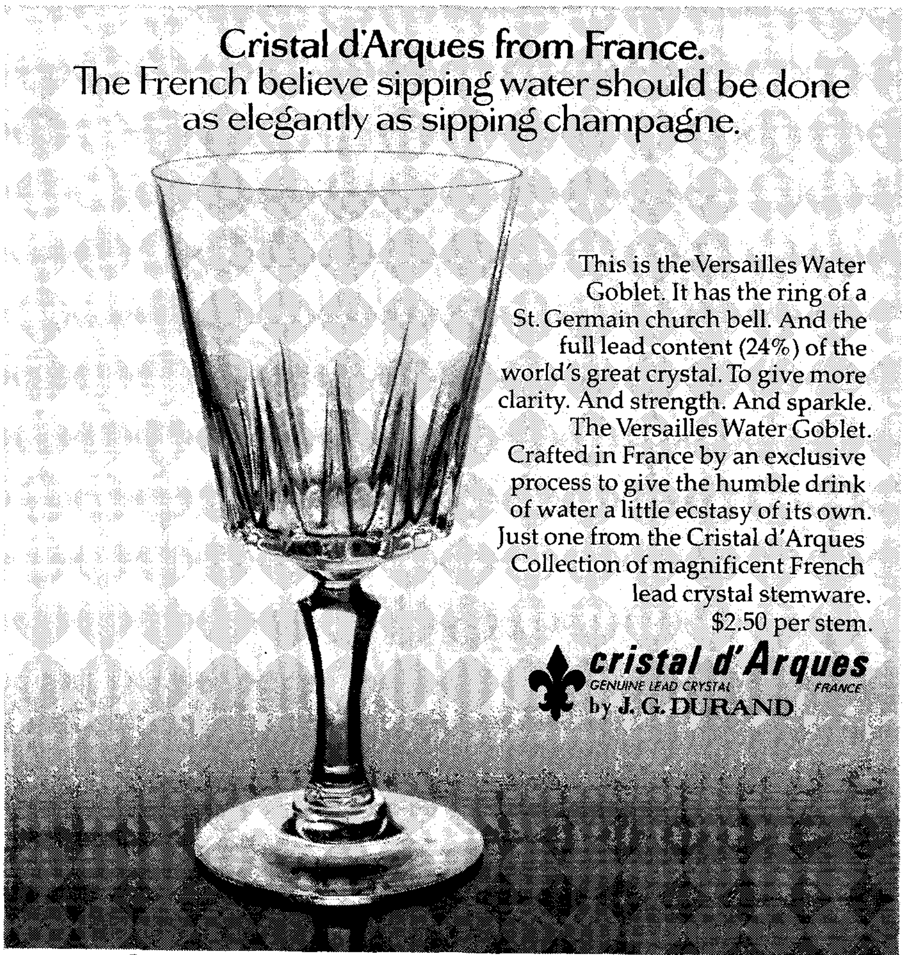
Lindblad's spectacular Explorers' Tour to

CENTRAL ASIA & MONGOLIA

Imagine spending nights under the stars on the Gobi Desert in a Yurt, a Mongolian tent. Imagine roaming around old mosques and bazaars in the ancient city of Bukhara, hardly changed since five centuries ago.

Or exploring the wonders of Samarkand, the "Jewel of the Desert" with its memories of the greatest Mongol of them all, Tamerlane. Imagine covering remote regions of Siberia and Mongolia, meeting many different friendly races, languages, customs and styles of architecture which make up the complex called the U.S.S.R. And finally an evening at the ballet in Moscow. These are only a few of the highlights of this immensely popular Explorers' Tour. The first of ten tours in 1974 is scheduled to depart on June 6. Please send for our informative color brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYA12373
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300



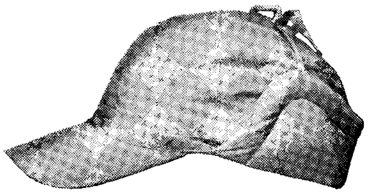
Cristal d'Arques from France.
The French believe sipping water should be done as elegantly as sipping champagne.

This is the Versailles Water Goblet. It has the ring of a St. Germain church bell. And the full lead content (24%) of the world's great crystal. To give more clarity. And strength. And sparkle. The Versailles Water Goblet. Crafted in France by an exclusive process to give the humble drink of water a little ecstasy of its own. Just one from the Cristal d'Arques Collection of magnificent French lead crystal stemware. $2.50 per stem.

cristal d'Arques
GENUINE LEAD CRYSTAL FRANCE
by J. G. DURAND

Catalogue free upon request. Write J. G. Durand, Millville, N.J. 08332.
Sold in all better gift and department stores.

Bauer Goose Down Guarantees You Head-to-Toe Warmth



FOUR-SEASON LIGHTWEIGHT
Light, handsome Goose Down Sportsman's Cap is warm at sub-zero and comfortable at 50° because it "breathes." Crown and turn-down storm flaps are fully insulated. Fabric is tough, long-wearing nylon and cotton. **Sizes:** S(6½-7), M(7⅛-7¼), L(7⅜-7½), XL (7⅝-8). **Colors:** Red, Autumn Tan, Olive, Camouflage. **0138** Sportsman's Cap, **$9.95** ppd.

HEAD-HUGGING FASHION
Our Goose Down Bonnet is sleekly styled to flatter your face, warmly insulated with fluffy Bauer Goose Down to protect your head, ears and neck. Visor keeps snow off your goggles and sun out of your eyes. Colorful, durable Nylon taffeta. **Sizes:** S/M/L. **Colors:** Yellow, Red, Navy, Powder Blue, Sienna Brick, Butterscotch, Dark Green. **0137** Bonnet, **$12.95** postpaid.

WORLD'S WARMEST TRAVELERS
Tuck these Eddie Bauer Goose Down Sox into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as inner sox for your cold weather footwear. Quilted in soft, long-wearing Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Powder Blue, Taupe. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we will supply proper fit. **0123** Sox, pair **$7.95** ppd.

Order today! Money back guarantee!
Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my order.
☐ 0138 Sportsman's Cap
Size_____Color_____
☐ 0137 Bonnet
Size_____Color_____
☐ 0123 Sox: Men's Size_____
Color_____
Women's Size_____
Color_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____
☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

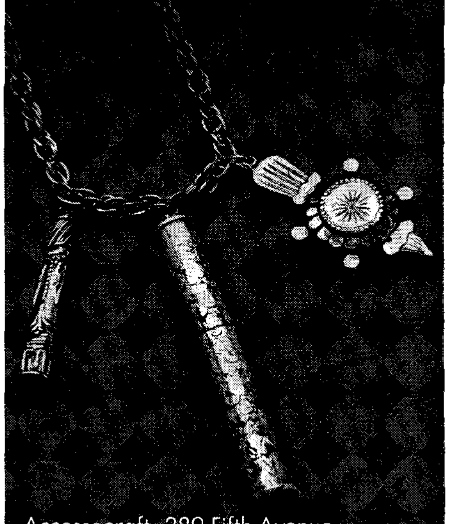
Eddie Bauer®

Dept. DNY, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98124

would it be? Some people who reviewed the concept felt that trying such a reflector would result in nothing more than a fizzle yield. Nonetheless, the reflector was fabricated—an accomplishment in itself, since beryllium is both toxic and brittle. In all other respects, Scorpion would be a familiar implosion bomb, the reflector being its only component with unproved characteristics. Made in Los Alamos, wired up in Albuquerque, it was taken to Yucca Flats, and Ted was flown there to see it. Through long, flat distances, he could see mountains in every direction. The desert floor, a huge shallow basin, was covered with sage. Elevations gently rose toward the barren foothills of the mountains. The Air Force was already making a romantic film about the place, with a narrator saying, "This is the valley where the giant mushrooms grow, the atomic clouds, the towering angry ghosts of the fireballs." Such presentations would eventually sicken Ted when he came upon them, just as he would be sickened, on visits to Strategic Air Command bases, by signs that said, "WAR IS OUR BUSINESS." Now, though, it was all new to him, and he thought of Scorpion only as a device that would go off in a desert—an excitement, a spectacle, an investigation of physical phenomena. He spent what he remembers as "essentially no time" contemplating that Scorpion might be reproduced as a weapon for killing human beings. He marvelled instead at the exceptional clarity of the Nevada air and how the distances he could see were so great they were deceiving. Scorpion's tower, from across the desert, looked like a wire stuck into the ground. The tower was three hundred feet high. The height had to be greater than the expected radius of the fireball, so that the shock wave breaking away from the fireball would bounce off the ground and push the fireball upward, preventing it from picking up debris and causing unnecessary fallout. The top of the tower was an eight-by-eight-foot cab that had sides of corrugated iron, a gable roof made of sheets of iron, and an iron-grating floor. Ted went up the tower to look at Scorpion before it was fired—a dark object in the center of the cab. The tower itself contained vertical piping that was used to conduct specific types of radiation to instruments that would measure their intensity milliseconds before the instruments themselves would be destroyed. The explosion was delayed a day while technicians tried to get a rat out of a pipe. Ted, in the course of the wait,

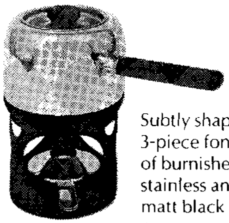
Now: Anne Klein Jewelry

A collection of talismans, the largest of which carries your pills. Antique gold or silver finish. $8.
By Accessocraft



Accessocraft, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) MU 3-6959.

SARPANEVA 210



Subtly shaped 3-piece fondue set of burnished stainless and matt black steel. A contemporary classic by Timo Sarpaneva; functional, elegant. $39.00

Send for new brochure. All prices postpaid.

FINLAND DESIGN
816 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010

VERMONT HIDEAWAY

Luxury and privacy in the unspoiled mountains of Vermont. A magnificent setting preserved by protective covenants. Design genius and a profound respect for the environment combine to create this all season home. For sale or rent: week or season call (802) 746-5171,

HAWK, Box 11-C, Rt. 100, Pittsfield, Vt. 05762

found a parabolic mirror with a small hole in it at the bottom of its concavity. Facing it to the sun, he determined where, behind the mirror, the collected rays came to focus. He attached some stiff wires to the mirror and shaped them so that they would hold a Pall Mall with one end at the focal point. Finally, at dawn the next day, Scorpion was detonated. Dawn was good for photography. Yield was measured by the rate at which a fireball grew. Ted was far across the desert, watching—hoping (he would always be highly optimistic about his bombs) for twenty kilotons, while some others were prophesying a much smaller yield. People who have worked for decades at Los Alamos have said that you can read all there is about tanks, ships, and buildings disappearing in vapor but the experiential fact is that you don't know what a kiloton is until you see and, in a sense, feel one. Los Alamos people were always taken aback when they first went to a test site and saw a bomb explode. The light came first, and then the waves and waves of heat. Many seconds later came the sound, which varied from a dull thud to a sharp crack. Scorpion, on its day, spread out into the sky in a way that indicated at once a yield in the range its designer wanted—a fantastic hint of how light and compact a nuclear-explosive device could ultimately be. Fifteen seconds after Scorpion flashed, Ted reached down to the parabolic mirror beside him and took from behind it a smoldering Pall Mall. He drew in a long, pleasing draught of smoke. He had lit a cigarette with an atomic bomb. —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the first part of a three-part Profile.*)

●

Here's what happened to the first edition crossword . . . Monday, we ran next Saturday's (Oct. 20) puzzle and the Friday (Oct. 19) answer by mistake . . . Tuesday, we ran Tuesday's puzzle, the answer to a Monday puzzle that wasn't in the paper and the answer to Saturday's (Oct. 13) puzzle which should have been in on Monday . . . first edition readers didn't—and won't—get the puzzle that should have run Monday . . . Saturday, we will repeat the Oct. 20 puzzle and Oct. 19 answer which ran Monday . . . then we'll be back on schedule.—*St. Petersburg Times*.

And *we'll* be in the bughouse.

●

Ronald L. Ziegler, the White House press spokesman, said that Mr. Nixon would continue to travel when he wanted to, but at a reduced speed. He did not elaborate.—*The Times*.

It's just as well.

Why IU is a company for the long haul.

IU's Ryder Truck Lines and Pacific Intermountain Express operate 12,400 pieces of equipment between 285 terminals in 44 states. In addition to running one of the nation's largest trucking networks, IU also provides extensive distribution services for food, paper, and industrial products.

In 1972, transportation/distribution operations accounted for 47% of IU's revenues and 20% of pre-tax income. IU's $1.2 billion business mix also includes growing energy and environmental management markets.

From trucks to oil tankers, IU is a company moving to produce above-average earnings for its shareholders.

To learn more, write Corporate Affairs, Dept. G10, IU International, 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

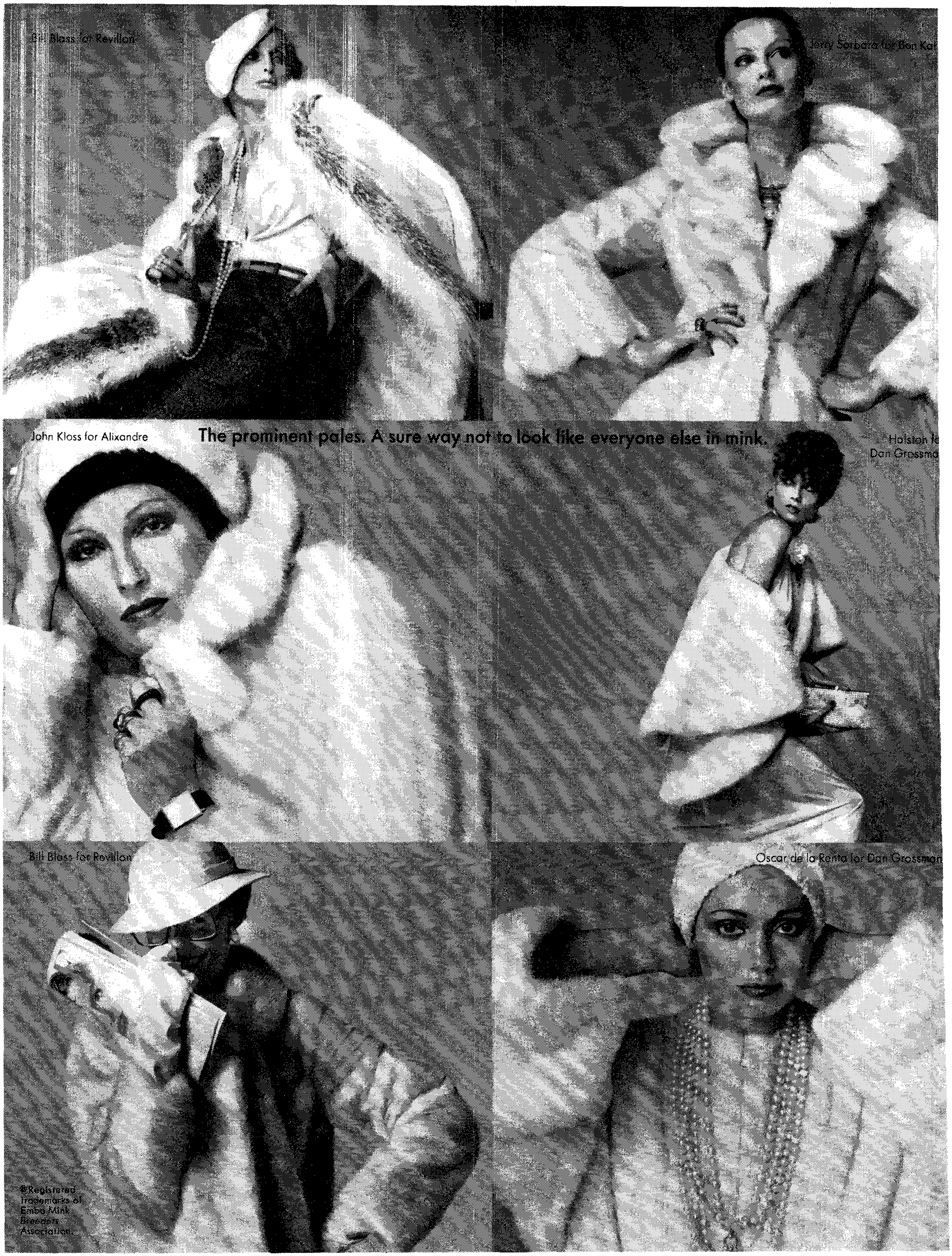
IU International

SERVING WORLDWIDE ENERGY, TRANSPORTATION/DISTRIBUTION AND ENVIRONMENTAL MARKETS.

Pewter For Today

Gorham artisans craft the glow of finest pewter into timeless accessories of classic simplicity and elegance. Each is designed to display this beautiful metal at its greatest advantage. Each is a gift to be treasured. 9¾" Octagonal Bowl, $30; 8" Octagonal Bowl, $25. Classic Candlesticks, 7" tall, $10 pair. Distinctively gift wrapped. Mail or phone orders accepted. Please add $1 for delivery and insurance. In Virginia, add 4% tax. Complimentary brochure upon request.

KELLER AND GEORGE
INCORPORATED
Jewelers since 1875
214 East Main Street Charlottesville, Va. 22901 Tel. (804) 293-6184



Bill Blass for Revillon
Jerry Sorbara for Ben Ka
John Kloss for Alixandre
The prominent pales. A sure way not to look like everyone else in mink.
Halston fo
Dan Grossma
Bill Blass for Revillon
Oscar de la Renta for Dan Grossman
®Registered
Trademarks of
Emba Mink
Breeders
Association.

Apollo®, Arcturus®, Jasmine®, Rovalia® and Tourmaline® are Emba's prominent pales. From a collection of 12 natural-born colors. One will make the most of you.

EMBA®
The American Mink

THE THEATRE

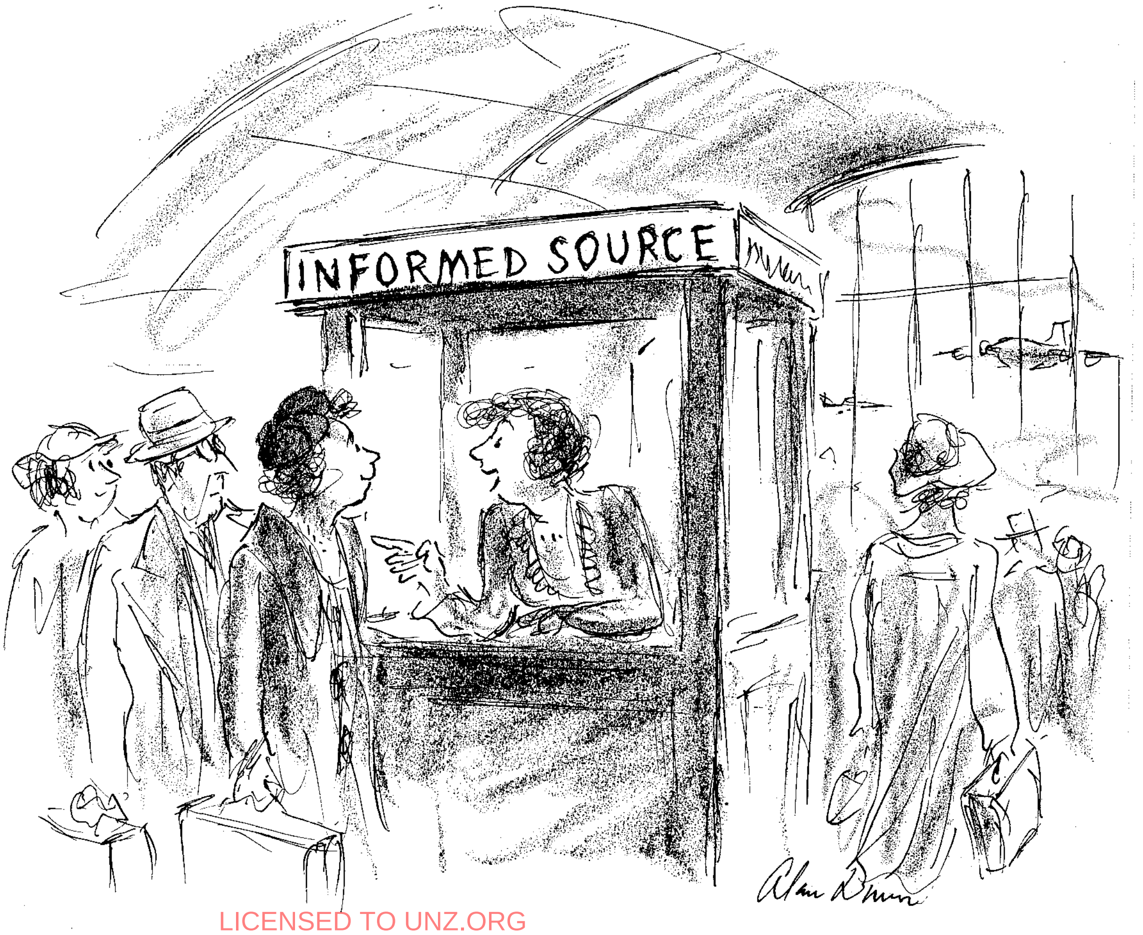
OFF BROADWAY

PERHAPS the fastest way to get at an amiable little musical called "Lotta; or, The Best Thing Evolution's Ever Come Up With," which opened the season at the Public, is to describe it as theatre about theatre—the best of it, anyway. Robert Montgomery, who wrote the words (so-so) and music (pleasant enough), also wrote "Subject to Fits," a couple of years ago. That show, inspired by Dostoevski's "The Idiot," seemed silly but harmless to me. A lot of "Lotta" is silly, too, and facetious, but a lot of it is better than that; time after time, there is evidence of an original theatrical imagination at work, if not a literary one. The action is full of surprises, there is some merry nonsense, and the songs and dancing are always entertaining. Unfortunately, there is also a plot, about a girl of sixteen with supernatural powers who becomes the object of a contest between three gods, on the one hand, and a young scientist, on the other. The gods, who reminded me of the gangsters in "Kiss Me, Kate," equate good and evil with stimulating and boring (a theatrical notion, if ever there was one) and try to persuade Lotta to perform a truly stimulating human act. The scientist, who loves Lotta, has no patience with the supernatural and persuades her to use her extraordinary powers to find out whether there is a life after death. If this synopsis seems flimsy, it is because I was too distracted by the actors—scampering up and down ladders, suddenly appearing and disappearing, breaking into song and dance for the damnedest reasons—to try to make much sense out of what was going on. But the plot is the least of it, and maybe someday Mr. Montgomery will find a suitable framework for his talents.

Of the actors, I enjoyed Jeffrey Duncan Jones, excellent in the role of the scientist, and a fine singer; Ronald Silver, R. H. Thomson, and John Long as the three tough gods; Richard Ramos as a raggedy "shamus," a leftover from some old movie short whose connection with the proceedings remains obscure to me; and Jill Eikenberry in a couple of minor parts. Dale Soules does well, too, with the hyperactive, in-and-out, comical title character. Tom H. John designed the good double-decker setting, and David Chambers directed.

THREE couples and a bachelor friend of theirs decide to renovate several town houses into quarters for all of them. Then the bachelor announces that he plans to move in with his male lover. That is the situation that sets off "The Enclave," by Arthur Laurents, which opened two weeks ago at Theatre Four. The stagy script doesn't amount to much, compounded as it is of outrage, accusations, revelations, false innocence, heroics, considerable sentimentality, and a certain dogged sticking to the subject on the part of the characters concerned (and a certain slyboots knowledgeability on the part of the author—he is so "on" to everybody). Nevertheless, there *are* characters—pat but playable ones—and, despite the shortcomings of the script, quite a lot of sincerity and humor come through. One serious flaw: Mr. Laurents' use of a mixed couple—black husband and white wife—solely for purposes of demonstration is cheap and foolish.

What gives the show such minor distinction as it has is the production—Mr. Laurents' staging and the work of his actors. The scenes shift in an ingenious and original way. A scene comes to a close, the lights brighten, there is piano music (written by Stephen Sondheim), the mood changes from realism to sur-, and the actors, still in character and still in mood, move the furniture and reverse the flats; the lights dim, and we are in somebody else's apartment. Most of the performances are believable enough. Barton Heyman does well as the homosexual bachelor, shaky and ill at ease to begin with, and then, after God knows how many emotional ups and downs, surprised at his own confidence. Laurence Hugo is funny, and something more, as a campy middle-aged doctor who specializes in getting his cronies out of jams (not the best-written role on earth but effective in Mr. Hugo's hands), and Tom Happer is credible as the bachelor's young lover. —EDITH OLIVER



EXPRINTER INTERNATIONAL
presents
2 more fabulous encores of
A MUSIC FESTIVAL AT SEA

In cooperation with SUN LINE CRUISES:
OPUS IV
MARCH 16 - APRIL 1, 1974
Port Everglades / Athens / New York
Ports of Call:
MADEIRA, MALAGA, MONTE CARLO, PORTOFINO, NAPLES, PIRAEUS
A luxurious, magnificently musical sea/air Odyssey aboard the incomparable S.S. STELLA SOLARIS. (Greek Registry)
From $995 to $2070
(Including air return from Athens)

In cooperation with HOLLAND AMERICA CRUISES:
OPUS V
APRIL 8 - 20, 1974
New York / Caribbean Islands
Ports of Call:
PUERTO RICO, ST. MAARTEN, ANTIGUA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, ST. THOMAS
An unforgettable voyage attuned to the exquisite pleasures of music and soothing Caribbean breezes aboard the splendid S.S. ROTTERDAM. (Netherlands Registry).
From $610 to $1510

Daily shipboard concerts . . . gala import musical events . . . starring a galaxy of the world's renowned artists . . . promising historic experiences of musicianly virtuosity. These two unique music happenings at sea are not to be missed!
RESERVATIONS ARE LIMITED.
For additional information mail coupon to:

Exprinter International NYR-1
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036
Tel: (212) 244-7856
Please check: ☐ Opus IV ☐ Opus V
Name
Address
City
State Zip

FOOTBALL

The Way to Go

IT was a large cast, but one without supernumeraries; every man knew his job, and did it. From Riddick, at offensive center for Yale, there stretched out to his right Dubinetz, Palmer, and Fernandez, and the passageways they opened up let the fleeting Hennings and Greene sift through at will. On defense, there were Peddicord and Wilhelm and Fehling and Charity, and what bones they left unpicked were scarcely worth the picking. It was the line play and linebacking one had come to expect of Yale since the time of Lolotai and his comrades, and it did Harvard no good at all: 35–0. Harvard, still up top in the Ivy League with Dartmouth until Saturday last, had come through a true obstacle course this fall—against teams (by the numbers, Cornell, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Brown) that were all at their pinnacle. Harvard, with increasing difficulty, managed to squeak by all of them but Dartmouth. Miller, Harvard's bread-and-butter running back, was disabled against Brown, and he ran only six times against Yale, which, accordingly and gleefully, could center on keeping Stoeckel, at quarterback, in traffic jams and McInally, his pet catcher, in close quarters. (McInally helped out twice, when he was *not* in close quarters, by dropping the ball that came to him.) Yale's kicking, too, in which Clarke, a placement perfectionist, has been a front-rank performer for three years, was at its best. Clarke has "good foot," said a scout for the professionals, who has him in mind for his employer—and Charity as well, for that matter. The one unfamiliar aspect of this season's phoenix Yale was the presence of Rogan *vice* the far more celebrated but mildly bruised Doyle at quarterback—Rogan, who has been barely visible above the horizon for his whole term of duty at Yale, and who simply could not be found fault with in his last-ever show.

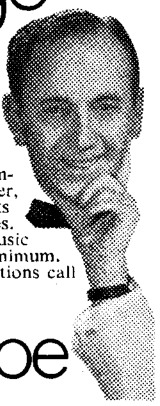
On the same, but much rainier, Saturday, Dartmouth was having its own way once again—the way it has been having ever since its Rowe and Klupchak were returned to proper health. This time it was against Princeton, 42–24. Rowe and Klupchak, likewise onfield for a last-ever show, made it plain why Dartmouth, without them

Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN
our gentlemanly corduroy
we've found an exceptionally pleasing wide-wale, deep-pile corduroy... a rather robust pure cotton fabric that tailors very well and is most appropriate as an all-round weekend jacket. Designed in our 2-button model with good-taste Carroll-configuration, high-set sleeves, deep center vent, patch pockets, and a full paisley lining. Colors: natural and taupe; sizes from 38 short thru 46 long,
$85

mail orders please add $1; and 5% tax in California
466 north rodeo drive, beverly hills, calif. 90210

the Georgetown Collection
A rare gift idea. 14 of the world's finest hand made cigars. Included are Royal Jamaica, Punch, Bances, Casa Buena and Suerdieck, among others. $10 ppd. Send check or m.o. Gift boxed, with card. Free catalog with order.
Georgetown TOBACCO & PIPE STORES
3144 M Street, N.W., Dept. ny, Washington, D.C. 20007

delightful dinner plus...
George Feyer
at the piano
Delighting New York sophisticates in the Rembrandt Room at dinner, supper and for drinks from 8:30 to 1:30 Tues. to Sat. Dinner minus music Sun. and Mon. No minimum. Cover $2. For reservations call Gunnar at BU 8-5800.



THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

earlier on this fall, moved at such a petty pace. Together with Tom Snickenberger, brother to Princeton's Walt Snickenberger, they made antic hay of the opposition—Rowe on a dive up the middle as Snickenberger went right on a keeper that often turned into a pitchback to Klupchak. This devil-take-the-hindmost football later blossomed into double-shuttle pitchouts and pitchouts-into-forward-passes, to be matched, let it be said, by similar Princeton maneuvers. All four Princeton quarterbacks got into the proceedings, sometimes as running backs, sometimes as flankers, and two of them worked the flicker-flea—just once, and for only five yards, but by that time the spectators, slowly soaking up the local moisture, were ready for such lighthearted histrionics. Princeton looked—as it had done all season—as though it might stop being accident-prone and catch up. Three times in a row, on fourth down, it broke through Dartmouth for the distance it needed, and the third time it sent Snickenberger (who, because he is Princeton's one real running back, was being given special attention by Dartmouth) through Dartmouth's left side for the team's first touchdown. Princeton was now behind by just three points, 14–11, and moving well, but moments later Dartmouth's Conterato, who, like his teammate Csatari, is a demon defender, got to Beible, Princeton's first-string quarterback, and slapped the ball off his fingers before he could hand it off, and the first of a fleet of Dartmouth touchdowns ensued.

The rest of last week was routine. Army and Navy laid off, as always, to recoup what powers they once had for their seasonal match this weekend. Columbia and its master catcher, Telep, went down, 37–14, before Brown; Pennsylvania put away Cornell, 31–22—a Cornell that could not, because of various damages, field its very best team. In Columbia's unhappy extremity, its best team is also its weakest.

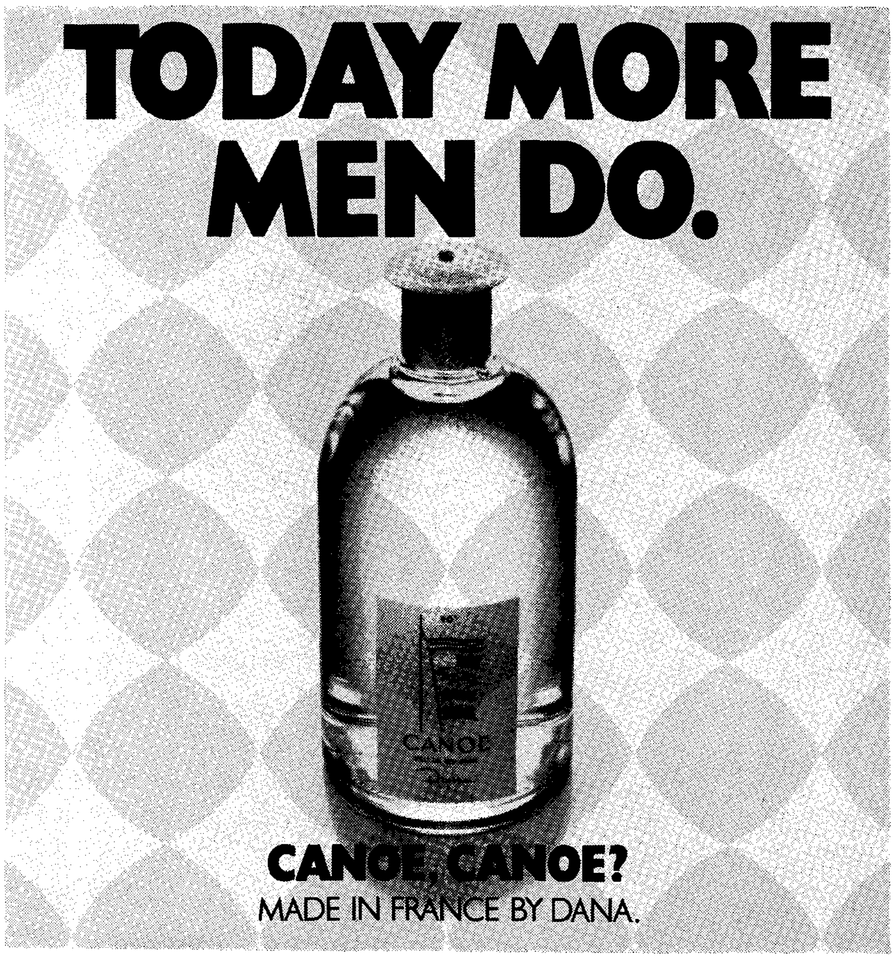
Note from up North: Johnny Rodgers, whom this correspondent was discussing a while back, has just been named the best new player of the year in the Canadian Football League. All the more reason for showing him, and his fellow Montreal Alouettes, in this neighborhood.

—J. W. L.

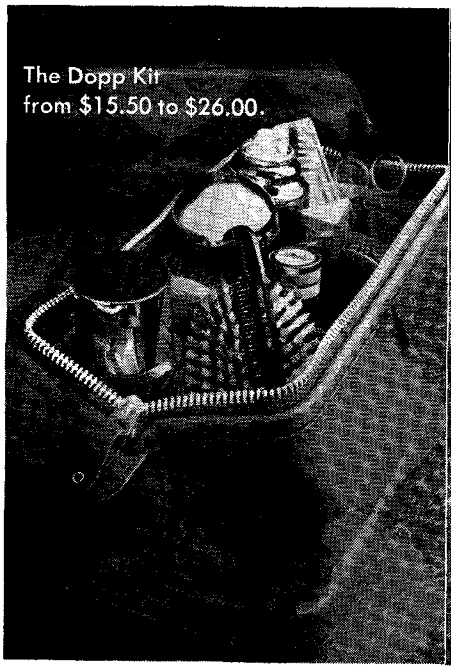
•

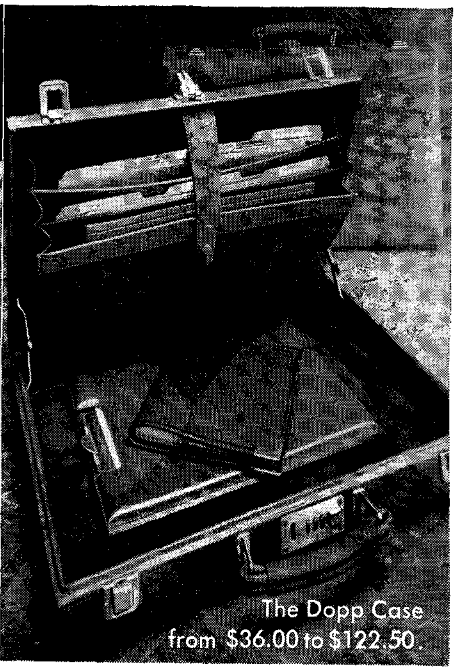
> Burial will be in Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden, with a Scottish musical comedy team in a play called "The Cotter's Saturday Night."
>
> —*Boston Globe.*

Well, it's *one* way.



The only Dopp Kit. The only Dopp Case.





The name in leatherware. **Dopp®, Chicago 60616.**

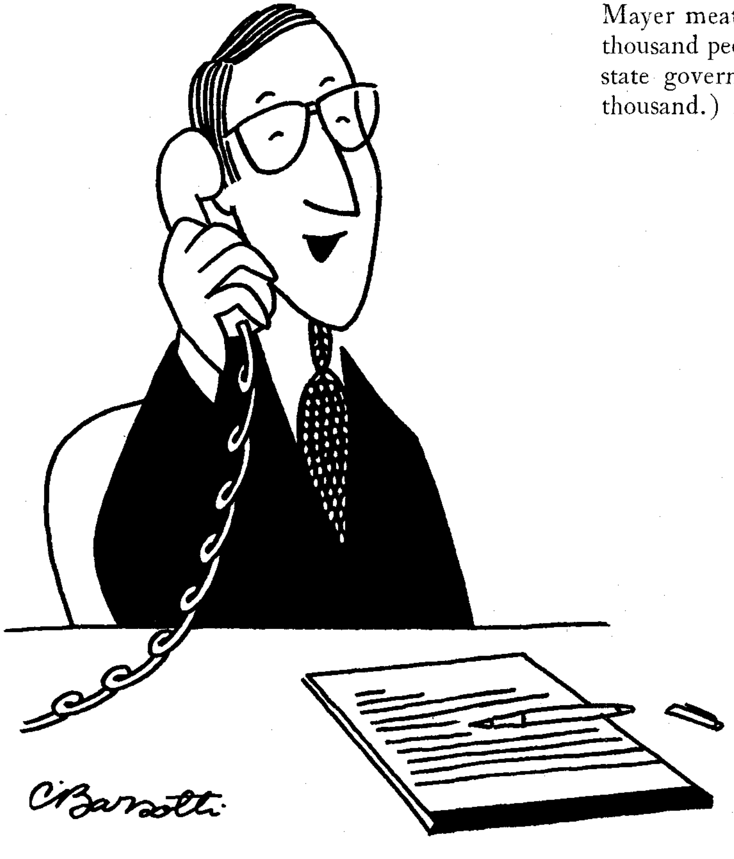
U.S. JOURNAL: MADISON, WISCONSIN

THE RED MAYOR AND THE IDEAL PLACE

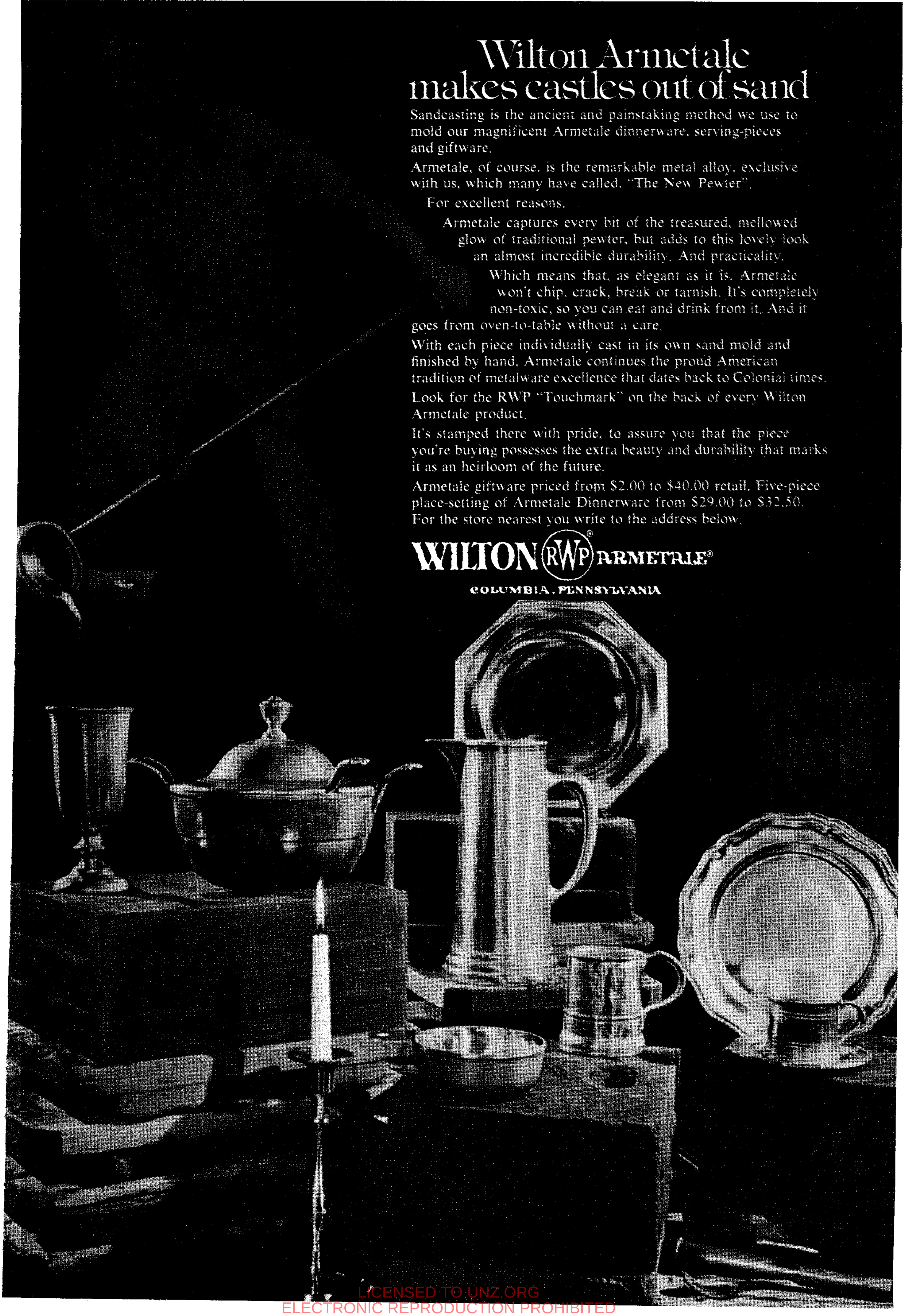
AN underground newspaper in Madison, *Take Over*, has referred to Paul Soglin as the Red Mayor. But it does so with the same irony it employed to announce his election—it ran the banner headline "RED ARMY ON MARCH" and a full-page picture of Lenin wearing a Soglin button—since it maintains that the respectable, law-abiding citizens of Madison have less to fear from Soglin than they ought to have. Soglin, a self-proclaimed radical who was elected mayor of Madison last April, shortly before his twenty-eighth birthday, does have the two most common identifying characteristics of the sixties student militant—a drooping mustache and an arrest record—but he has been known to wear a necktie when the occasion demands it, and he had apparently been making some effort to stop the disturbance at which his arrest took place. During the campaign, supporters of the incumbent mayor, a conservative Republican lawyer named William Dyke, circulated a brochure called "Lest We Forget" that recalled the kind of language Soglin had used in the days when he talked about which institutions were in need of a revolution and who was nothing but a pig. But even in those days Soglin was serving in the Madison city council or the University of Wisconsin student government, at a time when the most militant New Leftists reacted to a radical's participating in electoral politics in the way committed vegetarians might react to the news that one of their number had applied for a deer-hunting license. Regularly, though, Soglin does make the kind of Red Mayor gestures feared by those citizens Dyke referred to during the campaign as "the decent people of Madison." Last Memorial Day, Soglin passed up the traditional veterans'-organization observance for a ceremony sponsored by the Madison Area Peace Action Council. He used his office for the publication announcement of a book denouncing the Army Mathematics Research Center, an institution best known in Madison for the fact that a physics researcher who happened to be working late was killed there by a bombing in 1970. He lent the kind of support a mayor ordinarily gives the United Way to an alternative called the Madison Sustaining Fund, which passes up the Boy Scouts and the rest of those wholesome Red Feather agencies for such organizations as the Yellow Jersey Bicycle Coöp and the defense fund for Karleton Armstrong, who pleaded guilty to the bombing of the Army Mathematics Research Center.

Soglin's choice in Memorial Day observances is probably the single most discussed aspect of his incumbency so far, but he is confident that the half-dozen such gestures to the left he has made are within the limits of what the majority of Madison voters will tolerate. Madison, after all, gave George McGovern the kind of landslide the rest of the country gave Richard Nixon. In the runoff election against Dyke, Soglin was supported by one of the city's two daily newspapers and by the entire delegation to the state legislature. Even a conservative Madison voter who is strongly opposed to Soglin's politics is less likely than a conservative in most cities to be frightened by the label he puts on them. There were, of course, residents who said that they would simply move away if Soglin won the election, but *Take Over* was joking again, in its post-election issue, when it ran, next to a headline that said "HIPPIES TAKE OVER," a headline that began "THOUSANDS FLEE." A city dominated by a state capitol that produced the La Follettes and a state university that was known for political awareness even in the Eisenhower years, Madison does not have the kind of electorate that is likely to panic just because the new mayor devotes a lot of his inaugural address to denouncing American policies in Southeast Asia. Dyke's remark that the decent people of Madison would reëlect him—carrying with it the implication that there was something indecent about people who considered voting for Soglin—is often mentioned as the most damaging mistake in the campaign.

The Chamber of Commerce could hardly have spent much time agonizing about whether a radical mayor would frighten away new industries, since Madison already has, in the university and the state government, the kind of clean, recession-proof payroll providers that industrial-development boards almost never have any realistic hope of attracting. (The only industrial employer of any size in Madison, an Oscar Mayer meat plant, employs about four thousand people; the university and the state government employ about thirty thousand.) A visitor is often told that the great Depression went almost unnoticed in Madison and that *Life* once named Madison as the ideal place for an American to live. Madison's downtown is built on the isthmus between two large lakes. The city has the ordinary urban problems of transportation and housing and crime, but one of the traditional complaints of the reform-minded in Madison is that the urban problems have not become acute enough for the average citizen to become exercised by them. Madison has so few citizens who are locked into disadvantaged castes that speeches about substandard housing in the center of the city almost always refer to housing for col-



"Oh, not much, Dave. What's ongoing with you?"



Wilton Armetale makes castles out of sand

Sandcasting is the ancient and painstaking method we use to mold our magnificent Armetale dinnerware, serving-pieces and giftware.

Armetale, of course, is the remarkable metal alloy, exclusive with us, which many have called, "The New Pewter".

For excellent reasons.

Armetale captures every bit of the treasured, mellowed glow of traditional pewter, but adds to this lovely look an almost incredible durability. And practicality.

Which means that, as elegant as it is, Armetale won't chip, crack, break or tarnish. It's completely non-toxic, so you can eat and drink from it. And it goes from oven-to-table without a care.

With each piece individually cast in its own sand mold and finished by hand, Armetale continues the proud American tradition of metalware excellence that dates back to Colonial times.

Look for the RWP "Touchmark" on the back of every Wilton Armetale product.

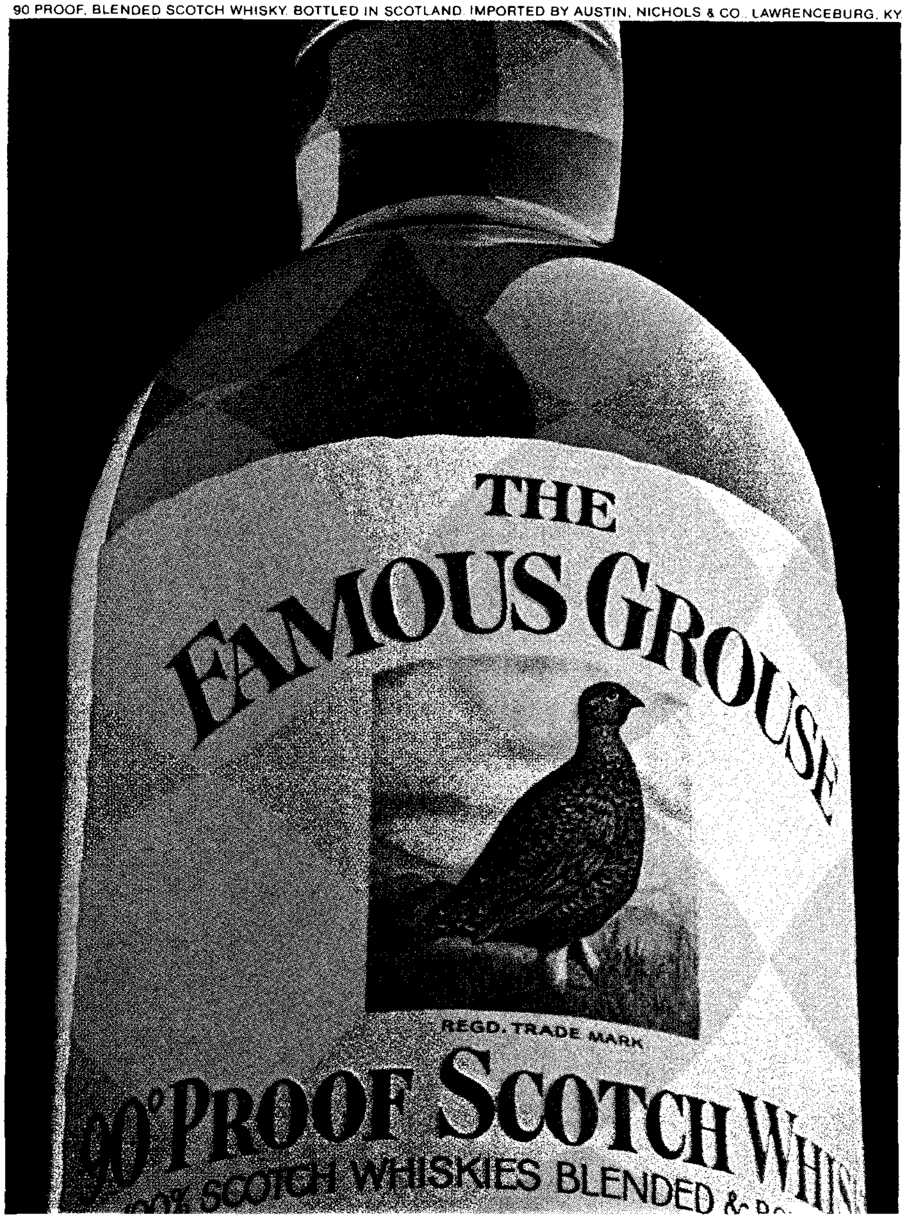
It's stamped there with pride, to assure you that the piece you're buying possesses the extra beauty and durability that marks it as an heirloom of the future.

Armetale giftware priced from $2.00 to $40.00 retail. Five-piece place-setting of Armetale Dinnerware from $29.00 to $32.50. For the store nearest you write to the address below.

WILTON RWP® ARMETALE®

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA

90 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY



90 Proof Scotch Comes to America.

Ever noticed how the taste of Scotch gets watered down as the ice melts in your glass?

If you have, you'll welcome the arrival of The Famous Grouse Scotch—at a nice round 90 Proof instead of the usual 86. This somewhat higher proof, combined with the rich blend of The Famous Grouse, keeps your Scotch-on-the-rocks fresher longer. When the ice waters it down, you don't have to freshen it up.

The Famous Grouse Scotch is bottled in Scotland, where it has been famous for 173 years. Soon it will be famous in America too.

THE FAMOUS GROUSE

The Famous Grouse—best blend and proof for drinking on the rocks.

lege students. There is every reason for most residents of Madison to feel that the city could survive practically any sort of government. In Wisconsin, a state that prides itself on clean government, the power of a mayor to appoint high-level officials or issue executive orders is severely limited. What could even the most single-minded Red Mayor do to Madison—nationalize Oscar Mayer?

For all of Madison's political sophistication, there is general agreement that five years ago Soglin would have had about as much chance of being elected mayor of Madison as mayor of Tulsa. In Madison, the end of the sixties was a time of trashings and bombings and riots by the young left, and the reaction of many homeowners and merchants was that the police should make more use of the clubs that the taxpayers had provided for them. There were only two sides in Madison, and the one Soglin was on did not expect any support or sympathy from voters other than the students and transients and freaks who lived in the aldermanic district Soglin represented. The student movement in Madison began to dissolve at the end of the decade, along with student movements all over the country, and the death caused by the Army Mathematics Research Center bombing produced a shock so serious that the date of the bombing is usually spoken of as the date the Movement ended in Madison. Madison still has a demonstration now and then. Last month, when Karleton Armstrong was given a long prison sentence for the math-center bombing, a demonstration along State Street—the eight-block-long commercial street that connects the campus with the capitol square in downtown Madison—resulted in half a dozen broken windows and several arrests. (One of those arrested was the alderman from the district formerly represented by Mayor Soglin, which might make the Eighth District of Madison the only aldermanic district in the country in which two consecutive incumbents have been arrested on charges that had nothing to do with stealing.) But by the standards of State Street's last several years of demonstrations, half a dozen broken windows amount to small trashing indeed—a minor strafing run months after the serious blitz is over.

The relaxation of generational hostilities in Madison and other university cities is a result not just of there being fewer and smaller demonstrations but of the fact that even a large demonstration is now recognized as an event that does not necessarily herald the end of civilization. During the riotous days of the sixties, the dread and hatred of the young in a place like Madison came partly from the fact that their acts seemed unprecedented and that there was no reason to be confident of "normalcy" ever returning. A merchant in Madison whose store windows had been broken for, as far as he could tell, something that happened in Washington or Cambodia might have looked upon what was happening as open-ended anarchy. There is plenty of bitterness left in Madison, but a middle-aged voter who has not been personally involved is likely to find students and radicals a lot less threatening than he did when there seemed to be no boundaries to their threat. The left can now joke about the rhetoric developed in those days when the importance of the issues seemed to leave no room for humor. When Soglin was elected, *Take Over* published a list of the policies it wanted to see him adopt and put the list under the heading "Ten Non-Negotiable Demands."

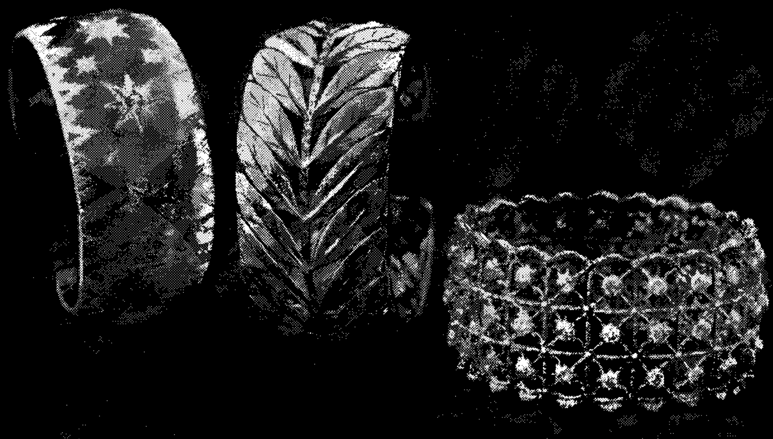
ONE of the demands was the establishment of a mall on State Street. In most American cities, turning a downtown street into a mall is not exactly a political issue. Backers of a mall are ordinarily planners or urban consultants and those business leaders who see a shopping mall as a forward-looking way to restore some vitality to downtown; the people against it are ordinarily those affected merchants who are often described as "set in their ways." In Madison, a city steeped in both political ideology and practical politics, almost any issue is a political issue. "For the students, the mall is symbolic," Soglin says. "It would mean the defeat of the automobile, a victory for pedestrians and bicycles, a defeat for reactionary businessmen, a victory for people who want to relate to their environment." The reaction to the city's effort last year to end an experiment that had created a temporary mall on two blocks of State Street near the campus was not some polite discussions among planners about whether the experiment should be extended but a student disturbance that resulted in a few thousand dollars' worth of damage and thirteen arrests. The merchants who oppose the mall base their opposition on more than their faith in the benefit of passing traffic—a faith that mall planners think of as the "trolley by the door" school of merchandising. They have suffered in the past several years at the hands not only of developers

ECUSSON IS FOR TWO.

Jean D'ALBRET
ECUSSON
PARFUM
Made, Sealed and Packaged in France

Importer Jean D'ALBRET® Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

BUCCELLATI
JEWELERS • SILVERSMITHS



BRACELETS (left to right) Texture engraved, $660. Leaf design, $1740. Gold and diamonds, $10,700. All subject to prior sale.
We welcome your inquiries. 703 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., Phone (212) 755-3253.

antartex
sheepskin coats
from Scotland

No. 34: $235
white curly fleece

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women – 35 styles, 9 skin colours, 7 sheepskin types – from $90.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs and handmade knitwear. We supply *Antarctic Expeditions.*

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS

New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) 10021. 212-LE 5-9079.
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 10019. 212-765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich Ave. 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston St., Harvard Sq., 02138. 617-868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 60134. 312-232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's 240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312-CE 4-9100
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 55402. 612-339-1276
Washington, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St., N.W. 20007. 202-338-8078
Philadelphia: 80 E. Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood, Pa. 19096. 215-Mi 9-5722
Montreal, Canada: 1624 Sherbrooke St. W. 514-935-4142

Send $1 for your catalogue and real sheepskin samples with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP (AT.1)
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn., 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

opening shopping centers but of students throwing rocks. They have visions of their nonstudent customers being frightened away as State Street becomes a kind of hippie *paseo*, choked with young people who just want a place to show off their costumes and walk their dogs and jostle their elders. State Street has always been a symbolic link between the university and the town, and some of its merchants think of the plan to make it a more appealing link as the equivalent of lowering the drawbridge over the moat and planting some flowers on it so the barbarians will have pleasant surroundings as they storm across. But some State Street merchants and a lot of other businessmen see a mall as essential to the rejuvenation of downtown Madison. On the State Street mall project, the Red Mayor's most powerful ally is the Chamber of Commerce.

Soglin acknowledges that a project like the State Street mall would be given high priority by most nonradical mayors—the only difference being a difference in where the pressure came from and what groups were involved in deciding what the mall ought to be like. In fact, Soglin acknowledges that in the first six months of his administration a casual visitor might have had difficulty distinguishing Madison from a city whose mayor was a Democrat or a Republican. He has consciously limited the number of his symbolic acts of radicalism, on the theory that press coverage of them would only confirm whatever fears his moderate supporters had about whether he might spend all his time greeting Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden rather than running the city. Soglin would argue that support of left-wing causes is no less appropriate for a mayor than support of causes that happen to represent status-quo politics (he compared his appearance with the Fonda-Hayden troupe to the time Dyke spent with the Crusade for Christ), but he is aware that threats to symbols—flags, names, ceremonies—are what bring the strongest reactions from citizens who are concerned about a shift away from a familiar style of government. Madison city-council meetings still open with a prayer. Soglin has instituted a system under which aldermen have rotating responsibility for the prayer—which means that, depending on the alderman, there might be a traditional Christian prayer offered by a clergyman or a moment of silence or the kind of prayer in which the Almighty is asked to give all assembled the power to distinguish between dissent and disloyalty—but there is still a prayer.

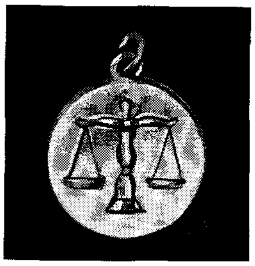
Soglin's need to prove that he can

Where it is makes what it is even better. The Breakers in sunny, warm Palm Beach.

A gracious, oceanfront resort. Two 18-hole golf courses, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, tennis courts, a mile of private beach. Superb Continental cuisine, dinner-dancing, nightly entertainment, planned social diversions. Six hundred luxurious guest rooms and suites; individual climate controls, color TV.

For rates and reservations, see your travel agent or write John F. Clifford, V.P./Gen'l Mgr., The Breakers, Palm Beach, Florida 33480. Phone (305) 655-6611.

The Breakers
Palm Beach, Florida

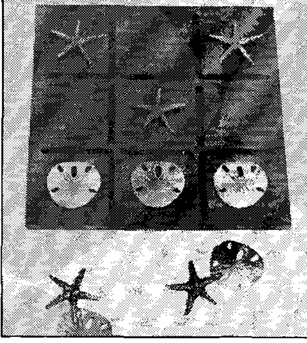


CHARM of the ZODIAC

Her special birth sign carefully inscribed on a heavy, 14K gold disc to wear on a bracelet or as a pendant. At your nicest jeweler. 14K

Send for illustrated catalog of other 14K gold jewelry gifts for every occasion, together with name of nearest jeweler. Mail 35¢ to Box 1674, Grand Central Station, New York City 10017.

Mother Nature's TIC-TAC-TOE

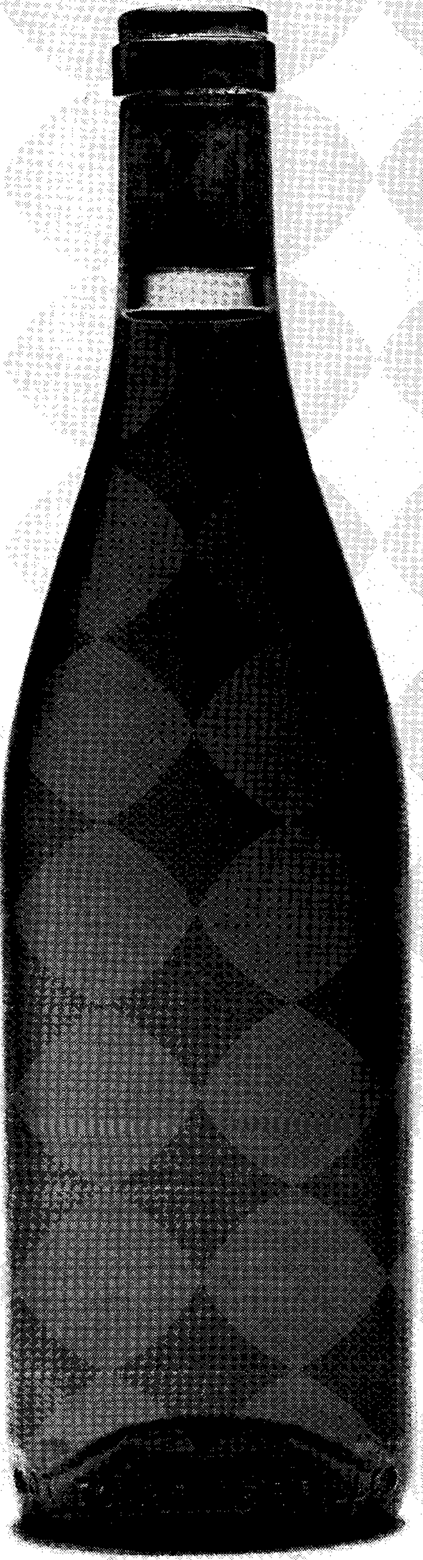


reproduces sand dollars and starfish in pewter, played upon a footed walnut-stain 5x5 board. Nice gift idea for tabletops. $5. add $1. postage; send check, BA or MC

catalog $1; free with order.

THE Patio
550 Powell
Dept. NY33
San Francisco
California 94108

You can buy good French wine by the bottle. Or great French wine by the label.



The B&G label.

The one label that stands for the finest of wines from all the major vineyard regions of France. From Bordeaux, our classic Medoc, medium-bodied and dry. From Beaujolais, our popular light, fresh Beaujolais-St. Louis. From Burgundy, our brilliantly fruity Pouilly-Fuisse. From the Loire, our delicate and lively Muscadet. From the Rhone, our rich, soft Chateauneuf-du-Pape.

B&G. 36 great reds, whites and rosés. Produced only in the finest French tradition since 1725 by Barton & Guestier.

Why bring a good French wine when you can bring a great one? It's as easy as B&G.

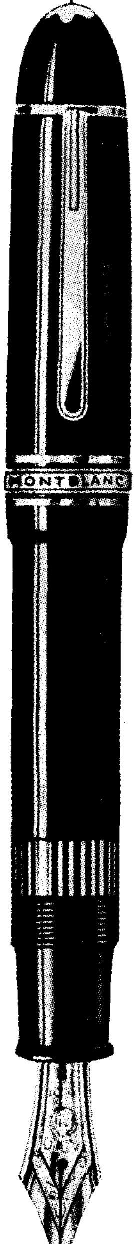
B&G
FOUNDED IN THE YEAR 1725
1970
SAINT-LOUIS
BEAUJOLAIS
Appellation Beaujolais contrôlée
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED BY
BARTON & GUESTIER
BARTON & GUESTIER — FRANCE
NÉGOCIANTS A BEAUNE (COTE-D'OR)

B&G. Love Letters from France.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family. Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, N.Y. and San Francisco, CA.

MONT BLANC

Brings out the hidden best in a man's handwriting



The Magnificent Diplomat 149 . . . $49

and the new Classic 146 . . . $44

No other fountain pen is "built" like the magnificent MONTBLANC Diplomat! Man-size to fill a man's grip, take a man's handling. Extra-large 18-karat gold point assures super-smooth writing action and gives a man a new "personality on paper." Giant ink capacity is a man-pleasing feature too!

Many pen experts here and abroad consider the Diplomat to be the finest pen ever designed. It's Europe's most prized pen, unmatched in writing ease. Nib sizes extra fine to triple broad – to suit every hand.

The NEW Classic 146 is an identical but slightly smaller version of the Diplomat 149. A great variety of other luxury fountain pens within the MONTBLANC assortment.

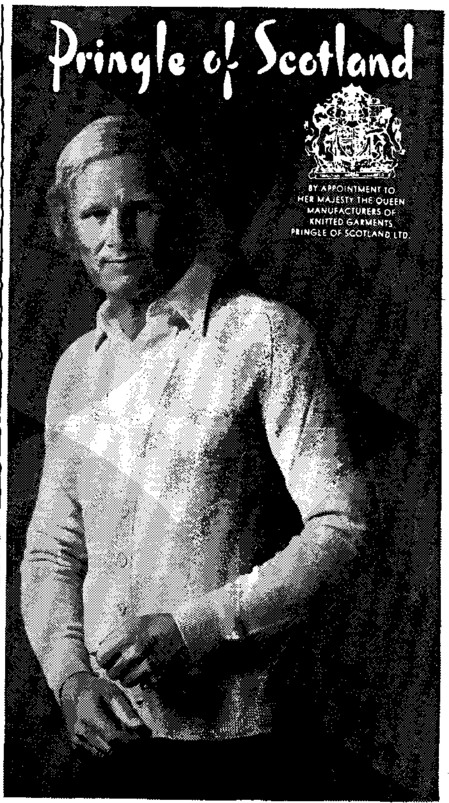
Imported by Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Inc., 201 North St., Bloomsbury, N. J. 08804. Beautifully gift boxed.

At fine stores, college stores, stationers and pen shops everywhere, including **Abercrombie & Fitch,** *N.Y.C., Chicago & San Francisco;* **Alfred Dunhill,** *N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, Chicago & San Francisco;* **Bloomingdale's, Goldsmith Bros.,** *N.Y.C.;* **Siegel's Stationery,** *Summit, N.J.;* **Golden Gate Pen Co., Haverhill's, J. D. Browne,** *San Francisco;* **Fahrney's,** *Wash., D.C.;* **Marshall Field, Mc-Lennon's,** *Chicago;* **A. Pomerantz,** *Phila.;* **Bromfield Pen Center,** *Boston;* **The Fountain Pen Shop, The Pen Shop,** *L. A.* **Sam Flax,** *N.Y.C. and Atlanta.*

administer the city government comes *not just from his youth but from the* general American distrust of the administrative ability of leftists, almost none of whom have ever met a payroll. Soglin is conscientious about committee meetings and council meetings and commission meetings. He talks knowledgeably about sewer rates and knows which amendment is on the floor when somebody calls the previous question. When the Wisconsin chapter of the Navy Mothers arrives in Madison for its state convention, Soglin appears promptly at nine to greet the Mothers officially—marching up to the head table in a procession with the senior matron-at-arms, nodding in thanks as the officer next to him permits him to share her songbook, staring at the words to "We Are the Navy Mothers of America" attentively during the singing, like an ecumenical Presbyterian trying to look grateful for the opportunity to follow an Orthodox Jewish service in an all-Hebrew prayer book.

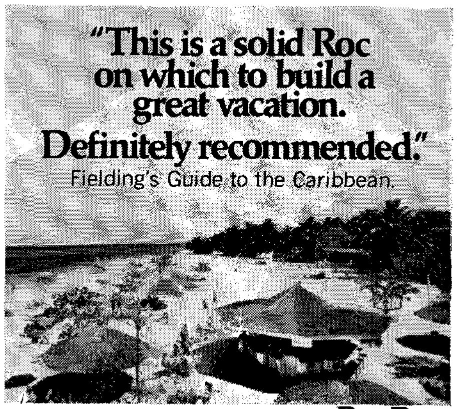
Still, the most serious criticism of Soglin in Madison does concern his ability to run the city. His actions on the building of a controversial four-lane bypass—announcing that he wouldn't veto it, vetoing it, and then, faced with a city-council revolt, working to override his own veto with the compromise of a two-lane bypass—struck a lot of his critics as old-fashioned, nonradical waffling. Arguing that the basic issue was "the state of inconsistency and uncertainty which afflicts city government," the *Wisconsin State Journal,* which had endorsed Dyke, said in a lead editorial, "The way things are shaping up on the Atwood Avenue Bypass issue, we would not be surprised if someone in the Mayor's office or on the City Council came up with a resolution to turn the entire area into a croquet stadium." An opposition sophisticated enough not to panic at the word "radical," Soglin has found, is also sophisticated enough to provide some acid criticism. "It is very difficult to find consistency in the City Council chambers these days," the *State Journal* wrote a few weeks later, after a group of radicals dismissed by most of the Madison left as "crazies" had interrupted a city-council meeting and called Soglin a C.I.A. agent. "It seems that only Ald. Michael Sack, 13th Dist., whose unshakeable ideology remains firmly rooted in 1915 Marxism, is at all predictable."

TO the Madison student left, which considers itself the constituency that put Soglin into office, the Red Mayor's problems come from his ef-


Pringle of Scotland
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD.

The Argyll Cardigan. A fine pure Cashmere classic cardigan that also comes in fine Lambswool. Available in White, Yellow, Wine, Navy, Tartan Green, Natural, Iced Caramel, Grey, Blue Frost, Regal Red and other suitable colours. Sizes 38-46. About $65*.

Pringle of Scotland, 24 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West

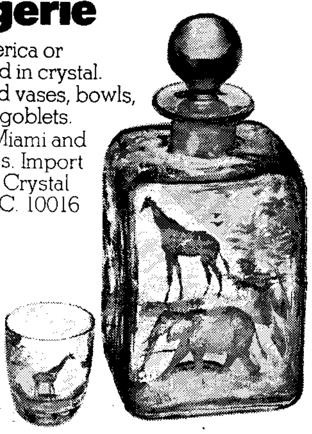

"This is a solid Roc on which to build a great vacation. Definitely recommended."
Fielding's Guide to the Caribbean.

Bay Roc
Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

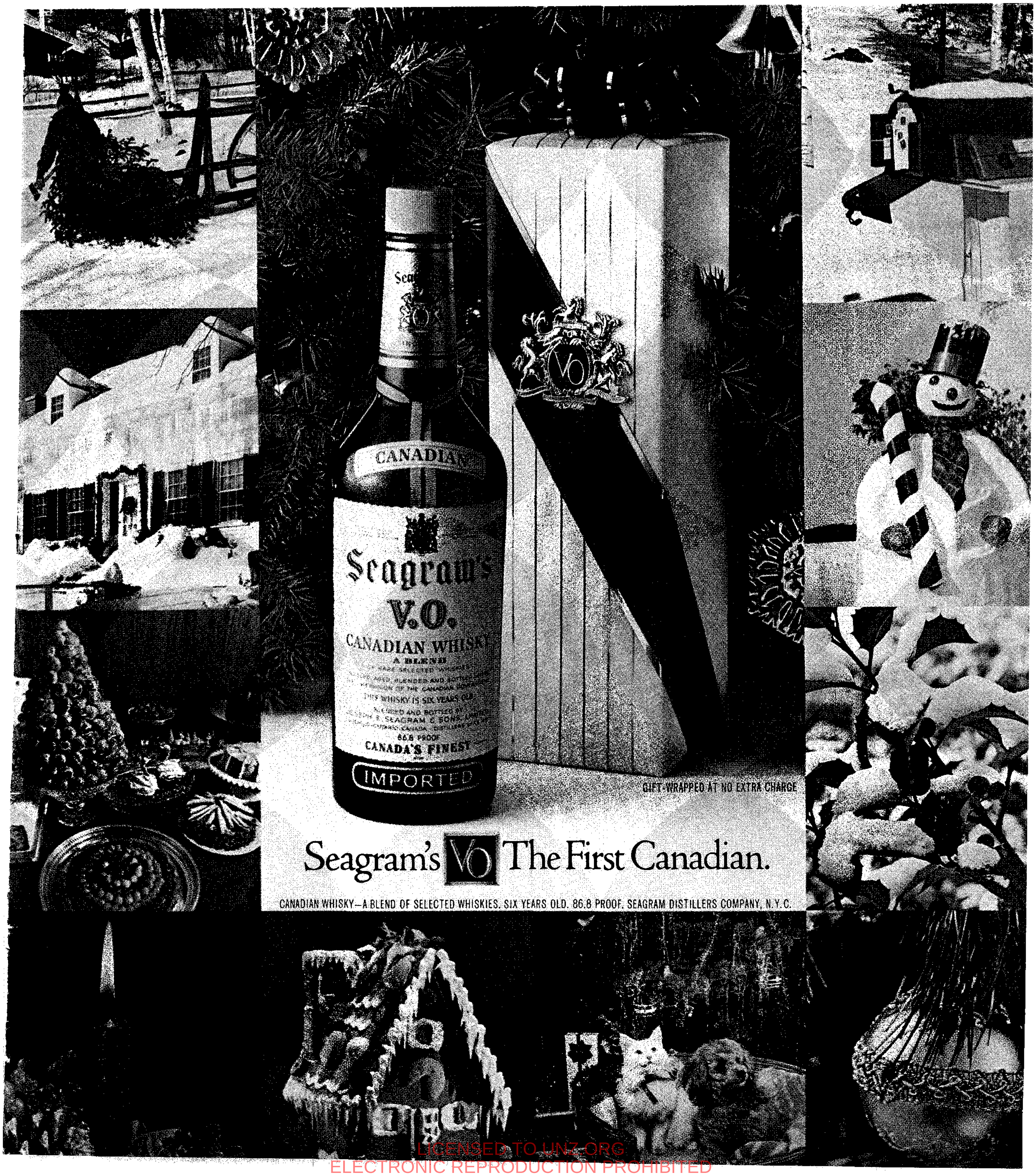
Owned and operated by Harold deLisser. Represented by Utell International, 119 W. 57 St., NYC (212) JU 2-3226. Also Boston, Phila., Chi., Miami, San Fran., Montreal, Toronto and London.

The Crystal Menagerie

Wildlife of America or Kenya captured in crystal. Hand-engraved vases, bowls, decanters and goblets. At Mayor's in Miami and other fine stores. Import of Queen Lace Crystal
3 E. 27 St. N.Y.C. 10016



Only Christmas is Christmas.
Only V.O. is V.O.


CANADIAN
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

Seagram's VO The First Canadian.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

What you hold in your heart belongs in a Buxton

There's no more fashionable way to carry cherished photos, as well as money, charge cards, keys or what-have-you than a Buxton. The uncluttered look you see here is called Dansk. Inspired by Danish-modern simplicity, trim stained-edges frame the roomy pockets on the inside and enhance the fashion look on the outside. Available in Midnight Black, Teak Brown or Norse Red.

Dansk French Clutch $12.00*

Dansk French Purse $10.00*

Dansk Two-Fold in Midnight Black $9.00*

Dansk Key-Tainer® $4.50*

Dansk Three-Fold Wallet in Teak Brown/Tan $9.00*

BUXTON®
The Holding Company

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices

forts to gain the respect and coöperation of the center. The left sees the compromise on the Atwood Avenue Bypass as representing, among other things, a betrayal of mass transit and entrapment in the kind of tradeoff politics expected from Democrats and Republicans. Using the mayor's office for radical gestures that enrage the moderates and the liberals is, in the view of Soglin's radical supporters, precisely what a Red Mayor ought to be doing. First on the list of *Take Over's* "non-negotiable demands" was that "the city provide all possible resources to FREE KARL ARMSTRONG, and provide no funds or assistance to those that are prosecuting him." It was meant more seriously than the demand that the city provide a network of bike lanes to be known as the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The Armstrong case still provides a dividing line between liberals and radicals—the liberal position being that the senseless death caused by the bombing was an inexcusable and horrifying result of radicals' resorting to violence, the radical position being that, as regrettable as the death was, the Pentagon and those coöperating with it at the Army Mathematics Research Center were killing thousands of people in an illegal war that the American people seemed unable to stop except by physical force.

Soglin sees some compromise and trading off and restraint as the price of functioning effectively as mayor for, say, two two-year terms—a period, he says, that might result in some radical changes in matters like land planning and zoning. A lot of his time late at night is spent in long arguments with contemporaries who find him using words like "realistic" and "pragmatic" too often. Having one of their own as mayor gives students and radicals in Madison a sort of wary possessiveness that mixes sympathy with quick criticism. After criticizing Soglin's compromises for a long time, a young radical who was discussing the Mayor in a bar near the campus finally said, "In his heart, his head's in the right place." But if Soglin really behaves the way a Red Mayor should behave, *Take Over* said at the beginning of his term, the "Chamber of Commerce should be out door to door with recall petitions within a year. Anything less than this and we can expect to be hearing from Senator Soglin soon. Phooey!"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

FOUND

VERY SMALL KITCHEN at Burbank School.
—*Adv. in the Belmont (Mass.) Herald.*

It pays to poke about.

Norman Rockwell

One of 12 delightful hand painted, hand crafted Norman Rockwell porcelains. Inspired by the covers of the Saturday Evening Post. Perfect for giving. And collecting.

Each piece is signed and includes a miniature reproduction of the original Saturday Evening Post cover. The collection is priced from $20 to $65. Available at better stores everywhere.

The Norman Rockwell Saturday Evening Post Cover Collection by Dave Grossman Designs of St. Louis

Two North Cape cruises on the new s.s.Volendam that offer Moscow, Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris, too.

Enrich your cruise of Northern Europe with Holland America's optional Tours Ashore Program.

June 7 and July 19 North Cape/Scandinavia/ Russia Cruises from New York, 41 days, 24 ports. (June 4 from Ft. Lauderdale)

The excitement of a cruise to North Cape—at the top of Europe—plus fascinating ports that include Reykjavik, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Copenhagen, Rotterdam, even the sunny Azores. $2295 to $5130, with no gratuities required. The s.s. Volendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles. Rates per person, based on double occupancy, subject to availability.

See your travel agent 64-NC-C-3
or phone Miss Martin collect at (212) 620-5101.

Holland America Cruises, Pier 40 North River, New York, N.Y. 10014
Please send me a brochure on the s.s. Volendam's North Cape cruises.

Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is

Holland America Cruises

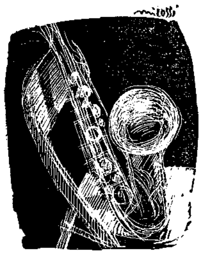
Kimberly checks out the overblouse dress of Dacron® polyester knit for wintering in resort country. Softly at ease, comfortable in motion, perfectly packable. Navy with red.
8 to 18 sizes. $85.
®DuPont Reg. TM

Jacobson's
Michigan

For mail orders: Birmingham, Michigan, Zip 48012. Please add 75¢ for handling.

JAZZ

New York Notes

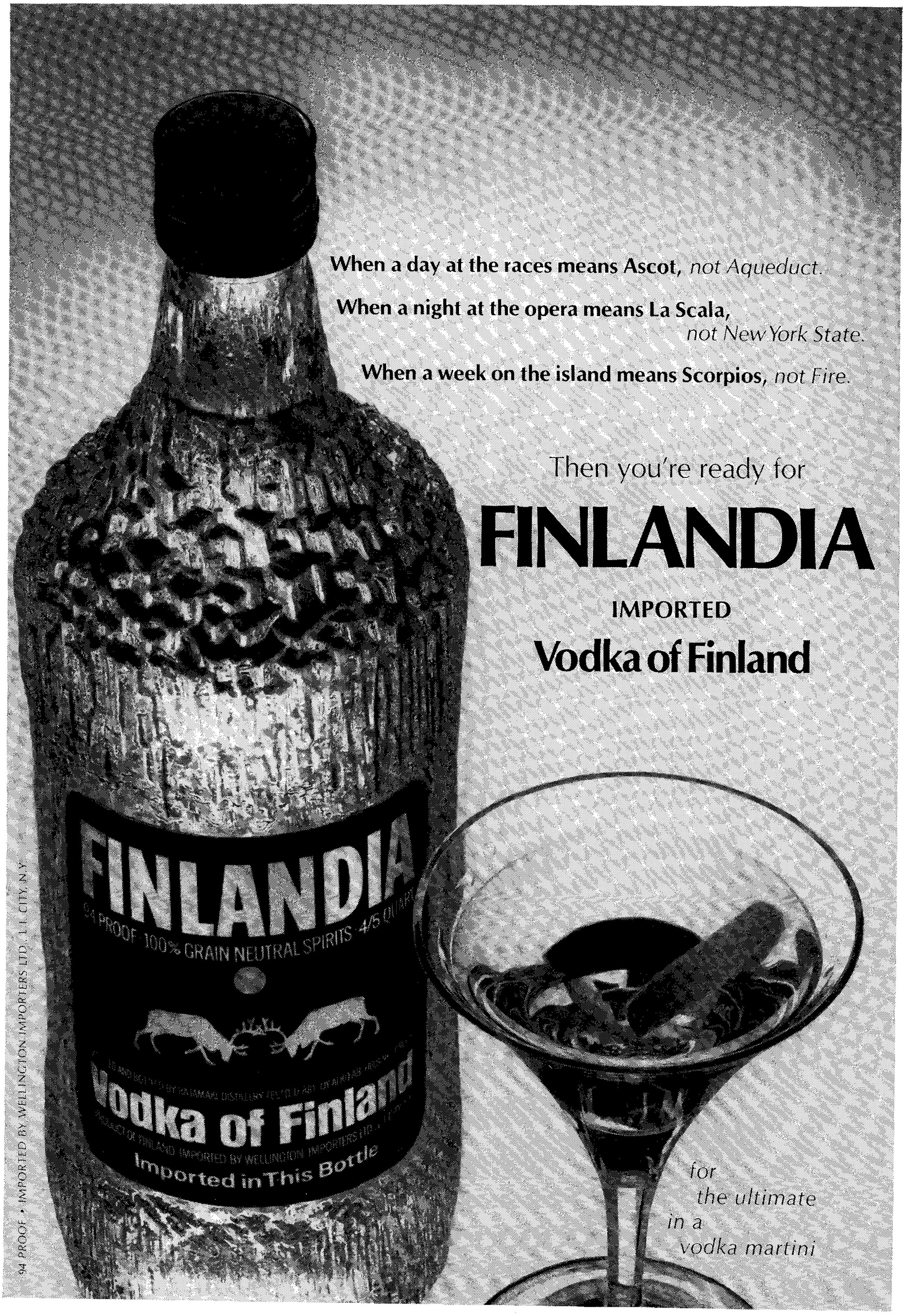


September 21st: Word has come, in the benighted form of a notice buried at the foot of the *Times'* obituary page, that Ben Webster, the masterly tenor saxophonist, has died in Amsterdam at the age of sixty-four. But this passing reference is not altogether surprising, for Webster spent most of his mature years in semi-obscurity or, when he occasionally surfaced, in the shadow of his two great colleagues, Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. (Weary of racism, the lack of steady work, and his second-banana status, he emigrated to Europe in the mid-sixties and never returned.) It had become increasingly clear by the late fifties, though, that Webster was at last pulling even with Young and Hawkins, whose styles had come loose in their final years, while Webster's was growing stronger and more beautiful. There were even heretical whispers to the effect that the two colossi of the tenor saxophone were not Young and Hawkins but Young and Webster. Young's easy majesty was unassailable, these dissidents claimed, but Hawkins' was not, for although his enormous authority never waned he eventually became the prisoner of the very innovations that had shaped every saxophonist—barring Young and Bud Freeman—of his generation. He began to seem locked into his endless chord progressions, his unbroken flow of notes, and his almost tyrannical seesaw rhythms. Webster, in contrast, had become a huge-toned, airborne, legato marvel. His early style, assembled in the bands of Bennie Moten, Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, and Cab Calloway, stemmed directly from Hawkins, but it went through a subtle reshaping during the three years he spent with Duke Ellington in the early forties. He fell under the lyrical sway of Johnny Hodges, and this released a poetic outpouring that continued the rest of his life. But it was an intensely disciplined poetry. Unlike most jazz musicians, Webster had an elastic and governing sense of dynamics. He generally started a solo softly, sliding under his first notes and continuing throughout the chorus in a glancing, flickering fashion. A silken tension immediately took hold, and one strained to listen lest any of his asides slip by. He gradually raised his volume in his second chorus, and, depending on his mood (he was a man of temper, one of whose nicknames was the Brute), turned on an abrasive, angry growl or moved through sharp, proclamatory phrases that carried into his final chorus and then suddenly gave way to the sotto-voce musings he had begun with. He was most celebrated for his slow ballads, and rightly; they were profound melodic embellishments. Using an enormous tone, a breathy, almost enveloping vibrato, and mountainous glissandos, he constructed castles of sound that were romantic but never sentimental, luxuriant but tasteful, yearning but free of self-pity.

Webster, with his parrot nose, hooded eyes, and prowlike front, was a formidable-looking man. (His hats, though, were a tipoff to the astringent humor he carried within. They were too small, and he wore them brims up, on the back of his head. There is a looming photograph of him, taken low and from the front, in which he is in complete, featureless silhouette. But the massive shape, crowned with a pillbox, is unmistakable.) One recalls Webster in many different weathers, and among the sunniest was his brief stay at the Three Deuces, on West Fifty-second Street, not long after he left Ellington. He was in a superb quartet led by Sidney Catlett and including John Simmons and Marlowe Morris. He would stand motionless beside the equally formidable Catlett, his back straight, his instrument slightly raised, and, his eyes closed, deliver one of his stunning whisper-to-shout-to-whisper solos, turn expressionlessly to watch Morris and Simmons solo, and, facing front again, matter-of-factly exchange racing, four-bar breaks with Catlett, then softly restate the melody. The number done, he would open his eyes and peer deadpan over the assembled heads out front. The Brute, in his great eloquence, had spoken.

Fortunately, this marvellous quartet recorded eight numbers, four of which have recently been reissued in a two-L.P. set taken from the Commodore vaults and called "The Tenor Sax: Lester Young, Chu Berry & Ben Webster" (Atlantic SD2-307). It is an altogether superior album that also contains classic Young and Berry.

October 4th: At the Rainbow Grill, where Cleo Laine, the English singer, is causing a sensation. She is, in the best sense, a showoff. Her voice, which ranges from around C be-


When a day at the races means Ascot, *not Aqueduct.*
When a night at the opera means La Scala, *not New York State.*
When a week on the island means Scorpios, *not Fire.*
Then you're ready for
FINLANDIA
IMPORTED
Vodka of Finland
for the ultimate in a vodka martini
FINLANDIA
94 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 4/5 QUART
Vodka of Finland
Imported in This Bottle
94 PROOF • IMPORTED BY WELLINGTON IMPORTERS LTD. L.I. CITY, N.Y.

TRADITION

(trə-dish'ən) *n.* The handing down of stories, beliefs, customs, etc. from generation to generation. A long established custom or practice.

It takes time to build a tradition...

We've been on Union Square since 1904, and needless to say, we've seen, and been a part of, a lot of history since then. Like our City, we've changed and grown—sharing in its color and charm, and building our own reputation for individual service and good taste.

Share with us in the experience of this most active and traveled City—and take part in our grand tradition as well.

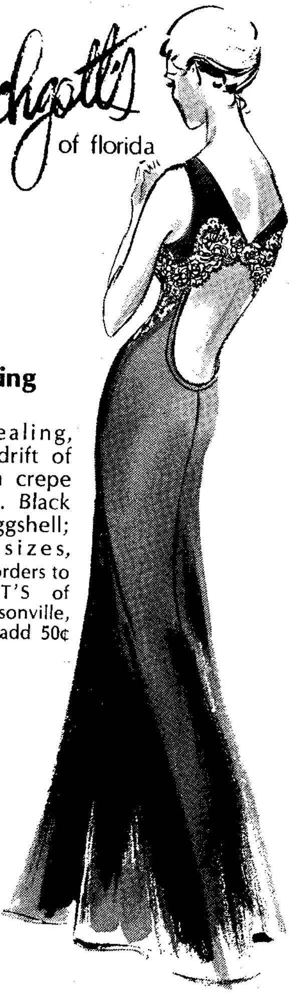
Hotel St. Francis
UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO
(415) 397-7000

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Air Lines

low middle C to F above high C, is consistent in its texture, and she can do anything with it: slow ballads that are dense mixtures of Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, and the middle-period Billie Holiday; rhythm tunes coated in a nicely calculated variety of growls; unerring two-octave intervals; blindingly rapid and precise scatting; and the lively mimicry demanded by Noël Coward's "Mad About the Boy." Her repertory is equally agile. Tonight, she sang, among other things, Bessie Smith's "Gimme a Pigfoot;" a mooning "I'd Like to Make It with You;" a *fast* "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter" and a *slow* "Tea for Two;" a punching, sailing "On a Clear Day," topped by an Alpine climax; a declamatory "Bill;" a soft, skipping, swinging "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone;" and a long, weaving-and-bobbing passage of scat singing done in unison with John Dankworth's alto saxophone. (Dankworth is her husband and accompanist, and he is an impassioned admirer of Benny Carter and Pete Brown and Johnny Hodges, all of whom are apt to pop up side by side in one solo.) Cleo Laine is, as well, a reportedly accomplished West End actress (Ibsen, Shakespeare, Brecht-Weill, William Walton), and it showed. Most popular singers resemble windmills, but she was poised and subtle; every part of her was in the right place at the right time. She is not, as she has been touted, a great jazz singer. Her technique comes first and her content, despite its glittering variety, comes tumbling after; it is the other way around with jazz singers. She will be back at the Grill next spring.

OCTOBER 10TH: Dick Wellstood, the remarkable forty-seven-year-old pianist, has no verifiable style of his own, but he has filled this lacuna with an extraordinary pianistic gallery. He can *be*, in whole or in part, Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, Zez Confrey, Fats Waller, Earl Hines, Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, Art Tatum, Wesley Wallace, Pete Johnson, Art Hodes, Hank Duncan, Luckey Roberts, Jimmy Yancey, and even Bill Evans. But he is not just an eclectic; he is a pianistic actor who slips inside other men's styles and brings them, with the help of his own considerable improvisational energies, startlingly to life. He did this tonight, time and again, at Michael's Pub, where he is leading a trio involving Kenny Davern on soprano saxophone and clarinet and Cliff Leeman on drums. He salut-

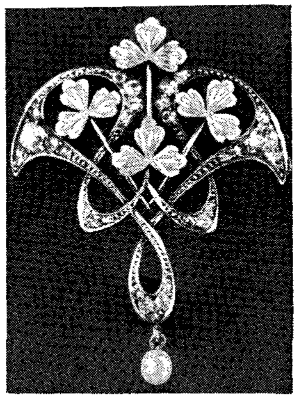
Furchgott's of florida



a little nite-dressing

body revealing, bare, long drift of clingy nylon crepe by Blanche. Black or creamy eggshell; P-S-M-L sizes, 28.00. Mail orders to FURCHGOTT'S of florida, Jacksonville, 32202. Please add 50¢ for handling.

A Brooch in the Art Nouveau Style Circa 1900



Four graceful leaves delicately enameled in lime and orange hues; embellished with diamonds and real pearl.
—$850
Shown actual size. Subject to prior sale

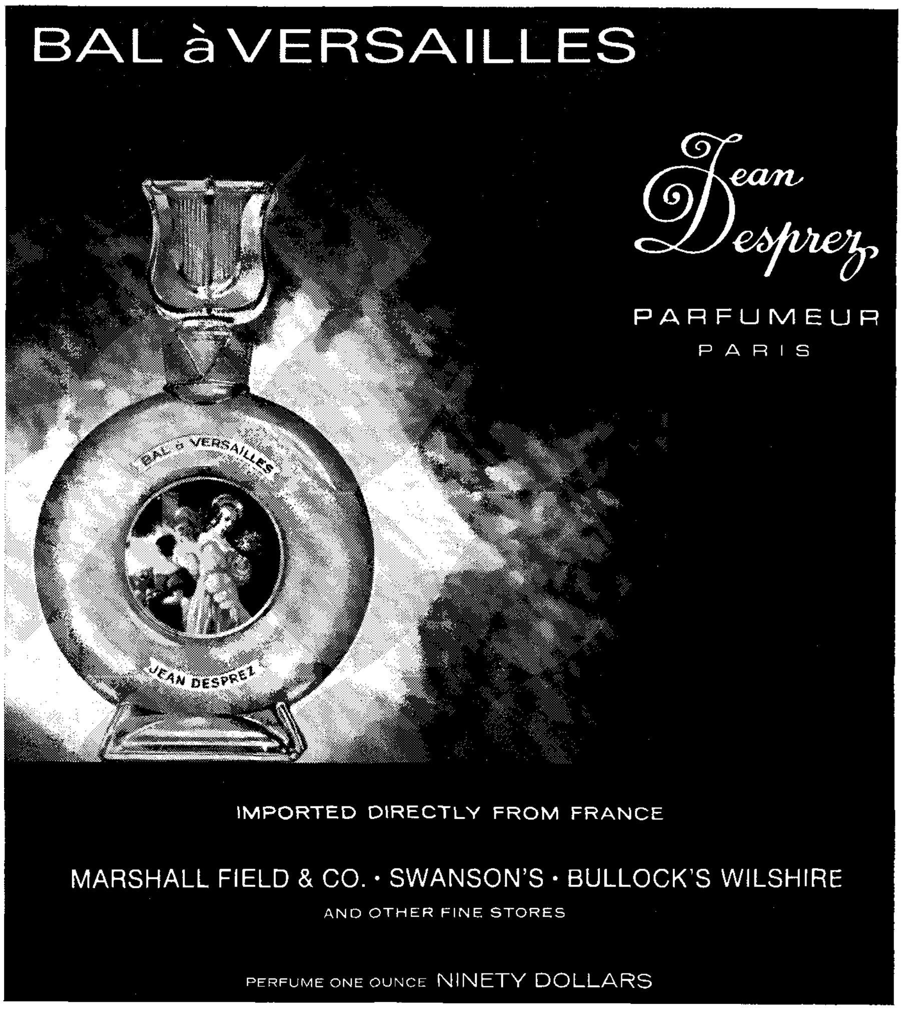
"The Engaging People of Turtle Bay"
STANLEY S. KLUSNER LTD.
255 E. 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Tel. (212) 371-6655 — Major Credit Cards

The Ideal Family Resort
ELEUTHERA BAHAMAS
Winding Bay BEACH COTTAGES
ELEUTHERA SOUTH ISLAND RESORTS
Miles of white sand beach, all water sports, tennis (courts lighted for night play), GOLF (by card) at our 18-hole championship course, superb cuisine, beautiful accommodations. Reserve today! Pan Am flies to Rock Sound daily from Miami & New York.
See your Travel Agent or phone our representatives
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
NEW YORK 765-5800

ed Fats Waller with "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," with the rarely heard "Viper's Drag," and with "Handful of Keys." He executed a brilliant reading of James P. Johnson's "Carolina Shout," which, with its contrary, dodging left-hand patterns, is the stride pianist's supreme test, and he offered a lacy but exact version of Johnson's "Snowy Morning Blues." He did Morton's slow, beautiful "Sweet Substitute," filling the closing chorus with an avalanche of tremolos. He made Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" and Hines' "Rosetta" swing very hard. He fashioned a Joe Sullivan dirge out of "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime," and he put Pete Johnson in charge of an open, cycling "Memphis Blues." Davern is a fleet, expert saxophonist and clarinettist who has listened to Sidney Bechet and Pee Wee Russell, while Leeman constantly recalls Dave Tough. But Leeman does more than that, for he has a talent that has almost vanished from jazz drumming—the fashioning of explosive, confounding four-bar breaks. Their split-second dynamics, varied textures, and unexpected accents are those of Sid Catlett. A typical break rushes by like this: a quick silence, a ringing offbeat rim shot, another lightning silence, two eighth notes on the bass drum, a triplet on the sock cymbal, and a couple of concluding rim shots, preceded by an offbeat on a tom-tom. It is peerless, epigrammatic drumming, and it just about stole the evening.

Wellstood, in all his ingenuity, can be heard on two fine new solo albums—"Dick Wellstood Alone" (Jazzology JCE-73) and "From Ragtime On" (Chiaroscuro 109). "Alone," he points out in his funny liner notes, is the first solo album he has made since 1954, when a ten-inch L.P. "fell dead-born from the press without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots." He not only plays splendid seventy-year-old piano but he writes exemplary two-hundred-year-old prose.

OCTOBER 17TH: Ben Webster and now, also at the age of sixty-four, Gene Krupa. Although he lived for a long time, his life had a fleeting quality. Between 1936 and 1942, he was, as a sideman with Benny Goodman and as the leader of his own big band, a famous man. Indeed, he was the first jazz musician to become a matinée idol. A small, good-looking man who played drums melodramatically—hunched over and gum-chewing, his black hair a wild flag—his image was in every eye


BAL à VERSAILLES

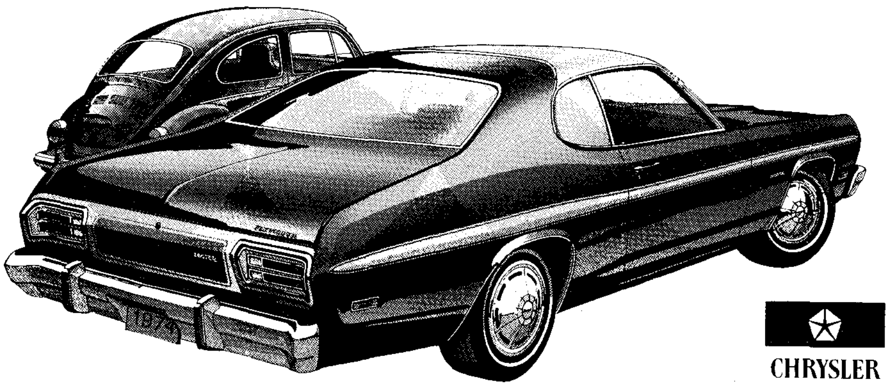
Jean Desprez
PARFUMEUR
PARIS

IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM FRANCE

MARSHALL FIELD & CO. • SWANSON'S • BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE
AND OTHER FINE STORES

PERFUME ONE OUNCE NINETY DOLLARS

VW is more money than Duster.
Duster is considerably more car than VW.
VW seats four.
Duster seats five.
Duster has three times as much trunk space as VW.
Duster delivers about twice as much horsepower as VW.
And it has more weight, wheelbase and width.
So, when you buy a Duster instead of a VW you get more.
And pay less.



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

CHRYSLER
Plymouth Duster. Plymouth
Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.

For Men and Women

Goose Down Bootees for Frigid Tootsies

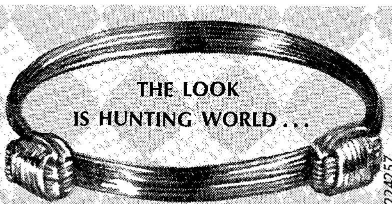
For instant old-fashioned fireplace warmth, just ease those chilly feet into the luxurious softness of Bauer Goose Down quilted in long-wearing Expedition Nylon. Soft leather soles. Insulating foam insole. Give shoe size and we will send a perfect fit. **Color:** Powder Blue for Women, Taupe for Men. Only **$14.95** postpaid. Makes a perfect Christmas Gift.

Order today! Money-back guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my Goose Down Bootees.
Men's 0146 Size________
Women's 0149 Size________
Name________
Address________
City________
State________Zip________
☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. DNW Seattle, Wash. 98124



THE LOOK IS HUNTING WORLD . . .

OUR AUTHENTIC FAKE ELEPHANT TAIL HAIR BRACELET IS SOLID COPPER!

U.S. Patent No. 224257

Our second fake (our first was 14K Gold). We're known for authenticity, you know. Will our copper fake bring good luck, like Elephant Hair is said to? We don't know, and we won't say that being solid copper, it will do all the magical things for you that "Copper Bracelet Cultists" believe copper bracelets do.

We're plainly somewhat superstitious though, or we wouldn't go to all this trouble. We've even copied the very special sliding knots used by generations of African natives in making the Elephant Hair originals . . . no small feat!

Our fakes have been faked by others, in copied-down versions of varying quality. But only our Genuine Fakes bear our label . . . the mark of Authenticity . . . your protection against forgeries! BUY THE REAL FAKES! Handmade in the Hunting World manner.

Our First Fake, in heavier, 14K Solid Gold–$210
Our Second Fake, in Solid Copper–$20
Our Third Fake, in heavier, bright Rhodium finished Sterling Silver–$40

THE REAL ONES, Handmade in Genuine Elephant Hair
4-Strands–$20 8-Strands–$40
Gift Boxed
Specify men's or women's.
Add $1 Each on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 10022

© 1973 H. W. INC.
N106

and his name in every household. It was front-page news when he went to jail, briefly, on a drug-connected charge, and it was big news when he left Goodman in 1938 to form his own group. He became, particularly for those who grew up in the Depression, a phoenix rising. Then, in the next decade, everything went awry. He was overtaken by his admirer Buddy Rich and by the new complexities of bebop, and the big bands, which had formed his backdrop, faded out. On top of that, jazz students, peering through the tatters of his radiance, decided that the true pioneers of jazz drumming during Krupa's halcyon days had been Jo Jones and Chick Webb and Sid Catlett. Krupa's reputation never fully recovered from these reverses, but his contributions as a consolidating pioneer were genuine and invaluable. He absorbed in Chicago in the twenties those two founts of drumming—Baby Dodds and Zutty Singleton; he listened to Cuba Austin and Chick Webb in New York in the thirties, and he put together a streamlined composite of their styles. By simply playing with enormous dash and style, he brought jazz drumming up from the cellar it had been in since New Orleans days. He was, as well, the first drummer to solo at any length, and he has been indirectly blamed for the sins of other and lesser drum soloists ever since. (There have, to be sure, been very few good drum soloists. Among the masterly ones have been Rich, Jo Jones, Elvin Jones, Max Roach, Joe Morello, Krupa, Webb, and Catlett, the last of whom was the fairest of them all. Those who decry drum soloists should remember that there have been only a handful of great improvisers on any instrument.) Such adventurers as Catlett and Jo Jones certainly listened to Krupa in his ongoing days, and learned from him, and the reverse was true, too. Drummers, a high-flying breed, are as pleased to plunder as they are to be plundered. Krupa, who at his best rocked as hard as any of his peers, was no exception.

NOVEMBER 20TH: The Smithsonian, that vast repository of aeroplanes, steam engines, and turbines, has, of all things, established a Division of Performing Arts, and within it a Jazz Program, which is headed up by the redoubtable Martin Williams. Williams is the American counterpart of the French jazz *philosophe* André Hodeir. During the twenty-odd years he has been writing about jazz, he has produced a number of books, among them two critical anthologies (one of

CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE
Quality cashmere — enjoy its soft, luxurious feel. Our classic cardigan, full fashioned — a sweater for all occasions — is truly a value at this price. White, black, navy, red, yellow, pink, brown, beige, tartan green.
Sizes 34 thru 42 $28.00

Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add 75 cents for handling.
California residents add 5% Sales Tax.

GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

EUROPEAN PRINTS
1890-1965

Bellmer
Bonnard
Cassatt
Cezanne
Chagall
Dubuffet
Ensor
Giacometti
Lautrec
Matisse
Morandi
Picasso
Redon
Van Gogh
and others

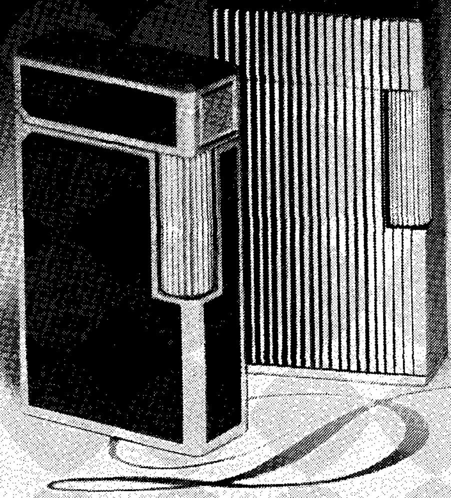
Spring '74 fully illustrated Print Catalogue now available.

ALDIS BROWNE FINE ARTS LTD.
20 EAST 53 ST., NEW YORK 10022
By appointment. (212) 593-3560

LA SAMANNA
It's not for everyone.

Unconventional. Uncompromised.
A totally new luxury resort.
Hotel La Samanna, St. Martin,
French West Indies. In New York call
(212) 628-1711

them taken from the defunct monthly *Jazz Review*, which he helped found and edit), a primer on the music, a biographical-critical look at New Orleans jazz, a collection of his incidental essays, a collection of short, summing-it-all-up essays on the great jazz figures, and monographs on King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton. Along the way, he has developed an uncluttered, total vision of jazz which has been notable for its lack of faddism, its firmness with the second-rate, and its sound, semi-musicological approach. One does not always agree with his enthusiasms and assessments, nor does one always admire his prose; the rustle of the academician's card file is always audible in it. But no matter. What he has said through the years has surmounted its wooden delivery, and we have been the beneficiaries. Now, in his role at the Smithsonian, he has produced what may turn out to be his chef-d'œuvre—a brand-new history in six L.P.s called "The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz." It consists of eighty-four recordings (some are excerpts) taken from the vaults of seventeen companies (a feat, considering the possessiveness of most recording outfits) and stretching from a 1916 Scott Joplin piano roll to a 1966 Cecil Taylor. There is also a pleasantly designed forty-eight-page booklet by Williams which contains a history of the music, technical explanations of rhythm, form, and improvisation, a capsule guide to each record, and such thoughtful addenda as a jazz bibliography and a list of the principal jazz-record shops here and abroad. The collection fills a void. There have been similar endeavors before, but they have been pirated and abortive or else assembled by recording companies from their own necessarily incomplete catalogues. Williams has made it possible for the first time to survey in one sweep the main pinnacles of the music, and what a panorama it is! Here are some of the principal beauties: Robert Johnson's spooky, deep-night blues, "Hellhound on My Trail," which starts "I got to keep movin', blues fallin' down like hail/I can't keep no money with a hellhound on my trail;" Bessie Smith's slow, reverent, hymnlike "St. Louis Blues;" three of Jelly Roll Morton's ingenious 1926 Red Hot Peppers sides, which mark the high point of New Orleans jazz; Sidney Bechet's stately, mourning five-minute clarinet blues, "Blue Horizon," set down in 1944; the extraordinary Louis Armstrong-Earl Hines 1928 duet, "Weather Bird;" Armstrong's celebrated "West End Blues," and his two seminal solos, one



The S.T. Dupont Lighter.
$1500* and down.

All the lighters in the S. T. Dupont collection are superbly designed and beautifully crafted. They vary from $1500 to $65, because you may choose solid gold, Chinese lacquer, gold or silver finish.

*Price varies with the market price of gold.

S.T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES A PARIS

1974 Japanese Art Calendar $3.00

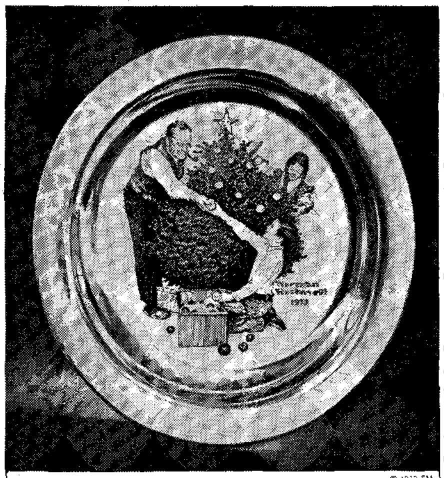
JAL's 1974 art calendar dazzles the eye with a rich collection of 12 full-color illustrations of the art of Japan down through the ages. Shown is the December selection, the statue of Bon-ten (brahma). Its large (17″x12″) format makes the illustrations suitable for framing. To order your calendar, send only $3 with the coupon below. The edition is strictly limited, so avoid disappointment by returning the coupon with your check today.

JAL JAPAN AIR LINES

Japan Air Lines
P.O. Box 777, Burlingame, California 94010
NE120373

I enclose $__________($3 per calendar).
Please rush________calendar(s) by
first class mail.

Name______________________________
Address____________________ Tel.________
City________________ State________ Zip______



© 1973 FM

Trimming the Tree — by Norman Rockwell

THE 1973 FRANKLIN MINT
CHRISTMAS PLATE

Limited Edition / Sterling Silver / Diameter 8" / $125

This original work of art by Norman Rockwell captures a memorable moment of the holiday season. While the edition is closed, our limited allocation of these beautiful plates is now available, subject to prior sale.

Hardy & Hayes
FINE JEWELERS SINCE 1887

Wood Street at Sixth Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222
For Pa. delivery, add 6% state tax

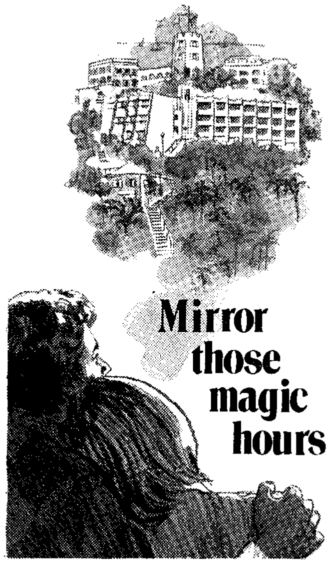
DORCHESTER HOUSE ®

MANUFACTURERS OF VIKING OAK ®
ROMWEBER
Furniture of Timeless Beauty ®

SHOWROOMS IN BATESVILLE · CHICAGO · DALLAS · NEW YORK · ST. LOUIS · MIAMI (EUSTER)
SEND $1.00 FOR COMPLETE COLOR BROCHURE
DEPT. B The American Furniture Company, Batesville, Indiana.

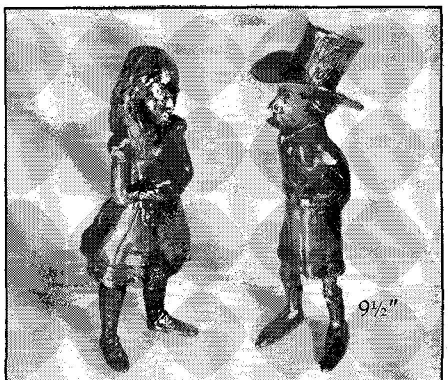
muted and the other open-horn, in his 1930 "Sweethearts on Parade;" Red Allen's marvellous avant-garde statement on Fletcher Henderson's "Wrappin' It Up," in which he shows again that he was probably the most provocative of all big-band trumpet soloists; a superb, graceful 1927 Fats Waller piano solo, "I Ain't Got Nobody" (listen, in particular, to the last couple of measures, when, in the highest register, he drifts into a legato, slow-motion passage that gives the impression he is leaning on air); Meade Lux Lewis's choice, moving "Honky Tonk Train;" Teddy Wilson's miraculous solo in the Benny Goodman Trio version of "Body and Soul;" two majestic Coleman Hawkins selections—the timeless 1939 "Body and Soul" and the coursing, multi-layered 1943 "The Man I Love," made with Eddie Heywood, Oscar Pettiford, and Shelly Manne; two matchless Billie Holidays, from 1937 and 1941, and two splendid Art Tatum solos, from 1949 and 1956; Roy Eldridge's empyrean "Rockin' Chair," recorded with Gene Krupa's band in 1941; three first-rate Count Basie numbers from his classic late-thirties days; and two Benny Goodman sextets, with extensive Charlie Christian solos. There are, as well, eight Duke Ellington numbers, the best made in 1940 and 1941 ("Harlem Air Shaft," "Concerto for Cootie," "In a Mellotone," "Ko-Ko," and "Blue Serge"); a stunning duet, recorded impromptu at a New York concert in 1945 by Don Byas and Slam Stewart; eight numbers by Dizzy Gillespie and/or Charlie Parker, the finest being Parker's great slow blues ("Parker's Mood") and his two unbelievable 1947 versions of "Embraceable You;" six Thelonious Monks from the forties and fifties (his sly piano solo, "I Should Care," and the nine choruses of medium blues excerpted from Miles Davis's "Bag's Groove" are the cream); Miles Davis's brooding paraphrase of "Summertime," poised against one of Gil Evans' richest draperies; Sonny Rollins' ten or so consummate choruses of blues on his 1956 "Blue 7;" a resplendent 1960 version of John Lewis's "Django," by the Modern Jazz Quartet; and an excerpt from Ornette Coleman's uncanny *thirty-six minutes* of free improvisation for double quartets made up of trumpet, reed, bass, and drums.

But these beauties are occasionally flecked with dross. Why bother with Fletcher Henderson's stodgy 1926 "The Stampede," even if it *is* an example of nonswinging jazz? And why include a middling Ella Fitzgerald and



On a hilltop where pirates reveled, you'll find memories to treasure. Strolling in tropical gardens, lazing by the pool, dining gourmet-style overlooking the Caribbean and colorful harbour town of Charlotte Amalie... Bluebeard's casts its spell on you. Color folders, reservations, special Package Plans, from your Travel Agent. Represented by THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. (212) 765-5800.

Bluebeard's
Castle Hotel
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands



Hand cast in Solid Bronze.
ALICE or THE MAD HATTER
$125. ea. or $225/ pr. PPD.
Complete Alice in Wonderland
chess set available at $1400.
RIMA GREENBERG
320 W. 86 St./New York, N.Y. 10024

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

two of Sarah Vaughan's brittle parabolas, and omit Mildred Bailey and Ivie Anderson altogether? Again, when there are so many exciting Lionel Hampton small-band sides ("Ring Dem Bells," "Haven't Named It Yet," "Hollywood Shuffle"), why include the so-so "When Lights Are Low"? Puzzling, too, is the presence of one of Ellington's pioneer extended pieces, "Creole Rhapsody;" it remains unrelievedly static and dull. Equally puzzling is Erroll Garner's "Fantasy on 'Frankie and Johnny,'" done in 1947, when he hadn't quite got himself together. Finally, are *eight* Ellingtons and *six* Thelonious Monks and *three* Ornette Colemans necessary in a limited survey of this kind?

At the outset of Williams' booklet, which occasionally yawns along like the first lecture of Jazz 101, he carefully points out that the collection is by no means comprehensive, that much good material has been omitted, etc. It is canny hedging, but it doesn't excuse the token inclusion of such masters as Sid Catlett, Ben Webster, Dickie Wells, and Charlie Mingus (the Mingus included is one of his least impressive rabble-rousers) and the complete absence of, among others, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, any of the Metronome All-Star bands (what good illustrative catchalls they are!), Jack Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Dave Tough, J. C. Higginbotham, Frankie Newton, Bill Coleman, Edmond Hall, Joe Turner, and Ray Charles, the last two of whom are surely, in their own ways, nonpareil. And this is to say nothing of the big bands of Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Benny Carter (his 1933 one), and Andy Kirk. Secondary figures are sometimes more instructive than their big brothers. But some of these faults can be remedied by a supplementary collection, as well as by one devoted to the sea of superb jazz that was made on fly-by-night labels in the thirties and forties and that now threatens to vanish altogether.

The collection, sold only by mail, can be ordered from Classic Jazz, P.O. Box 14196, Washington, D.C., 20044. The cost to Smithsonian Associates is eighteen dollars, plus a dollar-fifty for postage. Non-members pay twenty dollars and the postage. What a steal!

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

She feels strongly that women should take their fightful place in society.—*Albuquerque Journal*.

That must be a typo. Must mean "frightful."

REMEDIOS GUANZON. FATHER DEAD. MOTHER BLIND.

REMEDIOS GUANZON. AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides blind mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities.

Long lines of children and families wait outside our offices around the world, anxiously awaiting the help that Foster Parents Plan can give them, with your support. Choose a boy or girl from Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Indonesia, Peru, the Philippines, the Republic of Korea or Viet Nam. A monthly cash grant helps provide primary school education for Foster Children and their brothers and sisters. In addition, PLAN gives family counseling, medical and dental care, educational and social welfare programs, in our overseas offices which are headed by a North American director and staffed by nationals. PLAN's emphasis on education helps its children and members of the children's families become self-supporting. You receive a photograph and case history. You write and receive letters (originals and translations). These letters tell you how Foster Parents Plan's programs aid one child and family. Soon, through the letters and annual progress reports, Foster Parents and Foster Children can develop warm, affectionate relationships.

We eagerly offer our financial statement on request. You will see that your contributions to Foster Parents Plan provide extensive services and programs for children and families enrolled with us.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian independent organization, registered under VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid, Department of State, Washington, D.C.

SIGN HERE NOW... PLEASE

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.
Box 400, Warwick, Rhode Island 02886

I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy______ girl______
age______country______.Where the need is greatest______.
I enclose my first payment of: $16.00 Monthly______ $48.00 Quarterly
______$96.00 Semi-annually______$192 Annually______.
I can't become a Foster Parent right now but I enclose my contribution of $______.
______Please send me more information.

Name______
Address______Date______
City______State______
Zip______Telephone No.______

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Republic of Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are tax deductible. NY4D033
In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario M4V 1P8

PARTIAL LIST OF FOSTER PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Allen
Arthur Ashe, Jr.
Burt Bacharach
Senator Edmund S. Muskie
Senator John G. Tower
Duke University
General Electric

OVER 35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

Merry cherry Christmas

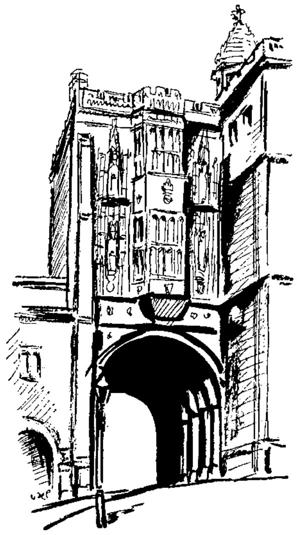
Snowy white gowns for the women of the family. Bright red cherries and lacy ruffles are the trimmings.
For grown-ups, in acetate-nylon for petite to large sizes, $15.
Young Dimensions in Sleepwear. For girls, in flame retardant acetate-polyester for 4 to 14 sizes, $10. Girls' Lingerie Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 20



LAST week provided the weirdest mixture of emotions for millions of English, the black national news having exploded on Tuesday with devastating suddenness just as they expected to be concentrating on festive nuptial things. Wednesday was therefore a dream of consoling perfection—of England's old pomp and circumstance still alive and well and parading faultlessly before them and the world in the glorious sunshine—from which they awoke to a clouding evening and London's bright lights turned off as though for the start of a war. Multitudes of the Queen's subjects seemed to escape into the ceremonials with peculiar, somewhat saddening pleasure while they lasted. People following the event on television remarked now and then with satisfaction that "we" do this sort of thing rather better than anybody else, which complacent thought gave an obvious compensating glow to the speakers, like a good stiff drink warding off the nasty, chilling facts awaiting everybody in the morning papers along with the bridal photographs. A few voices, it is true, have since been raised to suggest tartly that if some of the native organizing genius and public enthusiasm that made the occasion such a success could be directed into national affairs, "we" might not be in such an alarming economic crisis. But Wednesday was the day when most citizens preferred not to think but to watch, happily mesmerized, the various personages on their splendid progress to and from the Abbey and the other gorgeously arrayed beings pacing in solemn, reassuringly time-hallowed procession, bearing their sacred or temporal symbols to their appointed places in the marvellous complicated pattern. Not only for schoolchildren, who actually received one, but for a vast section of the adult public, it was a handsome, liberating holiday from reality at a time so profoundly troubling to all. Since the extraordinary theatrical moment last Tuesday in the House of Commons when the Home Secretary, Mr. Robert Carr, standing stock-still at the bar of the chamber, suddenly brandished aloft a paper, crying formal words that seemed to be straight out of a costume drama—"A message from the Queen, signed by Her Majesty's own hand"—and, ceremoniously slow-stepping, himself carried the royal proclamation of a state of national emergency toward the Speaker's chair (to judge by a flutter in the public galleries, some visitors may have concluded hazily that the document was somehow cheerily connected with the next day's events, not excluding the mooted peerage for the bridegroom), the air has been ringing with anxious public and private questioning. Pandemonium promptly broke out in the Commons. Mr. Carr's calm voice could be heard battling along and frequently having to halt because he could go no further in the bedlam that was loosed upon him from the Opposition benches. Furious Labour voices, with the rich, gritty accents of members from the coal-valley constituencies cutting like drills through the layers of din, accused the Government of clapping down an unnecessary state of emergency—since coal stocks, they said, are still pretty good—without waiting obligingly for the miners' just-begun ban on working overtime to add its really dangerous losses to the disruption already caused by the ban imposed by the electrical engineers. In the Opposition view, this fifth state of emergency that the Government has been forced to arm itself with in the various industrial battles since it took office is nothing but a declaration of war against the miners, who always have a great deal of public sympathy but could lose it if they continue to stand out for more money at a time of such crisis. What they are getting now for their hard, dangerous job does indeed seem ludicrously out of whack to many Britons in comparison with the big pay offered in the unnationalized industries, to which hundreds of men are deserting from the pits every month.

The emergency was also seen by several indignant Labour speakers as a cunning Tory dodge to divert the country's attention from last week's frightening stagger of the economy. Mr. Harold Wilson seemed to shake with rage as he leaped up to accuse the Prime Minister, who sat as impassive

Six Great Sherries. One Great Name. Duff Gordon.

If you're a Sherry drinker, you know that the Duff Gordon name means great Sherry. It has meant that since 1768.

Today, the Duff Gordon name lives on in six great Sherries ranging from very sweet to very dry. Santa Maria Cream. No. 28. Nina. El Cid. Club Dry Amontillado. And Pinta.

So no matter what your taste may be in Sherry there's a Duff Gordon Sherry that will suit your taste.

Duff Gordon. Six great Sherries. One great name.

IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
NINA
LIGHT GOLDEN · MEDIUM DRY
SHERRY
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
SANTA MARIA CREAM
SHERRY
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
No 28
SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
EL CID
SHERRY
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
CLUB DRY AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
PINTA
VERY PALE · VERY DRY
COCKTAIL SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

Duff Gordon Sherries

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

636-8937

SILAS BROWN INC.
SELECT · GOODS ·
MAIN ROAD · WESTPORT · MASS · 02790 ·

Occasionally, in a buyer's career, an item will stand out above all others. It happened when we found this dress!

"The Westporter"

Soft, year-round polyester knit. Flattering and slenderizing for any age—any size—any figure. It's washable. Wear with or without turtleneck insert.

grass green or navy and white check sizes 8-20 and 14½-22½

$39.95 postpaid

Please direct all orders and telephone calls to Sarah Yaggy for prompt, personal attention.

· ANTIQUES · FINE CLOTHING · DRAPERIES · GIFTS · PAINTS · HANDMADE LAMP SHADES · HISTORICAL WALLPAPER ·

· MORE THAN A COUNTRY STORE ·

168 SIZES
Fit everyone on your list

For Jogging & Leisure

New Trackster III. Orthopedically designed Jogging and walking shoe with replaceable Ripple® sole for men and women. Unique construction and perfect fit (available in sizes 4½ - 13, AA-EEE) helps eliminate heel problems, shin splints and sore arches. Gives comfort, support and flexibility. A perfect gift for everyone in blue suede leather with red saddle. $23.75 plus $1.50 postage and handling.

Manufactured by
NEW BALANCE ATHLETIC SHOE, INC.
176NY Belmont Street, Watertown, MA 02172.

Enclosed is $______. Send ______ pr Trackster III.
Send gift certificate ______. Size: Length ______
Width ______. (Include foot tracing and we'll guarantee a perfect fit.)

Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

as a man of wood, of having already known, when four by-elections took place recently, that the coming announcement of the October trade figures would show the worst deficit for Britain of all time. That very day, of course, the deficit had resulted in the jacking up of the bank lending rate to an also unprecedented thirteen per cent and a slide on a panicked stock exchange. At Mr. Wilson's charge, Mr. Heath's back-benchers, sitting also grimly expressionless behind him, began to hoot with relief and laughter, since Labour had come a dismaying and highly significant cropper in one of these by-elections, which should have been comfortably safe for the Party, and in two others had received the sour message that if the electorate is not exactly enchanted with Edward Heath it is certainly not eager for the return of Harold Wilson. Then the Opposition planked down a motion of censure on the Government's economic policy, which the Commons debated yesterday with the usual ritual exchange of party insults. The Prime Minister repeated his brisk and ringing assurance, given also when he was interviewed on television last week, that even though England is under such a black economic cloud at the moment, a silver lining of improved prospects is beginning to peep out here and there, and will be really evident by next year if only the Government does not weaken in keeping wages steady and if the people will listen. His favorite phrase about the present tribulations' being part of "the problems of success" has not seemed to add anything much to the understanding of the ordinary mystified and profoundly depressed citizen, however. The *Observer*, for one, had a cartoon showing him spouting it from the TV screen to a couple of bewildered householders listening bleakly in their overcoats by the light of a jolly candle.

Actually, the threatened power cuts have not yet come, but many restaurants, offices, and shops that depend on electricity have had to turn off the heat. London is not exactly a gay city after twilight, with the cheerful neon signs snuffed out and the shopwindows become caverns of black gloom, in the depths of which advance Christmas shoppers can occasionally discern a ghostly glitter. All the same, to judge by what is being said outside the political tumult of Westminster, people remember the miners' strike last year, when the Government was too optimistic about coal stocks and delayed declaring an emergency until the life of the country was in real danger of run-

Schreibman Jewelers
salutes the
Cleveland Orchestra

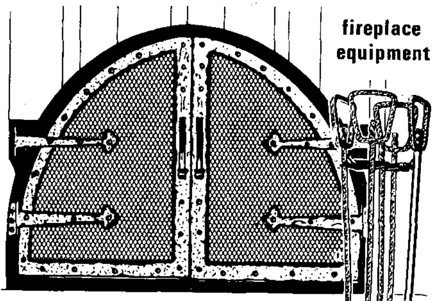
Christmas 1973

7.95

and Clevelanders everywhere can participate. Own this beautifully engraved silver-Reed & Barton Christmas bell. All profits go to the Cleveland Orchestra.

Schreibman's
Pepper Pike, Ohio 44124 Phone 831-4082
Kamm's Corners, Ohio 44111 Fairview Park, Ohio 44126
Please include sales tax where applicable
also $1.00 for postage and handling.

REICHMAN
fireplace equipment



when only the best will do...
Distinctive, rugged, hand forged wrought iron, black or polished. Seven tool and over 18 screen designs including arched or semi-arched. At better fireplace equipment stores or send for latest brochure. Custom Wrought Products, Dept. A, Greentown, Pa. 18426

Antique Jewelry
FOR THE DISCRIMINATING COLLECTOR
RAIZEL HALPIN
(ARÈS)
by appointment (212) 989-1128
Written inquiries: c/o The Bank
785 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

ning down. So they prefer to be chilly sooner this time, however reluctantly. Yesterday's announcement of oil restrictions was as expected. In a way, many people might feel rather better if petrol rationing were introduced right away or if motoring were forbidden on Sundays, for they have a terribly bad conscience about oil. There was bitter criticism of the Government on many sides for letting Israel down and playing safe with the Arab friends. Now those British who were enthusiastically in favor of Britain's entry into the Common Market, and still are (although the opinion polls show how opposition to it has grown in the country), have reacted with violent indignation at finding themselves alone with France as the nations most favored by the oil states. To them, it seems that in this first test of the European alliance as something a good deal larger and more stirring than a mere trading arrangement, the British have opted dismally out. In the tense discussion now going on, there are plenty of people who think that the Government's first duty is to be realistic Englishmen rather than good Europeans. But Mr. Heath's high and shining words on the historic possibilities of entering the Community are too recent to be forgotten so easily. His silence now has been a surprise and a disappointment to many.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Over $100,000 of the city's revenue sharing check for this year will go to operating expenses, salaries and equipment for the new dog control office, City Comptroller John Toole announced today.

Of $3,473,920 coming into the city by June 30 of next year, $40,000 will go for construction of new dog kennels. Some $63,000 more will go to operating expenses and salaries for the men who will fill those kennels.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Alabama Journal.*

And if they're dissatisfied with the living conditions, they can bark up another tree.

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MUSED OR GRITTED

[*From "The Room Upstairs," by Mildred Davis*]

This time the red that suffused her face outdid all other blushes. "I was only making a point."

"Psychologists say," he mused, "that there is no such thing as a chance remark."

"The trouble with free education," she gritted, "is that everyone from the street cleaner up—or down—becomes a part-time psychologist."

Minolta helps you spend more time at the races and less time with the camera.

When your speed demon comes roaring across the finish line, catch him with a 35mm Minolta Hi-matic F.

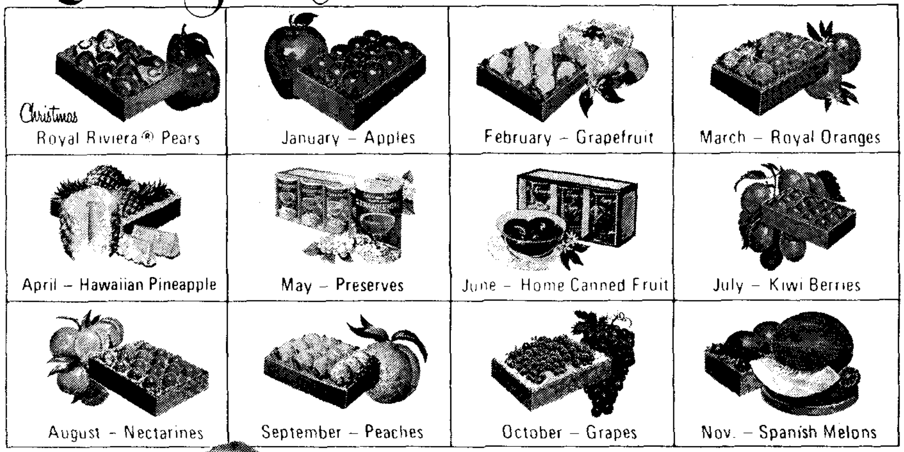
You never have to spend time making adjustments. Because the Hi-matic F sets itself automatically for one perfect picture after another. Indoors or out, with or without flash, all you do with a Hi-matic F is point, focus and shoot.

The Hi-matic F is easy to use and easy to take. Just slip it in a pocket and you're ready to go.

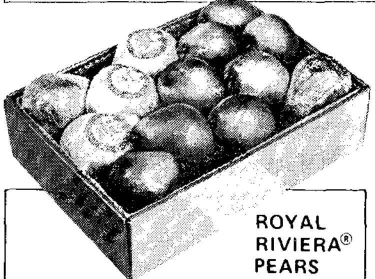
For more information, ask your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta Hi-matic F. The pocketable electronic.

Fruit-of-the-Month Club® from 'way out in Oregon



Christmas Royal Riviera® Pears
January – Apples
February – Grapefruit
March – Royal Oranges
April – Hawaiian Pineapple
May – Preserves
June – Home Canned Fruit
July – Kiwi Berries
August – Nectarines
September – Peaches
October – Grapes
Nov. – Spanish Melons



ROYAL RIVIERA® PEARS

So juicy they'll eat 'em with a spoon! Handsome gifts you'll never hear the end of! Perfect arrival guaranteed.

GIFT NO. 1 (10-14 Huge Pears)
Net wt. 6¾ lbs. . $\$7^{25}$ delv'd
GIFT NO. 3 (20-25 Smaller Pears)
Net wt. 9 lbs. . . . $\$8^{45}$ delv'd

A dozen dazzling gifts — all year

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name. They'll receive a sumptuous Gift Box every month, each with your greetings.

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111 . . . $\$19^{95}$ delivered
Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151. . . $\$49^{95}$ delivered
Delight 'em to pieces, again 'n again – Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!

12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201. . $\$74^{95}$ delivered
A Gift Box every month, all year around!

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order (No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.

Harry and David®
Box 503-U / Medford, Oregon 97501

© 1973, Harry and David

WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

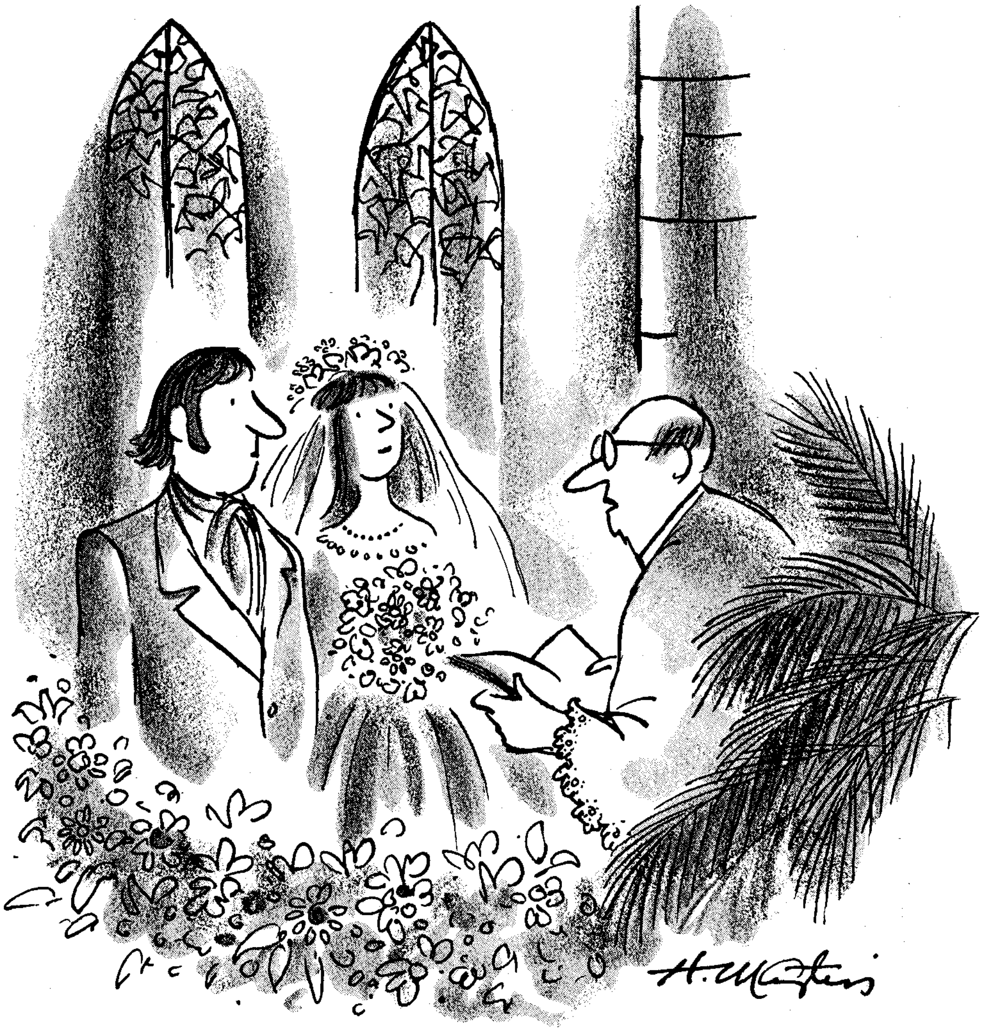
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 24

"I'M not a crook," Richard Nixon has been saying over and over again in one way or another to the citizens of the country once held by Abraham Lincoln to be "the last, best hope of earth." It is a performance that demeans him and all of us. The occasion for the disavowal is already painful enough to his political critics as well as to his remaining supporters, and his choice of language somehow makes things worse than they actually are. Nixon has been accused of many things this year, and many of them have been actions generally regarded as dishonorable and deceptive. But in American English, as distinct from Brand X, a "crook," in the primary sense, is not a bend in a stream or the end of a shepherd's staff but a thief, a man who makes off with someone else's property. Yet no serious person has accused the President of actual thievery, and when he talks as if this were the charge it seems tantamount to acknowledging that he did engage in misdeeds of a somewhat less heinous nature. If he has kept his "cool," as he puts it, and appears to some to be more resilient than one might expect of a man who has spent such a harrowing several months, this is far less reassuring than he evidently imagines it to be. It is like a man assuring his trusting associates that he has been guilty not of grand larceny but merely of petty larceny. The only comfort an American can take lies in the fact that no earlier President ever found it necessary to assure the country that, whatever else might be held against him, at least he never stole.

As yet, there have been no polls showing whether or not the President has improved his standing by his recent counter-offensive, but some observers think that he probably has. (There is a theory that he "bottomed out" at twenty-seven-per-cent support, according to Gallup, and therefore had nowhere to go but up.) Very few people think, however, that he has much chance of regaining what he has lost over the past year unless his successes in foreign policy are so great as to make the iniquities of Watergate seem inconsequential by contrast. In a grim, unhealthy way, this may be true. A stable peace in the Middle East and a resumption of the flow of oil from there would be welcome to millions even if the cost was breaking into the offices of any number of psychiatrists in this country. But there is as yet no reason to think that things will work out that way, and the probability is that in 1976 all our present sources of anguish—Watergate, the Middle East, and Indo-China—will still be with us and that other difficulties may be added: an end to the Soviet-American détente, famine in India, a deepening energy crisis, medium-sized wars in Africa and South America, and a malfunctioning economy here. To be sure, Nixon would bear little responsibility for most of these, but it would be difficult to persuade the country that the continuance of Republican power in Washington offered much hope of improvement. From the present look of things, moreover, Watergate can go on for as long as the Ervin committee has the stomach for it. As far as one can see, Nixon is not a "crook" in the primary colloquial sense, but he is an extraordinarily inept man at judging human beings, and he has surrounded himself with men wholly lacking in a sense of public interest but richly gifted with a sense of private interest. It is a curious failing for a man of such broad experience in politics, which should have shown him that it is as a rule far safer to rely on professional politicians (sometimes known as public servants) than on men recruited from private enterprise, where the rip-off is much easier to conceal than in government. For some unfathomable reason, Nixon never absorbed this essential lesson, and thus he came to grief and may spend two or three years on what Ron Ziegler or someone has called "Operation Candor," barnstorming the country and assuring every voter he meets that "I'm not a crook."

The Ervin committee was scheduled to finish its work and shut up shop a couple of weeks ago, but now the end is nowhere in sight. There are two or three revelations a week, and each leads to another. The new special prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, is asserting his independence, which many thought he would not do, and reading the special prosecutor's mandate even more broadly than it was read by Archibald Cox, whose dismissal has now been held to have been illegal. Impeachment

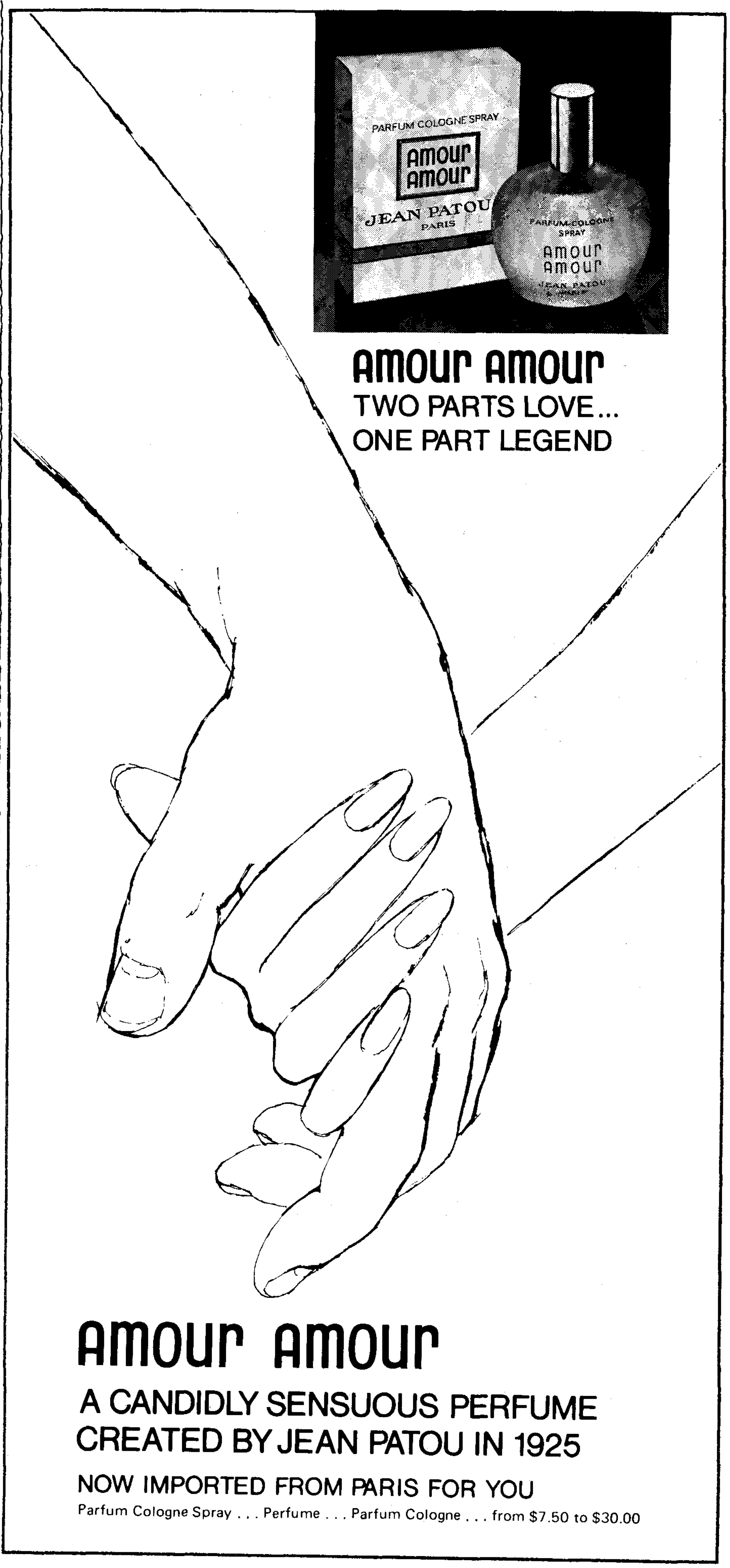


"I now pronounce you His and Hers."

begins to seem unavoidable. Nixon's conning efforts may improve his standing in the polls somewhat, but they are not working well with his fellow-politicians. If the case gets to the Senate, he will avoid removal only if he has defenses several times as strong as any he has thus far put forth. One would think it shrewd for a man in his fix to get it over with by resignation. Yet little he says nowadays carries more conviction than his repeated assertion that nothing could induce him to resign.

Nixon's choice of Gerald Ford to replace Spiro Agnew seemed at first an almost inspired one, for few men are better qualified than Ford for a job that demands practically nothing of the man who holds it. But it seems more and more likely that Ford would become President soon after being sworn in as Vice-President, and that is a very chilling thought indeed. If Ford could act, he might be just the man to play the part of a President in a movie—he looks somewhat more *Presidential* than Nixon and a good deal more trustworthy—but the thought of Ford actually in the White House has made some people wonder if the United States Attorney's office in Baltimore didn't act a bit rashly in the case of Spiro Agnew. Still, it is too late for the public expression of doubts about Ford's qualifications. He will be confirmed, and the prospect of his becoming President has led a good many congressmen to drag their feet on impeachment proceedings, in the hope that Ford will have a brief tenure or no tenure at all. It is not that a Ford Administration would shame the country as the present one has done; in fact, it might well be as honorable as any in history. But it would take office without enjoying the confidence either of the American people—Ford is well enough liked here, but he has never been a national figure—or of foreign governments. It would have no mandate—only the uneasy consent of a Democratic Congress and the policy of a predecessor removed by that Congress.

There is a sense in which it can be argued that character and instinct are fully as important to a President as experience and knowledge, and there was a time, unhappily past, when it could be believed that the Presidency stiffened character and sharpened instinct. The classic example of modern times is, of course, Harry S. Truman, who seemed even less ready for the Presidency than Gerald Ford. Truman lacked education, while Ford is at least a graduate of Yale Law



amour amour
TWO PARTS LOVE...
ONE PART LEGEND

amour amour
A CANDIDLY SENSUOUS PERFUME
CREATED BY JEAN PATOU IN 1925
NOW IMPORTED FROM PARIS FOR YOU
Parfum Cologne Spray . . . Perfume . . . Parfum Cologne . . . from $7.50 to $30.00

DiFini
First name in golfwear/leisurewear

You've got everything on your side . . . including DiFini.

Short jacket doubleknit polyester/silk. Full fashioned shell 100% polyester. Tailored slacks doubleknit polyester/silk. All machine washable.

Available at pro shops everywhere and fine stores. Or write:
DiFini 367 Southern Boulevard, N.Y. 10454

Bean's Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Leather Carryall Bag

Handsome, sturdy cowhide, tanned to a supple glove leather finish. Roomy and easily carried. For shopping, boating, camping. Color, Saddle Tan. Two sizes: Regular, 12" x 6" x 12½" high. Price, $16.00 postpaid. Large 15" x 7½" x 17" high. Price, $22.50 postpaid.

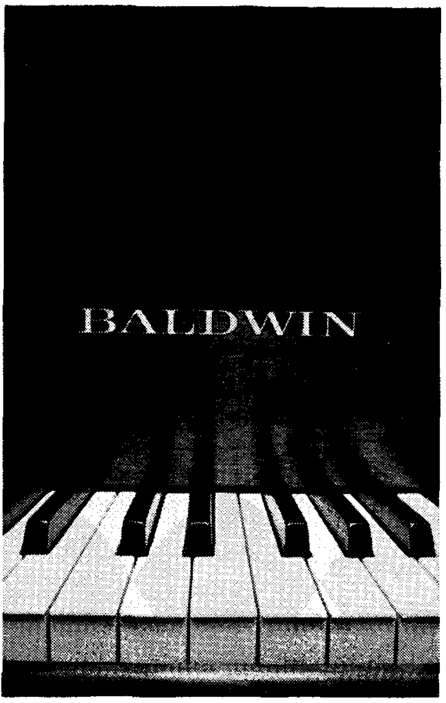
☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship________Reg. Carryall Bags @ $16.00
Ship________Large Carryall Bags @ $22.50
Name________
Address________
Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
364 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

School. Truman lacked the experience of leadership, while Ford has spent several years in commanding the Republican troops in the House of Representatives. At the moment, the revisionist historians are busily relegating Truman to the group of Presidents generally held to have been inadequate, but they are not denying his strength of character, which, though few knew it at the time, was there long before he entered the White House. Nor are they saying that what they consider his major mistakes—particularly his employment of nuclear weapons and his proclamation of the Truman Doctrine as a policy applicable just about anywhere in the world—are attributable to his lack of formal education, for he was supported in these matters by men who had all the advantages he lacked. It could be that Ford would grace the office as admirably as some people still believe Truman did, but this is unlikely. As far as is known, Ford's character is not to be faulted in any moral sense, *but neither is there evidence that he* possesses anything like independence and determination. Truman was a loyal Democrat, but he was never a completely orthodox New Dealer and never sought to convey the impression that he was. If Ford has ever parted company with the leadership on a matter of importance, no one knows it. He has followed every one of the many twists of policy the Nixon Administration has made. He has apparently not been implicated in any of the recent scandals, but neither has he evinced any of the outrage that many of his fellow-Republicans have—though, given his background and sense of values, he has probably bled internally over them. His education might prove serviceable, for this is a time when Presidents more than ever need to be capable of intellectual analysis, but he has apparently not troubled to make himself an expert on any issue of the day. In all likelihood, he would tidy up White House procedures, but his politics would necessarily be those of Nixon, which, with the possible exception of certain foreign-policy moves, have been almost as disastrous as Watergate.

Before Watergate and for some time after the investigations began, it was commonly believed that the Administration had been on the whole successful in foreign policy, and among those who assented to this were many who deplored the invasion of Cambodia and the bombing of Laos and the snail's pace of troop withdrawal from South Vietnam. Despite these misgiv-

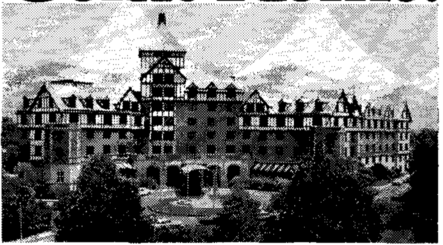


David Bar-Illan's Accompanist

"Rotary Massage" Shower Bath Head
by Rain Jet

Patented
THE MOST UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT!
Only
$19.95 Postpaid (Add 5% tax in Calif.)
All-Brass, Chrome-plated (Mother-of-Pearl cone)
Full, rotating water streams adjust from brisk to gentle massage. Exhilarating! Fits all shower outlets. Chrome-plated, $29.95. Gold-plated, $39.95. Beautifully packaged. Money-back guarantee.
AT FINE STORES OR WRITE TO:
RAIN JET CORP. 301 S. Flower St.
Burbank, Calif. 91503, Dept. S17

Come Home.



COME HOME TO ONE OF THE LAST GREAT HOTELS.
Hotel Roanoke
Roanoke, Virginia 24006 Member, Preferred Hotels Association

ings, Nixon drew praise for having given the green light to Henry Kissinger in respect to the Soviet Union and China, and to William Rogers in his attempts to patch things up in the Middle East. Now, though, a general disillusion has set in. In Vietnam, the President had offered assurances that his and Kissinger's efforts would lead not only to troop withdrawals but to "peace with honor." The surviving combat troops are home, but there is no peace and no honor, and only the feeblest of efforts on our part to persuade President Thieu to enter into the negotiations with Hanoi called for in the Paris accord. We are sending our old friends in Indo-China as many weapons and other items of matériel as they can use—and they in turn are said to be selling a good many of our gifts to their enemies, who, of course, are also being supplied by their Communist allies.

The Administration should not be made to bear the burden of blame for everything that has lately been going wrong and leading to new disillusion. There would probably be an Israeli-Arab conflict even if Columbus had never put out to sea, and several American Administrations have urged plans for a settlement on all parties. Nor is it wholly, or even largely, our fault that this year, which last winter the Administration confidently called "the Year of Europe," has been a bust. It had been our hope that the postwar alliances—principally NATO—could be renewed and strengthened to serve the primary aim of a workable security system for all Europe. It was a noble but in all probability an idle hope, for the purposes that brought those alliances into being back in the late forties and fifties had mostly been served within a few years, and the only confederation that continued to fill any need—the Common Market—was the one to which we contributed nothing but encouragement. To the others we have little to offer now, and the prewar European system of nation-states pursuing nationalistic aims is back in force. These pursuits have been given new impetus by the war in the Middle East, with the result that there is now a competi-

EL TORO
TEQUILA
EIGHTY PROOF
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
FIFTY THREE PROOF
Take a sip and Si! Si!
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.
New York, New York

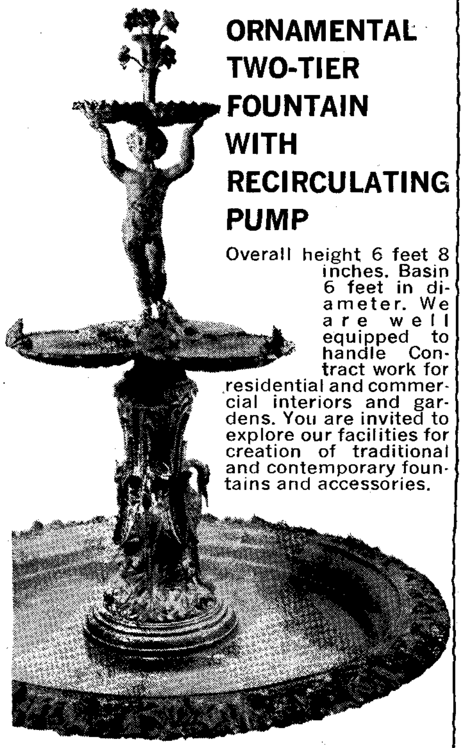
All the natural beauty of life in the wild is captured in this masterpiece by Gunther Granget, renowned European sculptor. Weeks of painstaking work went into the delicate hand carving and painting in rich colors by the skilled artisans of Anri of Italy, famous for generations for distinctive wood carvings. Fortunate indeed is the collector who owns one. Production for the entire world is limited to 250 in the larger size, 1000 in the smaller; but only half of these amounts will be available in America. Each is numbered, signed, and bears an authenticating certificate. Schmid Brothers, Incorporated, 55 Pacella Park Drive, Randolph, Massachusetts 02368.

Gunther Granget
Living Wood
Limited Edition

Mallard
13"x 18"x 9½"
$2000.
6"x 9"x 5"
$500.

© U.S.A. and International
Schmid Bros., Inc. 1972

Available at
THE BURROWS GALLERYE • J.E. CALDWELL • HALL'S • THE OLD WORLD
Englewood, N.J. Philadelphia Kansas City Dallas
and other fine stores



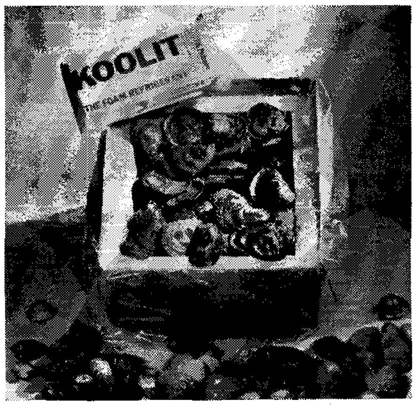
ORNAMENTAL TWO-TIER FOUNTAIN WITH RECIRCULATING PUMP

Overall height 6 feet 8 inches. Basin 6 feet in diameter. We are well equipped to handle Contract work for residential and commercial interiors and gardens. You are invited to explore our facilities for creation of traditional and contemporary fountains and accessories.

Visit our Galleries. Send 50¢ stamps-coin for our 40 page illustrated Catalogue.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc

650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926



Fresh Oysters & Clams

A unique and healthful taste treat produced thru the science of mariculture. Now you can have delivered to your door delicious oysters and little neck clams in a reusable iced and insulated styrofoam chest, produced and packed by S. I. Oyster Co. An ideal gift item.

SHELTER ISLAND OYSTER CO., INC.
Sterling Ave., Greenport, N. Y. 11944

Qty.	Item	*Del. Price
....	100 Clams in Chest	$15.00
....	60 Oysters in Chest	12.00
.	100 Clams & 60 Oysters	25.00

***Del. limited to East of Miss. River**

Check enclosed for $........

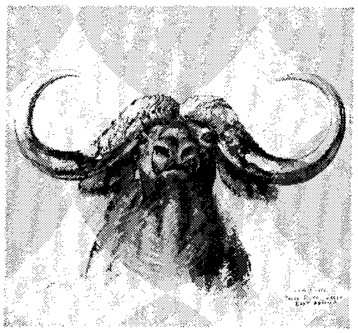
Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State .... **Zip** ......

Prices Eff. until June 30, 1974

tion in not being beastly to the Arabs, in which the Japanese have recently joined, along with a few countries eager to develop a technology fuelled and lubricated by oil. No one yet knows what is going to happen to the Soviet-American détente, for while it can survive a limited amount of Soviet aid to Egypt—an amount that we could meet with our own aid to Israel—it surely could not survive direct intervention, or aid on a scale that would assure Israel's destruction. The general feeling here is that the Soviets will not go so far as to wreck the détente, but there has to be a good deal of guesswork in this, for not even the authorities here know how much it would take to provoke us into either large-scale retaliation or the abandonment of Israel. The Pentagon, it has been reported, is itself divided on this question, some officers feeling that we should do everything within our means to prevent Israel's defeat, others feeling that the effort we have put into Vietnam has left us with a largely obsolete and wholly inadequate military machine and that our first obligation is to attend to our own defenses.

The Pentagon, or a substantial part of it, also fears that an anti-Semitic backlash will develop in and out of Congress if we heavily subsidize Israel and are rewarded by the Arabs' denying us any of that substance on which Our Way of Life now so heavily depends. In general, Americans admire no country but their own, which is why the President justifies nearly everything he does in the name of "national security." As long as we have some guns we aren't using, we complain hardly at all if the government gives or lends them to other nations to shoot at people we don't care about at all—particularly if, like the Arabs and the North Vietnamese, they are not represented here in great enough numbers to elect a county clerk. But if we are short on guns ourselves and if turning them over to Israel makes us freeze, crawl like turtles along our highways, and sit in front of dim television sets, millions will consider it a very bad deal, and a lot of political hawks will turn into doves. All this seems in prospect at the moment, because the Arab leaders gathered in Algeria are sounding very bold indeed, calling for an end to any and all cease-fires until Israel is no more. But a few informed and influential Arabs regard this intransigence as mere talk, and think there may right now be a real possibility for a settlement that will endure longer than the others. The Israelis are noting

RAY HARM'S AFRICAN SKETCH BOOK



A collection of 80 authentic field drawings, 12 in full color, faithfully reproduced in a beautifully bound volume 11" x 15", with slip case. Edition limited to 10,000, with each book signed by the artist. Introduction by Ray Harm recounts his exciting 6-week safari along with detailed description of sketches.

$50
Brochure on request

Frame House Gallery, Inc.
Department NY123
110 East Market Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202
Telephone: (502) 587-7424

Dealerships available in some areas

Caviarteria

Distinguished Caviar at Understated Prices

FRESH CAVIAR
FRESH IRANIAN BELUGA MALASSOL
14 oz. $75 7 oz. $38.50 3½ oz. $19.90
14 oz. FRESH GOLDEN CAVIAR $100
4½lb. BELUGA, ORIGINAL TIN $350
4 oz. RUSSIAN MALASSOL BELUGA
Vac. packed for long life, 2 jars for $50
7½ oz. IRANIAN FRESH PRESSED
(crushed grain) $18.95

PRESERVED CAVIAR (vac. packed)
IRANIAN GIANT GRAIN BELUGA
4 oz.-2 for $30. Case of 12 1 oz.-$45.00
RUSSIAN KAMCHATKA (cracked egg)
4 oz.-2 for $15. Case of 12 1 oz.-$22.50
Add 10% for Shipment Outside NYC

SCOTCH SMOKED SALMON (fresh by air)
2 lb. Side, Gift Boxed, board, knife $25
Side thinly presliced, ready to serve $29
Add $5 for Air Shipment Outside NYC

Shipments Everywhere Phone UN 1-1210
PRICE LIST ON REQUEST
870 MADISON AVE, NYC 10021

CHINESE SNUFF BOTTLES
Hand painted white porcelain, jade dispenser top. To wear on a chain. Complete with silver attachment $30 ppd. Bottle only $25 ppd. (no two alike, approx. 3" high)

PEOPLES' WARE inc.
2210 DELANCEY PLACE PHILA., PA. 19103

with alarm their own isolation, and the Arabs, having made a good military showing for the first time, no longer have any reason to feel humiliated. Both sides have suffered and lost much over the past quarter century of intermittent hostilities, and on both sides anti-war sentiment is no longer equated with treason. The Israelis don't want to be a nation of jailers, and the Egyptians would like to make a try at becoming the modern state that Nasser promised them when he overthrew King Farouk. No major power feels threatened by either of the belligerents—only by the fact of belligerency. In this there may be at least a bit of hope. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Dr. Joe Fuller of Leawood said Thursday he will fight, if given a chance, his suspension this week as a coach in the Johnson County Y.M.C.A. football program.

Dr. Fuller, a dentist, has been a coach in the Y program for four years. He started as head coach of the Indian Creek fifth grade National team and has guided the team to the eighth grade level this year.

The YMCA suspended Dr. Fuller this week because he "refused to participate in the annual Y candy sale." A YMCA spokesman said it is the policy of the organization to "get rid" of any coach who will not have his team sell candy because the sale is a major fund raising drive that helps pay for the YMCA football expenses.

Dr. Fuller insists he was never notified that he was to sell candy this year. He said he has participated in the sale every other year, but that no one notified him the sale was underway this year until one day prior to the sale's end.

He said that had anyone notified him he would have asked his team to sell candy again this year.

"I received no communication from anyone in the YMCA about this year's candy sale until one day before it ended," Dr. Fuller said.

The YMCA pointed out that Dr. Fuller was the only coach in this year's program who did not participate in the sale.

An official of the Y said that Dr. Fuller could appear before a YMCA board meeting Tuesday night to protest his suspension and ask for reinstatement.

Dr. Fuller said Thursday that he was not aware of such an opportunity, but that if someone from the YMCA contacted him he would attend the meeting "to deny that I had been contacted about the candy sale."

Dr. Fuller noted that he has led his team in practice every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening this season and that had the YMCA "wanted to" they could have contacted him.

The Y said a new coach for the Indian Creek team has been appointed.—*Leawood (Kan.) Sun.*

A dentist who misses a chance to sell candy!

Water Lily (Nymphaea Odorata)

Porcelain Sculpture . . . by Burgues

So life-like you can almost smell the fragrant gold & white blossoms on their exquisite bed of green & blue.. Size: 10" x 9" x 5" Price: $175.00 Edition: 200

Available now from Burrows Gallerye or, send $2 for a full color catalogue of all fine, limited edition Burgues sculptures.

The Burrows Gallerye 260 GRAND AVE., ENGLEWOOD, N.J. 07631

One of these cold, dreary days you'll wish you'd listened to us.

One day soon when the sky's like wet cement and the wind's so mean it makes your ears ache, you'll wish it were summer again.

Well, it's summer right now in Palm Springs. The sun shines warm and friendly every day. The air is sweet and desert-fresh. There's golf.

Tennis. Swimming. Horseback riding. The Aerial Tramway. All kinds of shops and restaurants and entertainment and accommodations. All kinds of feeling good.

So when that dreary day comes along, don't say we didn't warn you.

PALM SPRINGS
CALIFORNIA

Convention and Visitors Bureau,
Palm Springs, California 92262
Dept. SUN 38

I'm listening. Please send me your free color brochure.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State_____ Zip_____

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Soul of the Viola

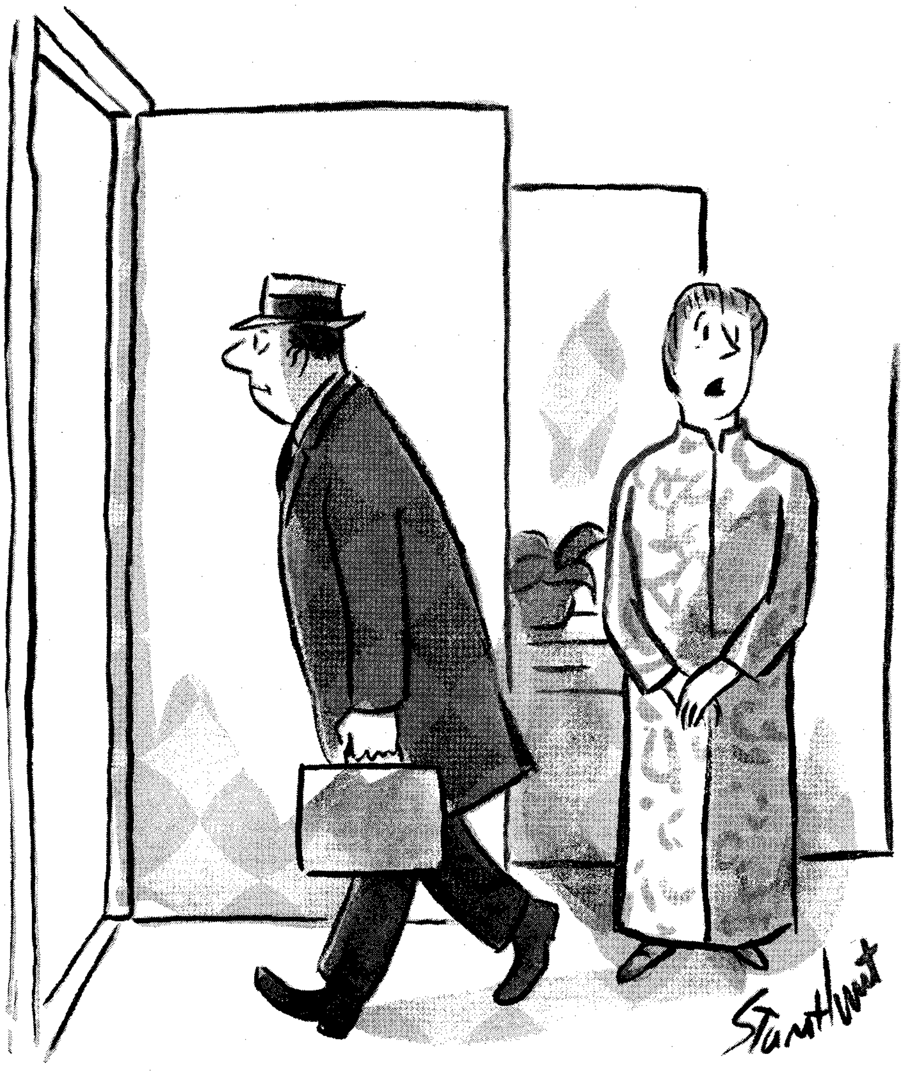
HAVING recently failed to summon up much enthusiasm for the orchestral showpiece "Heliogabalus Imperator," written by Hans Werner Henze for the Chicago Symphony, I am the more pleased that it should have been so quickly followed by another Henze première in New York, which shows that prolific composer at somewhere near his best. At Town Hall on Monday, in a new series called The Composer Speaks, Mr. Henze was present to introduce and conduct the Nuits Musicales group, with Walter Trampler as solo viola, in a piece which is subtitled "Music for Viola and 22 Players" but bears the rather daunting title "Compases para Preguntas Ensimismadas." Customers and shop clerks are going to have a lovely time over that name when the promised recording shows up.

When the twenty-six-minute work was given in London last summer, no information was vouchsafed about the meaning that should be attached to the four Spanish words of the title, and even Spanish-speakers seemed to find them puzzling. In New York, if I heard him aright, Henze construed "compases" to mean "metres" (in the sense of rhythmic metres, although "measures" appears to be the more usual meaning of the word in a musical context), and "preguntas ensimismadas" to mean "self-concerned questions" (that is, questions intended to find their own musical solutions), adding that the music, written in various parts of the world, formed a sort of traveller's diary. To which let me append my own guess that it would be wrong to see the piece as the impressionistic sketchbook of a travelling musician, and that, even though the "self" referred to is apparently not the composer's creative ego, the music is as predominantly intimate and introspective as "Heliogabalus" is extrovert.

These qualities derive mainly, no doubt, from the choice of the solo instrument. The viola, particularly dear to composers and to lovers of chamber music, is the least emphatic, the least showy, the least effusive of string instruments, excluding the double bass; he can indeed sing, this shy, husky-voiced poet of the middle register, but his more natural mode of discourse is a questioning, somewhat enigmatic prose, the prose of a philosopher. Henze's "Compases" is not only a gift to the viola player, whose repertory is still none too rich, but a revelation of the soul of the instrument so penetrating that the composer might have prefaced his score with the teasing words (Spanish again!) that Elgar long ago prefixed to his Violin Concerto: "*Aquí está encerrada el alma de . . . . .*"—if (as I should like to believe) we may read those dots as a symbol for the beloved instrument itself.

Before the performance, Henze indicated the main structural outline of his single-movement work, and made the orchestra play very brief snatches from some of the sections. I doubt if many listeners were thereby enabled to follow the musical design, but these short extracts did give us a useful glimpse of the style and texture to be expected. Delicate sound effects and a low scale of dynamics prevail in this elaborate and finely written score, behind which there seems to lurk some intensely private and emotional experience. The sensuous side of the composer's nature, in partial abeyance under the sterner demands of his political sympathies, and employed unworthily (as it seemed to me) in the circus routines of "Heliogabalus," is in this work delightfully in the ascendant.

Melodic lines of sinuous grace, sustained over long stretches of the composition, characterize the writing for the soloist. A background of high complexity, with strings (for example) treated in eight different ways and a whole glossary of new keyboard instructions, produces a poetic and somewhat Oriental effect, with more than a hint of gamelan sonorities. The general effect of the music is inward-looking, meditative, and undeniably static; but it is not stagnant. When the score sounds becalmed, it is, so to speak, becalmed with a purpose; even the most deliquescent and dreamy passages do more than meander, although the listener finds it easier to sense their drift than to construe their syntax. Wonderfully beautiful, in particular, is the epi-



"*Ciao.*"

logue, in which the soloist pursues his meditations against the cloudy movement of eleven muted strings, and the wind ensemble continually repeats a descending semitone phrase, in the manner of a distant chime.

The players—eleven strings, six wind (including a horn), two percussionists, harp, harpsichord, piano alternating with celesta—showed themselves keenly responsive to the composer's direction; and Walter Trampler revelled in the difficulties and subtleties of the solo part, while offering what seemed a rather more downright and masculine reading than that of the very accomplished and graceful Japanese artist Hirofumi Fukai, who played in the Basel première of 1971 and also in London.

THE second of the two concerts given at Carnegie Hall by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Sir Georg Solti contained a performance of Mahler's Sixth Symphony of such blazing power, precision, and beauty of detail that it will long remain in the memory of those present. During recent years, Solti has sunk himself in the world of Mahler, and grown into one of his best interpreters. When he recorded this symphony some years ago, there were complaints from Mahler specialists of a too frenzied approach to the score, and most particularly of overfast tempi in the first two and the last movements, which were said to have diminished the weight, breadth, and nobility of the music. And it is true that there is a recurrent tendency on the part of this conductor, especially when he is feeling his way into the work of a major composer, to overstress rhythmic tension and overplay dynamic contrasts. In the earlier years of his "Ring" cycles at Covent Garden, for example, his Wagner style was considerably more excitable and nervous than it was to become later on. The distinction is perceptible in his famous "Ring" recording, of which the "Götterdämmerung" set is much superior to the earlier and too hard-driven "Siegfried," while a still greater contrast can be observed between the recent masterly "Parsifal" issue and the immature "Tristan" of twelve years before.

Whatever the merits of the recording of the Mahler Sixth Symphony (which I have not heard), it is hard to believe that the most dedicated Mahlerian could have resisted this Carnegie Hall performance. Every page of the huge work demonstrated the unanimity, brilliance, and musicality of the

What has Sheraton done for you lately?

IN LISBON
ON MADEIRA

Sheraton has two magnificent hotels in Portugal

Lisbon-Sheraton Hotel Stay right in the heart of cosmopolitan Lisbon. Only 15 minutes from the international airport. And near all the historical sights. Sun by the year-round pool. Relax in the health club and sauna. And enjoy a great evening in the rooftop restaurant, lounge and outdoor terrace with its fantastic views of the city.

Madeira-Sheraton Hotel Come to the colorful island of Madeira. And the magnificent Madeira-Sheraton Hotel, overlooking the Bay of Funchal. 85 minutes by air from Lisbon. And near the center of town and the casino. Work on your tan by the ocean-level fresh water pool or the terrace-level salt water pool. Play some tennis and mini golf. And enjoy panoramic views from the cliff-edge night club.

For reservations call
800-325-3535.
Or have your travel agent call.

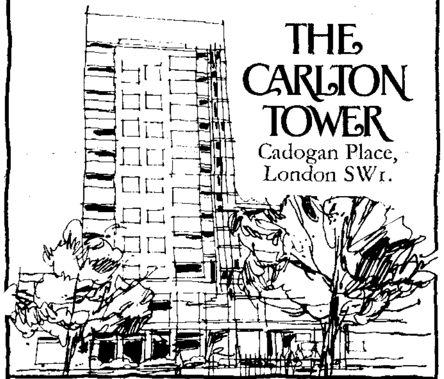
Sheraton Hotels in Portugal
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Memorable vacations in Portugal start aboard TAP
THE INTERCONTINENTAL AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL

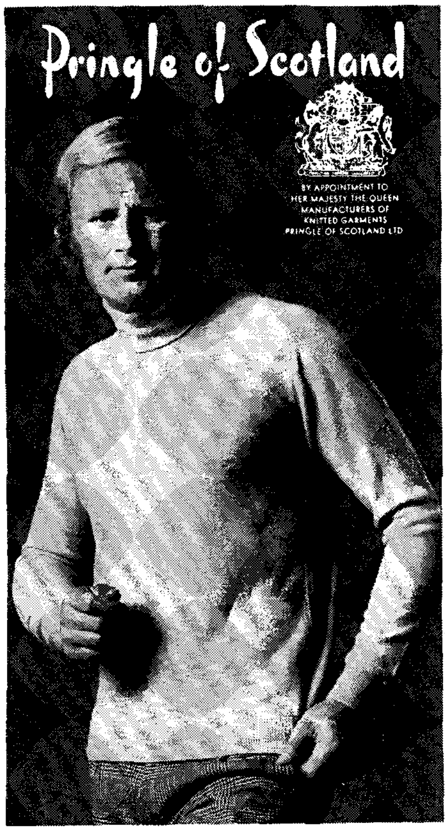
In many itineraries the fare to Madeira costs no more than the transatlantic fare to Lisbon.

André Damonte has stayed at the Carlton Tower for 13 years.

The day we opened our doors thirteen years ago, André Damonte, Head Porter, was there to greet our guests. And he's still there today. We believe that André stays at The Carlton Tower for much the same reasons as many of our guests keep on coming back. As one of our clients kindly put it, people don't merely stay at The Carlton Tower – they live there.



For reservations, call Hetland & Stevens, or have your travel agent call for you.
New York (212) 867-1450.
Chicago (312) 372-4383.
Los Angeles (213) 461-3541.


Pringle of Scotland
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD

The Galloway. A fine Cashmere turtleneck that looks as good as it feels. In Tartan Green, Navy, Blue Frost, Wine, Yellow, Natural, Grey, Red, White. Sizes 38-46. About $55*.

Pringle of Scotland, 24 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West

Chicago players, and the performance had also the special character of complete conviction from first to last. It was all meaningful. The hard, grinding sonorities of the first movement; the idyllic nature poetry of the Andante; the grotesque, almost gruesome black humor of the Scherzo—all these were stated by conductor and orchestra with the certainty that admits of no doubt. As for the vast Finale, it swung between aspiration and bottomless despair, until the famous third hammer blow brought the tragic, but not pathetic, end. An extraordinary human document in music, this symphony, which Mahler at first called "Tragic" (he later withdrew the name), and which is even now only beginning to be appreciated at its full worth.

THE rest of my week was largely concerned with France, and with the keyboard. On Sunday, that wonderfully musical two-piano team known to their admirers simply (like a firm of haberdashers) as Gold and Fizdale began a novel series at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, during which Mr. Fizdale offers informal comments, illustrated by slides, on the relationship between the music chosen and the visual arts. Musical chatter can be a bore, but there was no danger of that on this occasion. The period, that of Diaghilev, richly repaid Mr. Fizdale's modest, exact commentary, and the admirably chosen slides were well shown. The music included delicate, witty performances of Satie, Poulenc (his two-piano sonata written for these players), Stravinsky (his "Easy Pieces," with an especially easy part for Diaghilev to play), Debussy (his almost unknown two-piano arrangement of the "Après-Midi d'un Faune"), and Vittorio Rieti (his "Second Avenue Waltzes," named for his pied-à-terre of 1942). These last sounded like Italian Chabrier, and I hope that Mr. Rieti, who was in the audience, enjoyed them as much as I did.

The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, which operates at Alice Tully Hall, has earned the support of a loyal public, and the reputation of choosing programs that are valuable and uncommon. Typical of the Society's enterprise was the inclusion—in its most recent recitals—of Chausson's Concerto for Violin, Piano, and String Quartet (no masterpiece, I daresay, but well worth an occasional airing) and of a neat, shapely example of the French school, the second Violin Sonata of the late Robert Casadesus, which

CHRISTMAS GIFTS WITH EVERY GRUMMAN CANOE!

1 Grumman Cartop Carrier
1 pair Ty-Downs
2 Masterlite Paddles

Buy a Grumman Canoe for Christmas and get FREE the equipment you need to take it with you. Read the lifetime guarantee.

Come to our Christmas party! Offer good only at participating Grumman dealers. Offer ends Dec. 24, 1973.

GRUMMAN
Marathon, N.Y.
13803

For people who have a thing about golf.

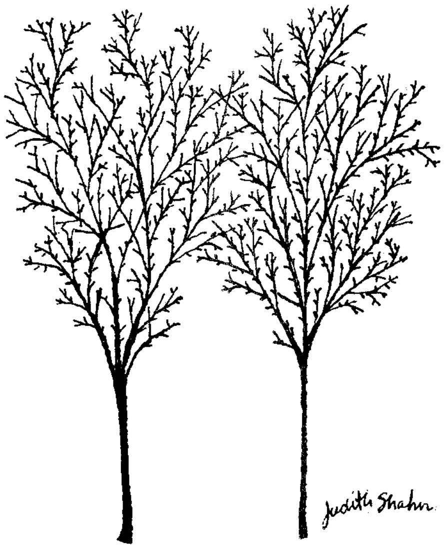
Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive). Gourmet wining and dining. Luxurious guest rooms. Tennis courts. Meeting facilities. Scottish baronial atmosphere. Open year round. Near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Ralph F. McEntyre, General Manager, Palmetto Expressway at N.W. 154 Street, Miami Lakes Florida 33014 or call Miami (305) 821-1150.

Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club

Slazenger
Manufacturer of Fine Sports Equipment Since 1881
Challenge House Feasterville, Pa. 19047

received a definitive performance from Zino Francescatti and the composer's widow, an excellent pianist (they also collaborated in the Chausson work). The opening item of the concert, Falla's Harpsichord Concerto, in which Spain joins hands with France, came off less well, because Charles Wadsworth's account of the solo part was too modest, retiring, and inaudible; the work was written for Wanda Landowska, to whom none of those adjectives could properly be applied, and every bar in it visibly demands the incisive clarity of her style, and even evokes her well-remembered pugnacious clatter—although I don't believe that she played the work very often.

Lastly, again at Alice Tully Hall, I heard the second concert in yet another series—that of Marie-Françoise Bucquet—called the Twentieth-Century Piano. As the title suggests, Mlle. Bucquet has specialized in the avant-garde, and her program included an American Stockhausen première and the world première of a funny little piece by Sylvano Bussotti called "Novelletta," written for and dedicated to her. This mildly amusing exhibition of keyboard clowning, which had the virtue of brevity, reminded me of the far longer and more elaborate Berio-Berberian "Recital;" just as that work had fun with a singer, so this one had fun with a pianist—or, rather, pianists as a class—causing Mlle. Bucquet to skitter about, not only on the keys but on parts of the piano that make no sound, and even on her thighs. Some laughed; others booed. She gets around the keyboard nimbly, and also pleased many of her audience with a lively spoken introduction to the Bussotti opus that was just a little hard to catch. Pen in hand, however (she had provided the program notes), she slips with fatal ease into the Higher Non-



THE CLOISTER'S GOLF SPECTACULAR

Sea Island

Now marvelous Marshside joins Seaside, Plantation and Retreat Nines for 36 unforgettable holes. Enjoy unlimited play plus The Cloister's world-renowned pleasures, tennis, all meals. 4 days, 3 nights $102 person double to Feb. 1. The Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561. Out-state call toll-free 800-841-3223. Georgia, 912-638-3611.

Myers's Rum
When you're up to the pinnacle in potables.

Congratulations. You've arrived. And suddenly you're very choosy about the liquor you serve. Only the best will do. Your rum is no exception.

So you choose the rum that stands proudly in your collection of prestige bottles.

Myers's Jamaican Rum. Rum with flavor that lives through the liveliest of mixers. Deep, dark, full Jamaican rum flavor.

Savor Myers's Rum. Slowly. Carefully. It costs more. And it's worth it.

MYERS'S RUM
The True Jamaican

Myers's, The True Jamaican Rum, 80 proof.
For free recipe booklet, write to Park Avenue Imports, 375 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Tiny Camera . . .
But Wow!

Long famous for undercover work, the new MINOX is a gem of precision engineering. Featherlight at 2¾ oz., it stands 3¹⁵⁄₁₆" short, is ⅝" wafer thin and is but 1⅛" wide.

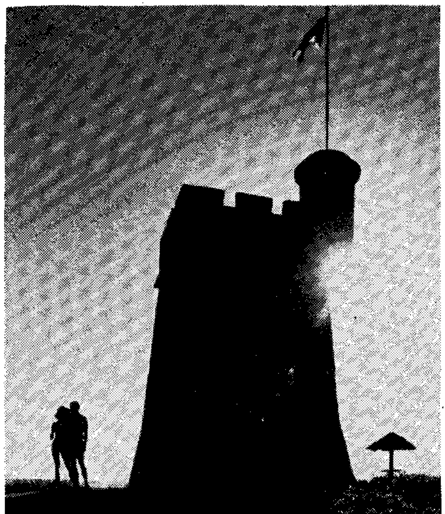
It's the one camera you'll never leave at home. So tiny, it goes everywhere, in pocket or purse, ready for candid shots outdoors, indoors . . . all the time.

Its needle-sharp lens focuses at any distance down to 8 inches. All shutter speeds to 1/1000 second. Flash synchronization. Built-in exposure control. Drop-in film cassettes. Complete system of accessories.

MINOX® BL

Try it at fine camera counters.

MINOX USA
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.



We built our dream in Jamaica with your dream in mind.

We envisioned an unspoiled stretch of beach. Romantic gardens. A swimming pool. Magnificent accommodations. Skin diving. Sailing. Tennis. It came true in a beautiful Jamaican cove. We have special plans to share it with you. Including breakfasts, dinners, airport transfers and much, much more.

For reservations, information contact your Travel Agent or the Leonard Hicks Organization, New York: (212) 765-5800.

TOWER ISLE

Tower Isle P.O., Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W. I.
AN ISSA HOTEL – Nick Brimo, Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager

sense that lies in wait for all who write about Modern Art. Thus, on Berio's "Sequenza IV": "Past, present, and future are intertwined, cancelled, or contracted to the point of giving an impression of constant reminiscence." My!

The Stockhausen piece, "Intervall," is one of his works that have no ordinary score but only a set of directions, among them a demand that the work should be played "almost entirely with closed eyes." It is planned for two players at one keyboard; so Mlle. Bucquet and a white-haired lady named Evelyn Swarthout advanced gropingly from opposite sides of the stage, found their way to the piano by touch, and began to play what occurred to them. What mostly happened was that one player would trump the other's loud, thick chords an instant later with a still louder one of her own; but at the end the two pianists modestly settled on a pair of isolated notes—middle C and the F a fourth above. They were much struck by the effect of this simple interval, toyed with it repeatedly, and began to hum the two notes as they severally withdrew from the instrument. That was all. We live in a very silly age.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CONCERT RECORDS

Early Birds

PHILIPS, a recording company noted for its venturesomeness, has done it again, with the first complete recording (6703-039; stereo, six sides) of Mozart's early opera "Die Gärtnerin aus Liebe," better known in most musical circles as "La Finta Giardiniera." It has been recorded in German for the very good reason that the libretto for the first act of the opera, originally in Italian, has been lost; a German translation, often performed during the composer's lifetime, has been used in its stead. This translation involves spoken dialogue in place of the recitatives of the Italian version, but the dialogues are short and interfere not at all with the continuity of the music, which foreshadows that of both "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute," and is further evidence, as if that were needed, that Mozart, even at the age of eighteen, was a fully mature genius and an expert in the operatic form. The cast is composed of the sort of singing actors one finds in the best German opera houses, and its Mozart style—by which I mean its sensitivity to phrasing and accent—is immaculate. It includes the extraordinarily versatile

9½" x 11" $26.00

AMPLE AND ABLE

The perfect handbag for everyday use or travel. Plenty of room for everything, yet compact in size. Three zippered compartments. Plus one side that opens into fitted panel of easy to use, quick access card cases; convenient checkbook holder (case included); and pen. Other side has stitched on large divided pocket — great for eyeglasses, gloves, maps, etc. Adjustable shoulder strap. Vinyl-chiffon patent. Gold trim. Black, Navy, Camel, Bone, Brown, Red, White.

Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add $1.00 for handling.
California residents add 5% Sales Tax.

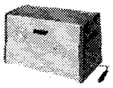
GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

Help stamp out soft crackers

ELECTRIC
BRISKER® Keeps crisp foods dry and oven-fresh indefinitely, even in the most soggy atmospheric conditions. The only appliance of its kind, the Electric Brisker applies the principle of dehumidification to protect the flavor and crispness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, nuts and pretzels. Keeps salt shakers free-flowing. It's the "in" thing . . . a welcome asset in any home, boat or camper. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats and campers. 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finishes. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Literature free on request. Write:

BRISKER® PRODUCTS $29.95

Postpaid East of Rockies if check sent with order.
Add $2 W. of Rockies • Prices—continental U.S.
2343 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206



Post-Holiday Vacation

Relax and unwind near Phoenix in matchless accommodations. Play the two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Write for colorful brochure and golfers holiday plan! Reade Whitwell, V.P.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

MITSOUKO·1921
SHALIMAR·1925
VOL de NUIT·1933
CHAMADE·1970
GUERLAIN HAS BEEN DOING BEAUTIFUL THINGS
TO MEN AND WOMEN FOR A LONG TIME

It's tough to drink scotch out of the side of your mouth.

BY SHELDON LEONARD

Photograph courtesy of EMKA, Div. of Universal City Studios, Inc. ©

FOR MORE THAN twenty years, I made a good thing out of coming on like an ape.

In that time, a large number of plays, movies and radio shows paid me amply to snarl and sneer. To this day, if you can stay up long enough, you can catch me—wide brimmed hat, padded shoulders and all—engineering a hit on the late show.

Or muttering "all right Louie, drop da gun."

Or being used as a punching bag by a leading man half my size. Like Ladd. Or Bogie.

They got the broads, and I got the lumps.

The image that emerged from all this was not what my parents had planned for me.

I had a better than adequate education, and no more than a normal endowment of sadism and capacity for violence. But, along the line, in the streets of New York, I became somewhat familiar with the hoodlum idiom. As well as the hoodlums. So a side of the mouth manner came easier to me than it might have to a Harvard Professor.

And, in those same New York streets, casual acquaintances undertook to rearrange my features.

I had my face lifted by professionals long before plastic surgery became popular. And, believe me, it was quicker and cheaper than a plastic surgeon's knife. You didn't even have to make appointments. They'd do it for you right there on the spot.

Many of the gentlemen whose fists graced my face, have gone onto bigger and better things. Like jail. One of these gentlemen is a godfather. I wear his handiwork proudly.

Due to these attentions, plus the fact that my legs never seemed to move as fast as other people's hands, I have acquired a somewhat battered appearance.

While some people in Hollywood worry about being photographed on their good side, I have no such problem.

Of course, once you have an image producers pay nice money for, you live up to it. Upon awakening you climb into it and before bed you step out of it. So I had to go to great pains to conceal my normal law abiding, civilized background.

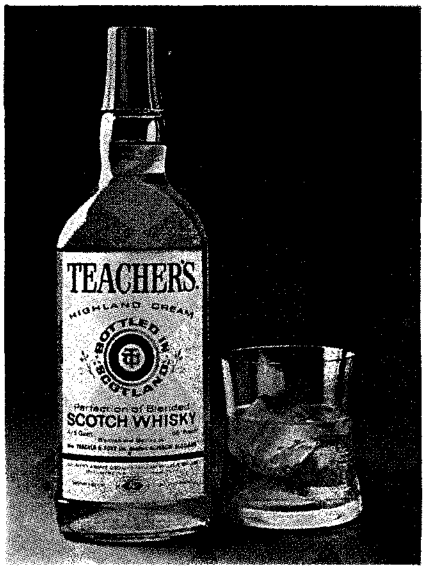
For example, in a bar, if I followed my natural inclination and said "Teacher's please, with one ice cube, a splash of soda and twist," my cover would be blown.

Better to ask for straight rubbing alcohol with a clove of garlic. And maybe an order of nails, so I'd have something to munch on while sipping.

At home, however, I'd pull the blinds, check the phones, look behind the pictures and in flower pots for hidden mikes or cameras, then heave a sigh of relief, pull out a bottle of Teacher's and proceed to build a civilized drink. Sometimes I'd even drink with my pinky out. But only among my closest friends.

Maybe that's one of the reasons I drifted away from acting into directing and producing. It was like taking off a pair of tight shoes.

Now, released from the prison of my image, I can be myself. I can smile, I can be kind to kids, dogs and old ladies, and I can look bartenders in the eye and say, "Teacher's please. With one ice cube, a splash of soda and a twist."

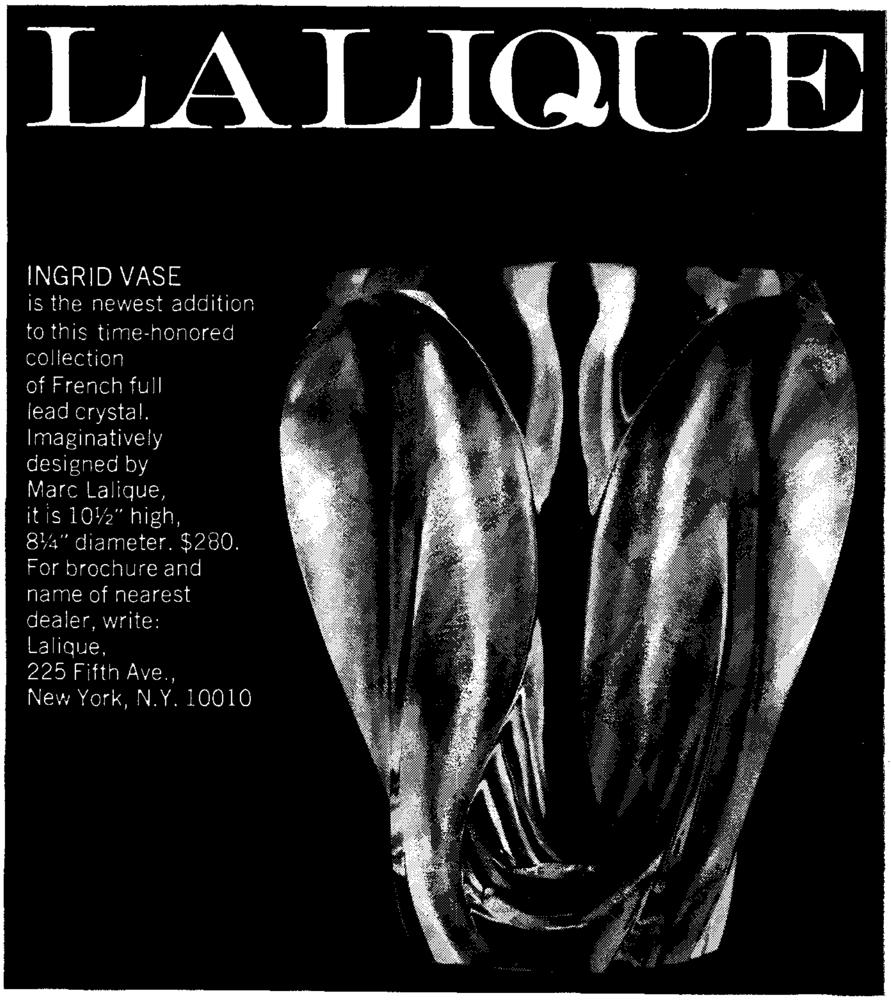


86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

Helen Donath, along with Gerhard Unger, Werner Hollweg, Jessye Norman, Tatiana Troyanos, Ileana Cotrubas, and that fine *buffo* baritone Hermann Prey. The orchestra and chorus are those of the North German Radio, and the conductor is the late Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, whose touch in Mozart was exemplary.

Monteverdi's opera "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" (1624) and his even earlier "Il Ballo delle Ingrate" (1608) have also been issued by Philips (6500-457; stereo, two sides). The seventeenth-century Italian operatic style reflects a Romantic era that almost equals the nineteenth in expressiveness and passion, and these items, listed by their composer as "madrigals," are among its finest products. Heather Harper and John Wakefield are the embattled lovers of "Il Combattimento," and Luigi Alva is the Narrator; the cast of "Il Ballo" includes Miss Harper, Lillian Watson, Anne Howells, and Stafford Dean, who makes a grand effect in the bass role of Pluto. The English Chamber Orchestra and members of the Ambrosian Singers contribute under the baton of Raymond Leppard. The performances are impassioned but scrupulous.

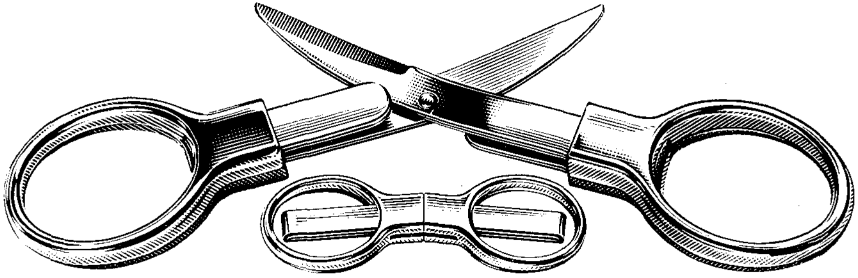
I find it easier to listen to Wagner's "Parsifal" on records than in the opera house. This may be the result of too many performances in which the overpowering holiness of the occasion outweighed the music, or it may be because of inferior productions; I remember only one that really caught the fantasy of the work—at the San Francisco Opera, fifteen years ago. (I might add that I have heard it repeatedly everywhere, from Bayreuth and Munich to Vienna and the Metropolitan.) Now a



LALIQUE

INGRID VASE
is the newest addition
to this time-honored
collection
of French full
lead crystal.
Imaginatively
designed by
Marc Lalique,
it is 10½" high,
8¼" diameter. $280.
For brochure and
name of nearest
dealer, write:
Lalique,
225 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10010

HOLD EVERYTHING–
don't take another step without
HAVERSNIPS!



You could find yourself in a difficult spot in which a pesky hangnail, an untrimmed eyebrow, a loose thread, or an uncut paper doll could turn a promising situation into a social debacle. Don't let this happen to you! Carry **Haversnips** in pocket or purse. If needed, remove them from their dandy snapcase, unfold them in a thrice, and quickly resolve any impending crisis by snipping through the Gordian knot or whatever it may be. **Haversnips** are forged of an outstanding grade of stainless steel that will keep them sharp virtually forever. Tucked together, before snapping into action, they just measure three inches. But here is the most incredible fact: although you might have seen travel scissors advertised at $7.95 (indeed—gulp!—that's what they are in **our** Catalog) we are offering **Haversnips** today at a price that verges on irresponsibility—namely, just two dollars, and that includes postage and handling. But there is more: we'll also send you our 64-page Catalog and a $2.00 gift certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So, before we discover that we can't really make out on this deal, fill out the coupon, mail it to us with your check for $2 and let us send **Haversnips** right out to you.

NY0123

☐ **Yes, send me Haversnips quickly. My check for $2 is enclosed.**

Name__________

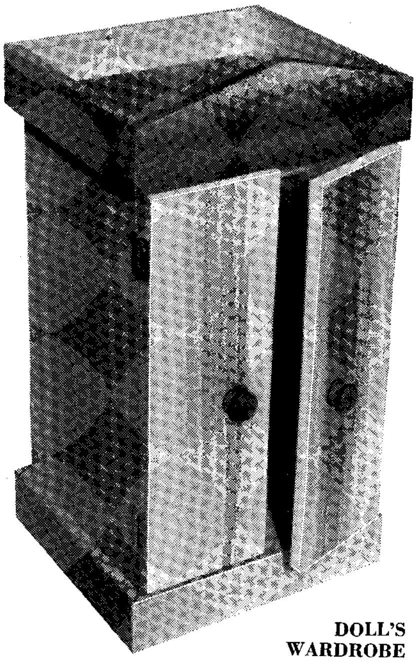
Address__________

Zip__________

349-2

haverhill's
586 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94111

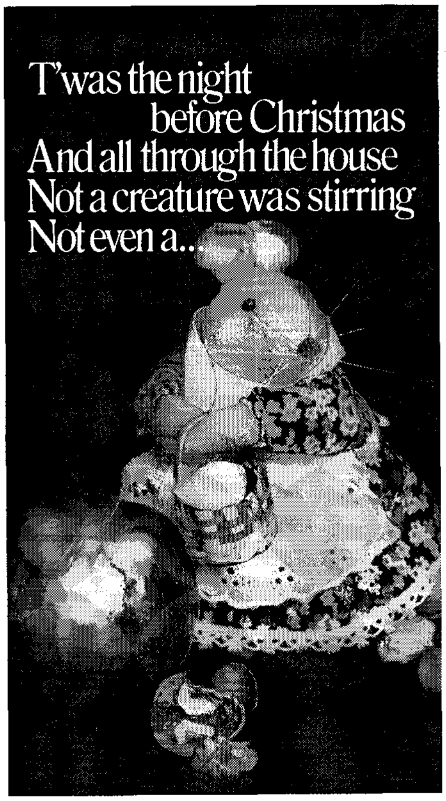
"Old Toy" Kit™



DOLL'S WARDROBE

We are pleased to introduce our first "Old Toy" Kit for girls in time for the holidays. You can assemble this pre-cut, lasting wardrobe with ease and satisfaction. Solid hardwood with brass fixtures. Hangers included. Large wardrobe shown 14" x 7" x 7½". $14.95 ppd. Mass. residents add 3% tax. Send for one today or write for brochure describing our other "Old Toy" Kits.

"OLD TOY" KITS
Box 431D, 20 Pleasant Street
Newburyport, Mass. 01950



Melissa mouse, from the Beatrix Potter collection. Softly colored and entirely handmade $14.50. Please write for our free Christmas catalogue featuring other select toys from dollsandreams.

dollsandreams.
454 Third Avenue, N.Y.C.10016. Tel (212) 685-4277

splendid recording of the opera by London (OSA-1510; stereo, ten sides) catches all the dignity and human feeling of the score. Much of its excellence is due to the magnificent Amfortas of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and the equally noble Gurnemanz of Gottlob Frick. The conducting of Georg Solti is inspired, and the fine cast also includes Christa Ludwig, Zoltan Kélémen, René Kollo, and Hans Hotter. Solti's forces—the Vienna State Opera Chorus, the Vienna Boy's Choir, and the Vienna Philharmonic among them—are held in perfect balance, and though the orchestral fabric is lush and resounding, every word of the text is intelligible.

Columbia has chosen to release the four symphonies of Brahms, conducted by Leonard Bernstein (D3M 32097; stereo, six sides) at a time when at least nine similar sets are on the market. The orchestra is, of course, the New York Philharmonic. The performances are generally eloquent and quite traditional.

Tchaikovsky's Third (the so-called "Polish") Symphony, done by the same orchestra under Mr. Bernstein (Columbia M 31727; stereo, two sides), is a more interesting project, since it is the most neglected of all the Tchaikovsky symphonies and is eminently worth listening to, even though it is not quite as strong as its successors. One of its movements, the Alla Tedesca, will be familiar to ballet fans; Balanchine has made use of it for one of his works.

The thirty-seven-year-old Israeli conductor Eliahu Inbal has interpreted Schumann's Symphony No. 3 (the "Rhenish") and his very early Symphony in G Minor (the "Zwickau") for Philips (6500-298; stereo, two sides). The first work gets a muscular but sensitive reading; the other is a curiosity—the composer's very first essay in symphonic form. But Schumann's characteristic style is evident even in this work, and though its orchestration is a bit primitive it is certainly worth hearing more often. The record completes Mr. Inbal's tour of all the Schumann symphonies.

Bruckner's Te Deum and five of his a-cappella motets have been issued by the Musical Heritage Society, with the Coro Polifonico Italiano and the Angelicum Orchestra of Milan, as well as Margherita Rinaldi, Elena Zilio, John Serge, Teodoro Rovetta, and the conductor Giulio Bertola (MHS 1552; stereo, two sides). With the possible exception of the Te Deum, the sacred works of Bruckner lack the occasional

Pride of Ownership
Living Wood

by
Gunther
Granget

Among the series of wildlife wood carvings is the meticulously hand-carved Eagle. Painted by hand, Granget has captured its great beauty in life-like colors. Ownership of this Limited Edition available now. 2 sizes.

HOME & HOBBY HOUSE
1115 EAST COLONIAL DR ORLANDO,FLA 32803
(305) 843-2841...*write or call Ms. Sara Jones.*
Fine china, crystal, silver & porcelain since 1945

Our area is secluded and uncommercial, oriented towards the enjoyment of nature and its related sports. We are ½ mile from the Mount Sunapee Ski Area and have preserved our entire frontage on Lake Sunapee as a private park.
Interesting and unusual architect-designed, year-round vacation houses on 2 acres of virgin forest are available for people who appreciate exclusiveness and a natural setting.
For further information, write:

Oakledge
MOUNT SUNAPEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

This offer is void where prohibited.

Est. 1761
The BIRD & BOTTLE Inn
Luncheon and Dinner.
Reservations, 914-424-3000.
Route 9, Garrison, New York.

You can help save Aurora Cortez for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.

Here are some facts about Aurora Cortez, her family, and her town—Plato, Magdalena, on the coast of Colombia. No editorializing. No embellishment. Just facts.

Aurora is five years old. She lives with her parents and three brothers and sisters in a house made of mud and bamboo.

No electricity. No running water. No sanitary facilities. Aurora's father earns $1.00 a day herding cattle. And there is about a 50% chance that Aurora will grow up illiterate. Because it costs money to go to school in Colombia. Money her father doesn't have.

But for $15 a month through Save the Children Federation you can sponsor a Colombian child like Aurora. Send her to school. Improve her living conditions. Help her neighbors rebuild the bridge that connects Plato to the town's only hospital.

Help people—indeed, help an entire community—to help itself.

For you there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports. And above all, to know you are reaching out to another human being. That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ **Where the need is most urgent**

☐ Africa
☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Europe
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Latin America
☐ Middle East
☐ Southern Black (U.S.)
☐ Vietnam

Enclosed is my first payment:

☐ $180 annually
☐ $90 semi-annually
☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $15 monthly

☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $________

☐ Please send me more information.

NAME________________ TEL. NO.________

ADDRESS________________

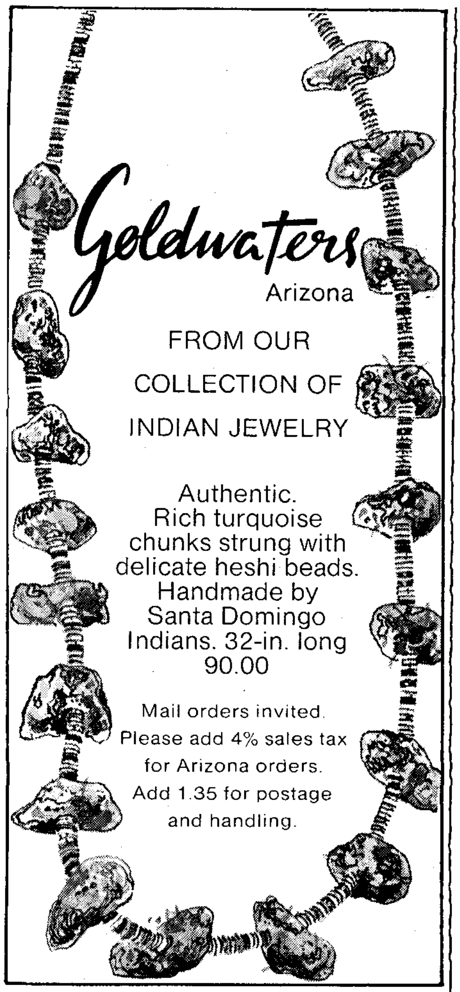
CITY________ STATE________ ZIP________

David L. Guyer, Executive Director

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

NY 12/3/3


Goldwaters
Arizona
FROM OUR
COLLECTION OF
INDIAN JEWELRY

Authentic.
Rich turquoise
chunks strung with
delicate heshi beads.
Handmade by
Santa Domingo
Indians. 32-in. long
90.00

Mail orders invited.
Please add 4% sales tax
for Arizona orders.
Add 1.35 for postage
and handling.

ELEGANT CASHMERE

To satisfy the most discriminating person. Our downy-soft cashmere sweater of heavy 2-ply yarn — precious as a rare gem. Abalone shell buttons. White, Powder Blue, Pink, Red, Navy, Beige Heather, Yellow, Sand, or Black.

Sizes 36 thru 42 $40.00

Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add 75 cents for handling.
California residents add 6% Sales Tax

GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

slight awkwardness and the glorious daring of the symphonies. The a-cappella items here are conservative works, with the simplest contrapuntal structure. The recording, however, makes a decent introduction to Bruckner's religious music. The performances range from good to excellent.

The German Max Reger, who died in 1916, was one of the most prolific composers in the history of music. Some of his works contain moments of great beauty. Many others are embarrassingly fidgety and utterly boring. The Musical Heritage Society has issued his Three Motets, Opus 110 (MHS 1519; stereo, two sides), conducted by Marinus Voorberg and performed by the N.C.V.R. Vocal Ensemble of Hilversum, which is in Holland. The chorus is a large one, and it sings some very difficult music valiantly. The result is not entirely rewarding, but having these neglected a-cappella items on disc is a pleasure.

Among Philips' other recent contributions is a recording of "Famous Oboe Concertos" by Jean Marie Leclair, Alessandro Marcello, Antonio Vivaldi, and Georg Telemann, done by members of the Dresden State Orchestra, with Heinz Holliger as soloist and Vittorio Negri conducting (6500-413; stereo, two sides). It is nice to be getting performances from East Germany. Mr. Holliger is a master oboist, in the delicate French rather than in the old-fashioned German manner. His readings are impeccable. The treatment, with a small orchestra, is appropriately baroque.

"Chopiniana," a Melodiya/Angel release (SR 40231; stereo, two sides), played by the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra under the direction of Algis Žuraitis, contains the original score, orchestrated by Alexander Glazunov and Maurice Keller, of the Michel Fokine ballet that eventually became known—hereabouts, at least—as "Les Sylphides." This score encompasses a good deal more of Chopin's music than is nowadays used for this ballet. It is performed with charm and the requisite idiomatic rubatos.

Another recent recording of ballet music is Offenbach's "Le Papillon," which became the high point in the short career of the French ballerina Emma Livry. It is done by the London Symphony under Richard Bonynge (London CS 6812; stereo, two sides). This, I am afraid, is forgettable music, though because it is the only full-length ballet Offenbach ever wrote it has a documentary interest.

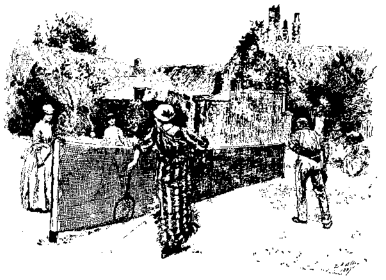
For opera buffs with a particular

Horoscopes are our pet fancy

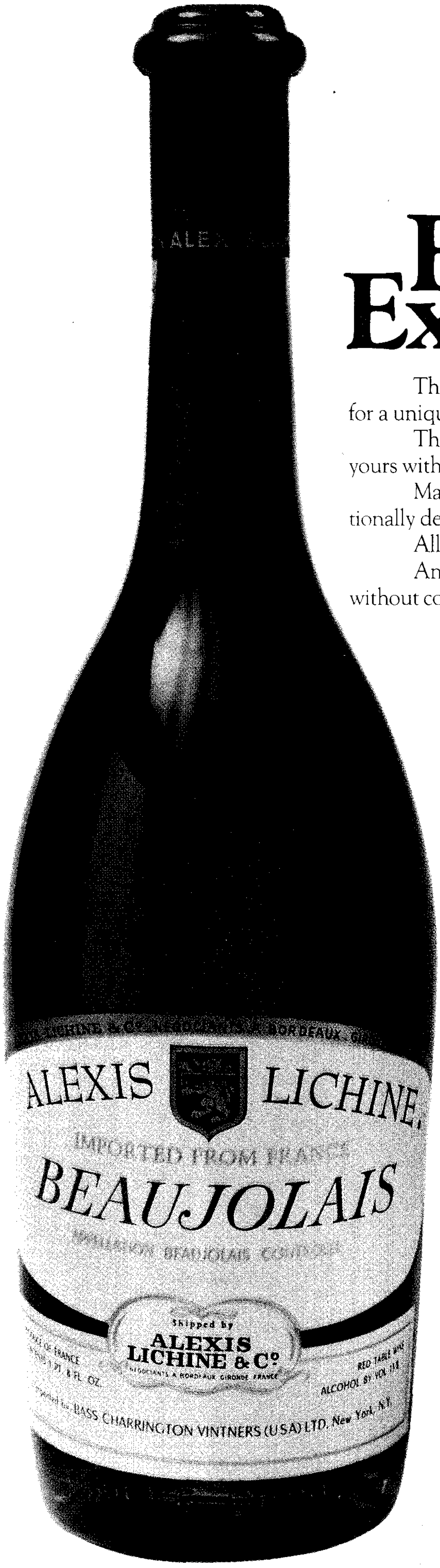
Ergo, our Zodiac Collar for canine friends. Gold electroplated with zodiac pendant, for dog necksizes 9 to 13, $8. Please include dog's sign or birthday with order. Dog Toggery. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.


"AN AFTERNOON BOUT AT TENNIS"
This rare hand-coloured print, handsomely framed in antiqued black and gold, 19 x 24, from our collection of period sporting prints $50, plus $5 packing & shipping; unframed $27.50, $2 shipping.
For our sporting print catalogue, enclose 50¢
THE MUNSON GALLERY
275 Orange St., New Haven, Conn. 06511
Since MG 1860

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
West Chop on Vineyard Haven Harbor, beautifully appointed 6 bedroom and 5 bath home, winterized and completely furnished, one acre of matured landscaping insures privacy, private sand beach on 100' waterfront with clean water and good boat mooring area. Set high over Harbor with expansive view of Cape Cod, $265,000 with 80% financing for qualified purchaser. Principals only call 215-MO 7-7950.


ALEXIS LICHINE
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
BEAUJOLAIS
Shipped by
ALEXIS LICHINE & Cº
BASS CHARRINGTON VINTNERS (U.S.A.) LTD. New York, N.Y.
RED TABLE WINE

The French Experience.

The sheer pleasures of a fine French wine make for a unique experience.

The enjoyment of that elegant experience can be yours with Alexis Lichine® wines.

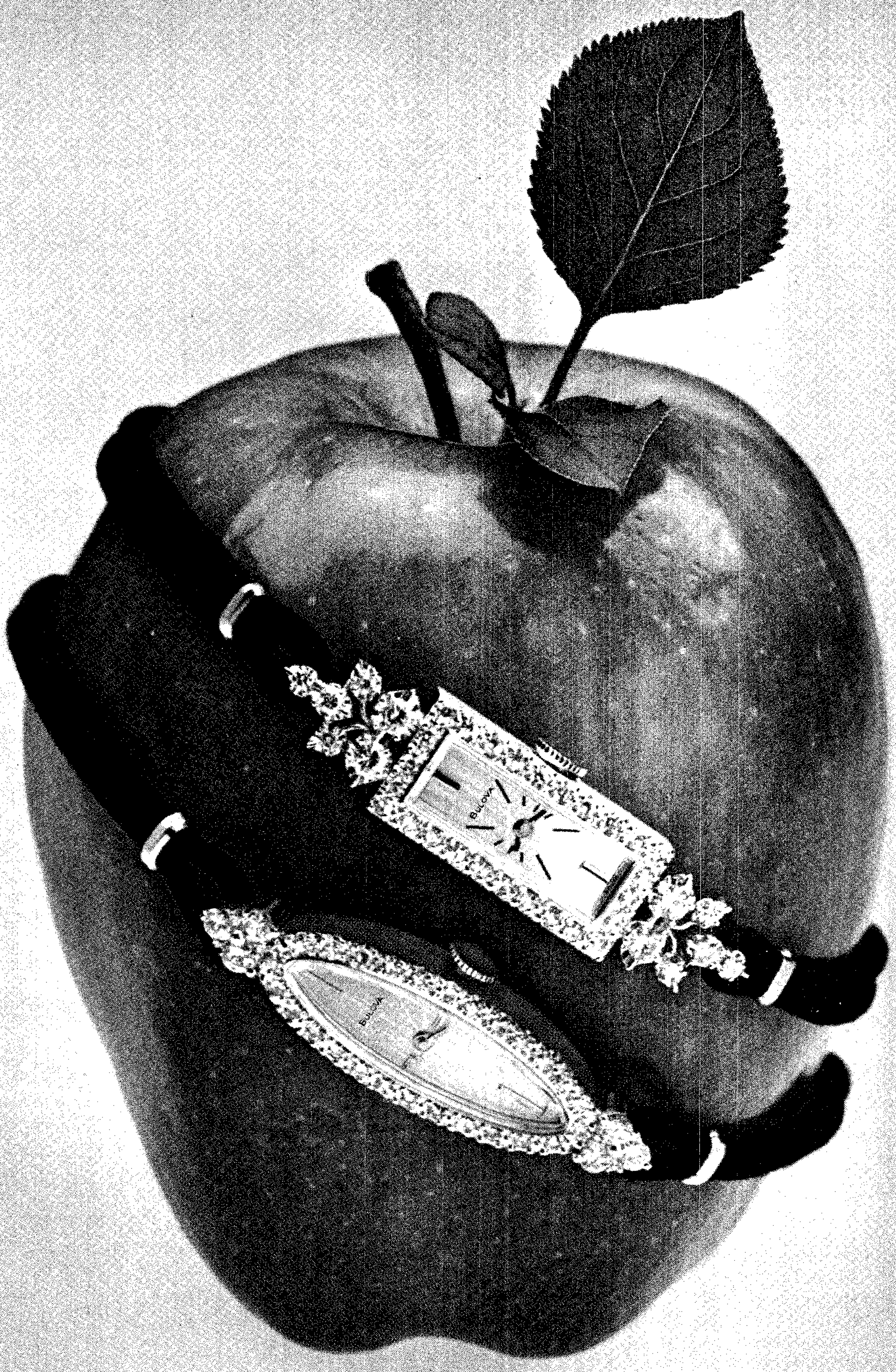
Magnificent reds, delicate whites, and an exceptionally delicious rosé.

All in the distinctive Pōh-shaped bottle.

And all carefully selected to bring you quality without confusion, elegance without expense.

Alexis Lichine®

Imported by Bass Charrington Vintners (U.S.A.) Ltd., New York, N.Y.



Women have been tempted by Bulova diamond watches for a long, long time.

Give a Bulova diamond watch to the woman
you love. And turn an ordinary evening into an eve.

Top: #35227—14K solid gold case. 38 diamonds, total weight 1 carat. Bottom: #35230—14K solid gold case. 32 diamonds, total weight 1 carat. Other styles from $65 to $1500 at fine jewelry and department stores. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

nostalgia for the Metropolitan performances of a quarter-century ago, Odyssey has reissued two full-length operas recorded during that period—"Faust" and "Madame Butterfly" (Y3 32103 and 32107, respectively; mono, six sides each). There may be some argument about just how "legendary" these performances are. To me, the albums are of note chiefly because of the expressive and brilliant singing of Eleanor Steber, and, in the "Faust," the fine Mephistopheles of the young Cesare Siepi.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

FRONT SEAT PARCELS AND PETS: The front seat weight sensors, designed to activate the starter interlock and audible-visible reminders cannot distinguish between people and heavy objects. Any object, weighing 25 pounds or more, such as groceries or an attache case, when placed on the front seat *may*, if the seat belts are not fastened, cause the warning buzzer and light to activate. It is recommended that such items be placed on the rear floor, in the trunk, or if left on the seat, the normal sequential buckle up procedures will be required for that seat location.

If your dog is a frequent front seat passenger, you should follow the same procedures. In other words, buckle up the right front outboard seat belt while the dog is on the seat before starting. (Naturally, the seat belt need not be placed around your pet or package.)

In both situations mentioned above, when you exit from the car, leaving parcel or pet behind, you must unbuckle and rebuckle the passenger belt before starting the engine.

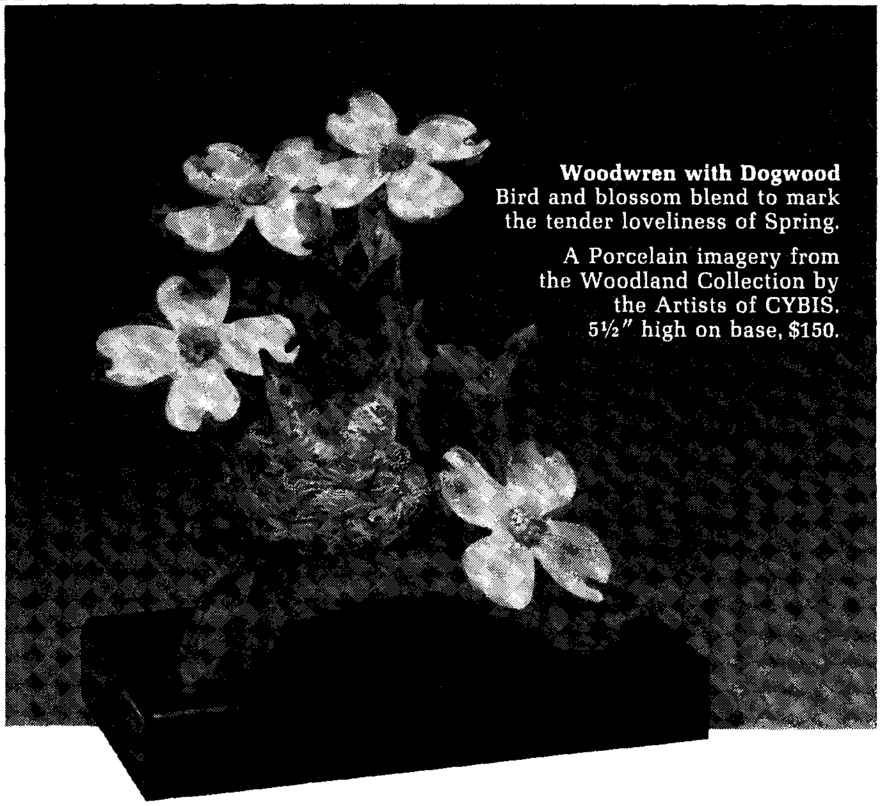
When you leave the car taking your parcel or pet with you, you should unbuckle the passenger side belt.

THE OVERRIDE SWITCH: If the starter on your car will not operate even though you and your passenger are properly buckled, first try unbuckling and rebuckling. The belts may not have been completely locked on the first try. If the starter still will not operate proceed as follows:

- Set parking brake and move shift lever to "Park."
- Turn ignition key to "On" (RUN).
- Open hood and press the button on the override switch labelled "Start." The switch is mounted on a bright orange support on the driver's side of the engine compartment just above the washer fluid reservoir.
- Close hood, enter car, fasten seat belts and follow normal starting procedures.
- If the engine does not start on your first try, but does crank, do *not* turn the key completely to the "Off" position and you will be able to try the starter without the necessity of again lifting the hood and pressing the override switch.

—*Folder explaining a 1974 seat-belt system.*

Whaddya say we bring back the railroads?

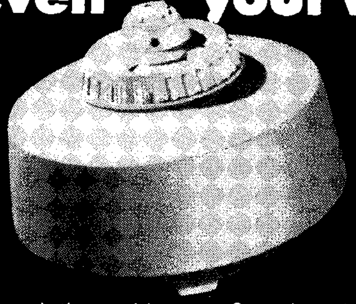

Woodwren with Dogwood
Bird and blossom blend to mark
the tender loveliness of Spring.

A Porcelain imagery from
the Woodland Collection by
the Artists of CYBIS.
5½" high on base, $150.

SMITHWICK JEWELERS, INC.

203 North Main Street, Greenville, South Carolina 29601. (803) 232-6468.
Write Dept. EW for CYBIS Collector's Catalogue $3.

This machine can do wonders for your throat, your nose, your furniture, your plants, and even your wallet.



Winter is a time for skiing, skating, and invigorating hikes in the snow.

It's also a time for raspy throats. Sinus trouble. Dry skin. Brittle furniture. Wilting plants. And static electricity shocks. All caused by heating systems that take too much moisture out of the air.

Now, from Norway, comes the Hygrolett — a smartly designed air humidifier that solves dry air problems beautifully.

The Hygrolett replaces ugly water-trays-on-the-radiator with a handsome portable white unit that blends into either home or office. Just fill the container with tap water, plug in, and the Hygrolett silently humidifies the air with just the right amount of moisture to keep your family comfortable — and healthy. Proper humidity also makes you feel warm at lower temperatures, so you'll save on your heating bills, too.

The Hygrolett features a 2-gallon capacity and automatic safety shutoff. And it's so ruggedly built, we offer it with a full one-year guarantee.

Come in and see the Hygrolett humidifier. Or send for yours today. It can do wonders for your whole family.

$34.95

GREATWOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
290 Madison Avenue (Third Fl.)
New York, New York 10017 (212) 686-7232

Please send me ______ Hygrolett Air Humidifiers at **$34.95** each.
My check for $______ is enclosed.
Charge my ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge ☐ Bank Americard
Acct. No. ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
N.Y. residents please add appropriate sales tax.
YH123-3

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

A Crown of Feathers, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

Twenty-four short stories. Many are set in the old Jewish ghettos of Poland, but just as many take place over here—in Coney Island, in the cafeterias, cafés, and apartments of the lower East and upper West Sides of this city, and in various spots inland. The invisible imps and demons of Mr. Singer's third world have made the transatlantic crossing along with his characters, and continue to influence, if not control, their lives, sometimes directing a major turn (emotionally speaking) and sometimes engineering a petty mishap (like switching the briefcase of a lecturer in a Midwestern town). Angels and Ministers of Grace are also present.

A. Philip Randolph, by Jervis Anderson (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.50*).

Asa Philip Randolph arrived in New York at the age of twenty-two in 1911 and became a participant—as actor, writer, orator, magazine editor, and radical politician—in the Harlem Renaissance of the teens and twenties. In 1925, he founded the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and steered it past the shoals of greed and bigotry on the right and exploitative Communism on the left. Since then, he has continued to crusade against racial bias and for equal opportunity in every way possible. Mr. Anderson's "Biographical Portrait" includes many sketches of Randolph's adversaries and companions-in-arms, and thus becomes a history of the whole American civil-rights movement, over which Mr. Randolph still presides as Hero Emeritus from his apartment in Chelsea.

The Inspector, by Saul Steinberg (*Viking, $10*).

If any scene or object or gesture or quirk of pen seems familiar, ignore that shock of recognition; it is trompe-l'oeil and trompe-l'esprit. In this album of cartoons and other drawings, Mr. Steinberg's first in eight years, the artist remains the sole inspector of his own New World.

Einstein, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Viking, $6.95*).

The author, himself a physicist, examines the discoveries of Albert Einstein, recording the steps—Einstein's own and those of Newton, Galileo, Michael Faraday, and James Clerk Maxwell, among his progenitors—which led to the theories that initiated the nuclear age. Included in this Profile of a mind at work—a Profile, insofar as is possible, of genius at work—are many details and anecdotes of Einstein's personal life and selections from his writings.

Forewords and Afterwords, by W. H. Auden (*Random House, $12.50*).

Criticism, Mr. Auden often claimed, was a secondary interest and a secondary career for him, yet in this collection of the last literary essays he wrote before his death, in September, we can see the light he shed on every subject he undertook; his wit, which was never at rest; his moral clarity; his acute, original mind; his sympathy; and the unique quality of his attention. His muse was always at his side, whether he knew it or not.

The Pegnitz Junction, by Mavis Gallant (*Random House, $5.95*).

Miss Gallant continues to investigate the displaced and dispossessed. The characters in these short stories are Germans, but whether the action occurs at home or abroad, the actual setting in each instance is limbo—a limbo of myths, illusions, lies, and self-justifications, and of half-cancelled memories of events that took place a generation ago. The title story, a novella, has never been published before.

Visceral Learning, by Gerald Jonas (*Viking, $6.95*).

The subject of this book is the experiments that Dr. Neal E. Miller, a behavioral psychologist at the Rockefeller University, has made in the voluntary control of internal bodily functions. Mr. Jonas reports on a specific case in which a patient can be seen attempting to regulate her own high blood pressure under the supervision of Dr. Miller and his colleagues; he summarizes the history of behavioral psychology; and he salutes, in passing, the numerous rats who sacrificed their lives—or at least permitted their hypothalami to be tinkered with—in order to check the experiments out.

The Wind Birds, by Peter Matthiessen (*Viking, $9.95*).

Mr. Matthiessen has added considerable new material to his monograph on the nesting, mating, and migratory habits of American birds, which first appeared, in a larger format, in 1967, under the title "The Shorebirds of North America." Drawings by Robert Gillmor.

The World of Apples, by John Cheever (*Knopf, $5.95*).

Mr. Cheever's readers hardly need reminding that they must be wary. His matter-of-fact tone in no way prepares them for what lies ahead, and as they amble along the high wire, they may suddenly find that the net is nowhere in sight. Of the ten short stories in this collection, four first appeared in this magazine.

Cold Dawn, by John Newhouse (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $7.95*).

A report on SALT—the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks—which the author compares in importance to the Congress of Vienna. Mr. Newhouse presents the diplomats involved—ours and those of the Soviet Union—describes their maneuvers vis-à-vis one another and various political and military groups within their own countries, defines the all but indefinable concepts and terminology of their discussions, and leads his readers through a thicket of monograms (ABM, MIRV, TFX, ACDA) to produce, at the end, an anatomy of diplomacy itself.

The Devils and Canon Barham, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

A collection of literary essays. Richard Harris Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," was an English cleric and comic poet of the nineteenth century. Mr. Wilson has rescued him and a number of other authors of merit from, if not oblivion, at least neglect, and, in a review of "Islands in the Stream," he has rescued Ernest Hemingway, as artist, from its opposite—the false intimacy of overexposure. "This elasticity of spirit, which, in spite of nature herself, as it were, will rebound under pressure, is one, and not the least, of God's blessings," wrote Canon Barham in a letter. He could have been writing of Edmund Wilson (1895-1972).

The Chinese Difference, by Joseph Kraft (*Saturday Review Press, $5.95*).

Mr. Kraft was a member of the press corps that flew to China for President Nixon's Seven Days in February (1972). He then stayed on, at the invitation of the Chinese, to travel around on his own. This book is a record of his experiences and of his impressions, much of it based on enlightening conversations with official and unofficial representatives of that new species Maoist Man.

Unholy Fools, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Viking, $10*).

The Pursuit of Comedy, and of spirit and talent, wherever and in whomever it manifests itself. Along with a selection of reviews of movies (plus a scattering of plays), written over the past ten years or so, Miss Gilliatt has included her Profiles of Jean Renoir, Buster Keaton, and Jacques Tati.

The Go-Go Years, by John Brooks (*Weybright & Talley, $10*).

The go-go years were the nineteen-sixties. Mr. Brooks here records that decade's startling events on Wall Street—sociological and ethnic as well as financial. He scrutinizes such local phenomena as takeovers, back offices, conglomerates, and mutual funds, and presents a number of the tycoons who were, in effect, the ringleaders in this "era of showoffs and shenanigans . . . of American enterprise parodying itself on a grand scale."

Divas, by Winthrop Sargeant (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95*).

Brief lives of Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Beverly Sills, Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, and Eileen Farrell, all of whom, as the author says, "belong to a golden age of their own." There is no denying that Mr. Sargeant, as he appraises their careers and their superstellar talents, occasionally breaches the thin line between Profile and love letter. In an introduction, he discusses and defines the art (and sport) of opera singing.

Thirteen: The Flight That Failed, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Dial, $5.95*).

A cliff-hanger. On April 13, 1970, an oxygen tank aboard Apollo 13 exploded, and then it seemed that everything of a mechanical nature that could go wrong did. This detailed report on the events of the flight is, as well, a tribute to the courage, coolheadedness, and ability to improvise of the three astronauts aloft and also of the technicians of the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston, who brought them back alive.

Deeper Into Movies, by Pauline Kael (*Little, Brown, $12.95*).

In a prefatory note, Miss Kael describes this collection of reviews as "a record of the interaction of movies and our national life during a frantic time when three decades seem to have been compressed into three years." More important than that, it is a record of her own enthusiastic response, whether pro or con, to everything on the screen that caught her eye during that condensed triple decade. Pro: "M*A*S*H," "Sunday Bloody Sunday," "The Last Picture Show." Con: "Hamlet," "Zabriskie Point," "Trash." And this is just a sampling.

The Plundered Past, by Karl E. Meyer (*Atheneum, $12.95*).

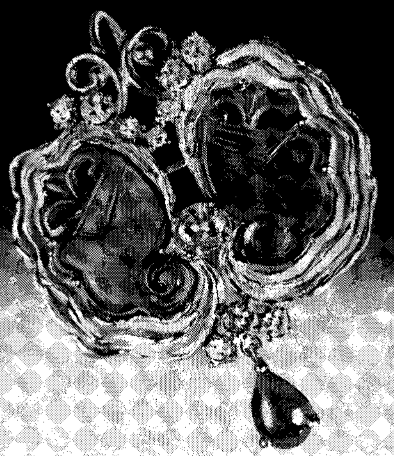
A report on the looting and destruction of archeological sites, on the illicit trafficking in artifacts and works of art, and on the carelessness of scholars and public officials, all of which are combining to destroy much of the evidence of history. Mr. Meyer covers clandestine activities in such places as Mexico, Turkey, Italy, and Eighty-second and Fifth, citing as malefactors tomb robbers, smugglers, archeologists, forgers, dealers, curators, and other lowlifes.

The Deltoid Pumpkin Seed, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

The deltoid pumpkin seed is Aereon 26, "bright orange and lustrous, fat, sleek, and implausible"—an airplane designed to be lighter than air, which made a successful test flight in March, 1971. Mr. McPhee reports on the men—inventors, designers, engineers, constructors, clergymen, and a test pilot—who for the previous twelve years had dedicated their skills and ideas to the Aereon Corporation and to the concept of a hybrid of the airplane and the rigid airship large enough to carry immense amounts of freight. In his report he has embodied a brief history of dirigibles and other lighter-than-air craft, the safest form of air travel ever known—a history that, for all public purposes, came to a stop when the Hindenburg burned. For the past two or three years, all work on the Aereons has been in abeyance for lack of funds.

Happy Times, by Brendan Gill (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $25*).

Mr. Gill's Profile of the photographer Jerome Zerbe is also a record of Mr. Zerbe's happy times at parties and night clubs and great houses all over the map. It serves as a preface to an album of Mr. Zerbe's pictures, snapped during the past four decades or so, of golden lads and girls who had no reason to fear the benign lens of his camera. Captions by Mr. Gill.



Jade, diamonds and gold

An unusual pin or pendant. Sections of fine green jade in 18 kt. yellow gold, with eleven diamonds. Slightly smaller than shown.

Created in our own Jewel Studios. $1500.

BIRKS
JEWELLERS

Stores in Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Ottawa, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Windsor, Halifax, and in other Canadian cities.

QUEEN VICTORIA WOULD HAVE LOVED IT!

Rumor has it that once a month Queen V. gave her servants the evening off and prepared a very private meal for just darling Albert and Herself. And that on such occasions she wore a white puckered pinafored apron. It might be lese majesty, but we have re-created that apron faithfully down to the last stitch. It's made of white easy-care cotton, lace trimmed, with frills and ruffles in all the right places and adjusts to fit any lady, from super-generous to mini-petite. Emulate Victoria: cook like a queen and be the perfect hostess—for your man only or for the whole crowd. Order your **Victoria Apron** *today!*

☐ *Yes, I want to feel like a queen. Please send me_______* **Victoria Aprons** *today.* **$12.95** *per apron, plus $1.50, for entire shipment, postage and insurance. Calif. deliveries please add tax. BA or MC welcome—just give number and expiration date.*

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________*Zip*__________
*BA or MC #*__________*Expires*__________
*Signature*__________

584 Washington St.
San Francisco, Ca. 94111
NY0123
haverhill's
373

BOOKS

Christmas Books for Children

ON a bonny spring day a couple of years ago, I went into the public library in the town of R——, where I live, to borrow a book by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch containing his essay "On Jargon." When I found what I wanted in the stacks and returned to the checkout lady, I noticed a pile of flyers on her desk which inquired, in boldface, "What the Heck Is National Library Week?," and took one. This jes'-folks question was archly answered on the back in a long muddle of incomplete sentences arranged rather like free verse. Here are excerpts:

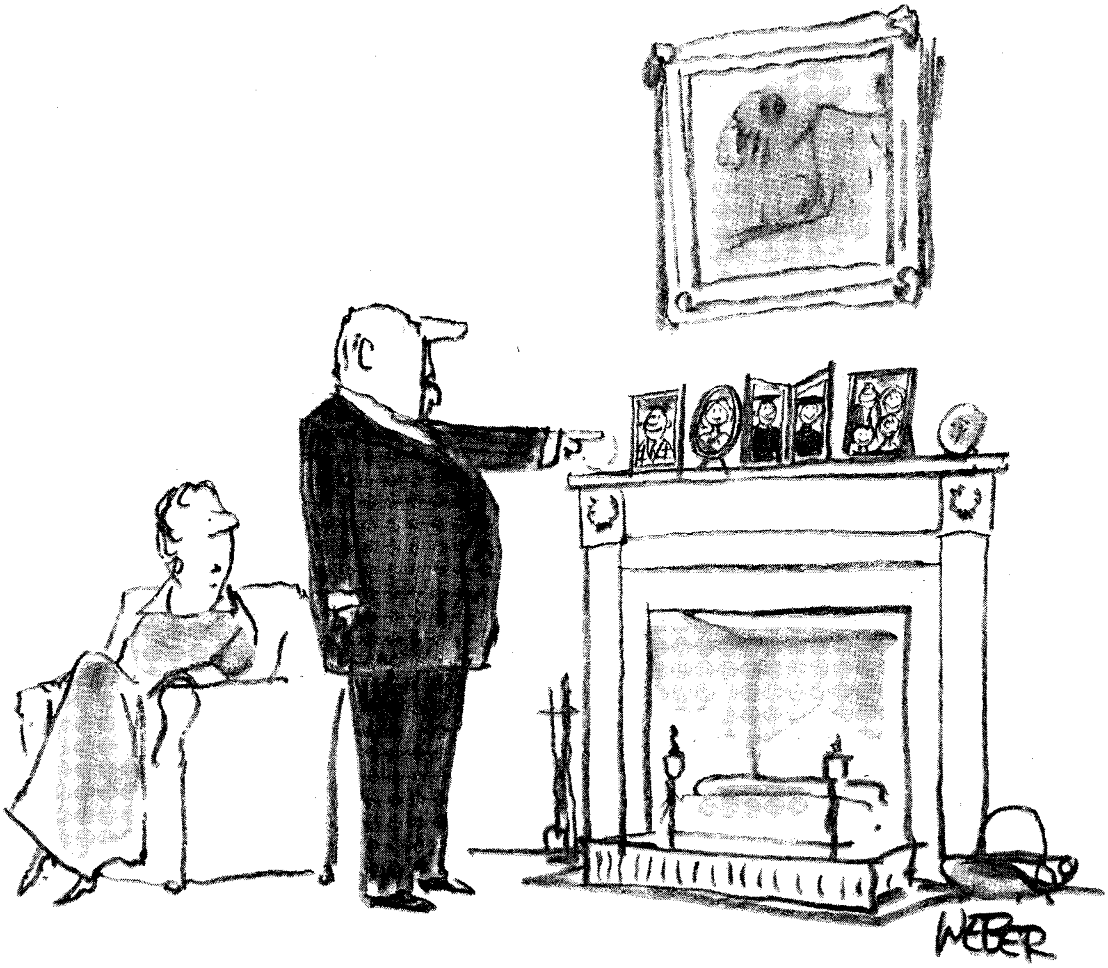
It's show time for thousands of people.
Who've been working all year for you.
...Whether it's Gregory Peck, who makes an NLW radio spot.
Bill Bernbach, who writes an ad.
...That's what the heck National Library Week is.
The longest week of the year.
Beginning April 18-24. And going right on till next year.
And on, till the job gets done.
It's brought to you by the National Book Committee (the people who bring you those great debates over authors: the National Book Awards).
And by the American Library Association. 35,000 more information pros.
Who want to see you happy and smart.
And on top of the times.
You've got a right to read.
365 days of the year.
Don't blow it.

How do you blow a right? In what way has this right been threatened? How can a week begin April 18-24? I have heard of a month of Sundays, but I have never heard of a week lasting a year. Since when has "debate" been synonymous with "award"? What is Gregory Peck doing in this lineup?

This year, if you want to buy a book for a child but don't have time to get the inside dope from an information pro at the library or from Gregory Peck, you can order a *personalized* book by mail from the Me-Books Publishing Co., in No. Hollywood, Ca. Me-Books are distributed by a conglomerate, Dart Industries, which "also brings you Tupperware, Rexall, Vanda Beauty Counselor, and West Bend brand family products." The donor of a Me-Book, who must allow three to five weeks for delivery, fills out a form giving the names of the recipient, his (or her) sister (if any), brother (if any and living), best friend (ditto), dog (ditto), cat (ditto), and home address. And lo and behold and *mirabile dictu*, a perfectly hideous piece of merchandise materializes with this unblushing statement on the title page:

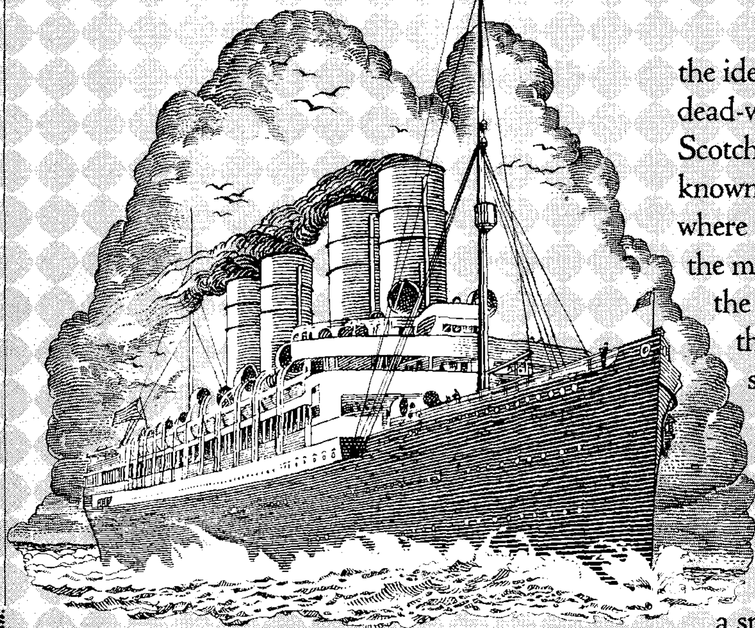
This book was written
especially for
Bugsy Bandersnatch
with love and kisses from
Grandma Dreadnought
XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX
My Friendly Giraffe
your personal story by the magic computer

The computer is a humble member of the scribblers' fraternity; he does not even use the upper case for the initials of his name. Instead of "My Friendly Giraffe," the magic computer can, in a jiffy, ingest an input that will bring forth "My Jungle Holiday," "My Birthday Land Adventure," or "My Special Christmas." I have seen only "My Friendly Giraffe," so my judgment may be hasty. But its hard cover is shoddy and the paper is cheap and the robot machine that glued my copy together should be sent to the shop for repair; the print is pica typewriter print; the colors of the illustrations are as unwholesome as the dyes used to cheer up imitation fruit drinks; in the drawings the giraffe has big blue eyes and provocative locks and a fatuous grin, and he bears a faint resemblance to Clara Bow. His name is Ysgub, and Bugsy Bandersnatch, my grandson, will be pleased to see that this is his own first name spelled backward. Fortunately, a Me-Book will self-destruct in nothing flat, so the child will not have time to get a swelled head because a book has been written especially for him, and Grandma Dreadnought will be out of pocket only four dollars and forty-nine cents plus fifty cents for shipping and handling and, if she lives in California, an additional twenty-three cents for sales tax. If, for some reason, the book withstands time and rough treatment, Bugsy



"I want all these people back here for Christmas."

How much King's Ransom is lost at sea?



We've lost the odd barrel in a storm and lost a bit more to torpedoes in two world wars. But our losses all-in-all were never so big as to make the fish tipsy.

One time we did lose enough to raise the waters of the Atlantic a proof point or two, but the stuff was salvaged before the current could carry it off. A shipful of scotch whisky, including a supply of our precious 12-year old, foundered off an island in the Hebrides. The islanders, quite sensibly, retrieved every bottle. Lesser men might have tried to sell the stuff, but not these. They drank it. The episode inspired a motion picture. The title,"Tight Little Island",was sheer exaggeration and an injustice to the natives' ability to hold their liquor.

When you consider how many years we sent our scotch around the world in ships a lot less seaworthy than the Titanic, it's a miracle our losses weren't greater. Back in the days when King's Ransom was the world's most expensive whisky, Mr. William Whitely got the idea of shipping it as ballast in place of the dead-weight freighters took on between cargoes. Scotch distillers had, in generations past, been known to cradle a barrel in a rowboat, anchored where the bobbing of the waves would blend the malts. But nobody, till Mr.William, had the vision on such a grand scale, nor reckoned the opportunity an empty ship presented to save on warehouse space. Nor, how much fine publicity could be milked from travelling the maturing whiskies thirty-thousand miles before bottling.

We still send casks of King's Ransom around the world, but only enough to put a smidgeon of sea-travelled scotch in every bottle. Cargo space is no longer free, alas, but we do it to keep faith with our customers and to keep it legal to print the words: "Around the World" on our label.

Every drop of King's Ransom is still twelve years old and the price is still steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. Strictly speaking, it is not, any longer, the most expensive whisky one can buy, but the difference wouldn't make change enough to jingle.

In our experience, only one other scotch approaches the virtue of King's Ransom. By some capricious fate, we happen to make that, too. The name is House of Lords and it differs from King's Ransom in three respects. One: it is eight years old. Two: the price is less intimidating. Three: it doesn't have a drop of whisky in it that went to sea in a barrel. To our recollection, nobody who bought House of Lords has ever complained.

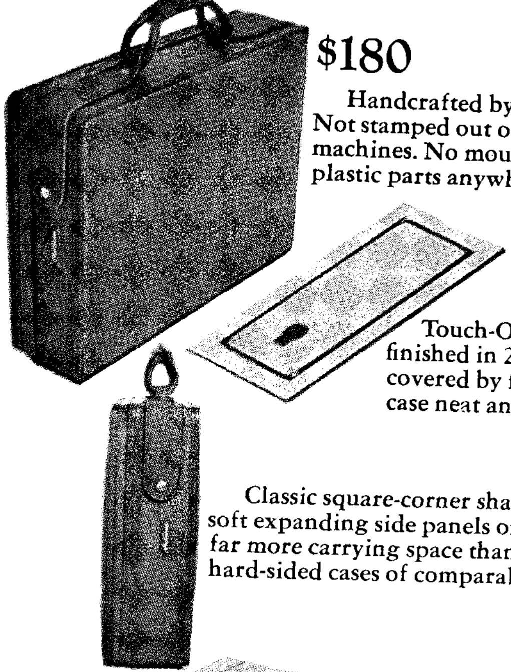
King's Ransom
HOUSE OF
LORDS
SCOTCH WHISKY

William Whiteley & Co.

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

King's Ransom® and House of Lords.® 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky ©1973 Imported by Heublein Inc. Hartford, Conn.

The best way to sell you on Hartmann's $55 attache is to show you Hartmann's $180 attache.

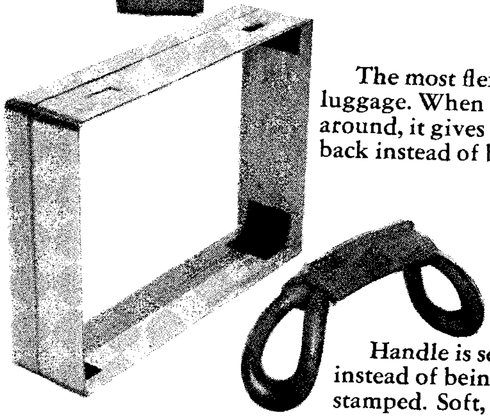


$180

Handcrafted by men. Not stamped out on machines. No moulded plastic parts anywhere.

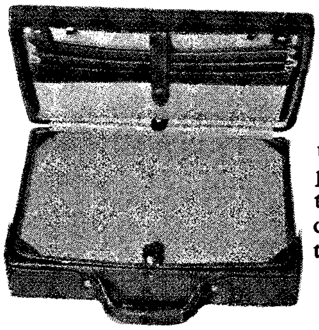
Touch-O-Matic® locks finished in 24 K gold, then covered by flaps to keep the case neat and the locks safe.

Classic square-corner shape and soft expanding side panels offer far more carrying space than hard-sided cases of comparable size.

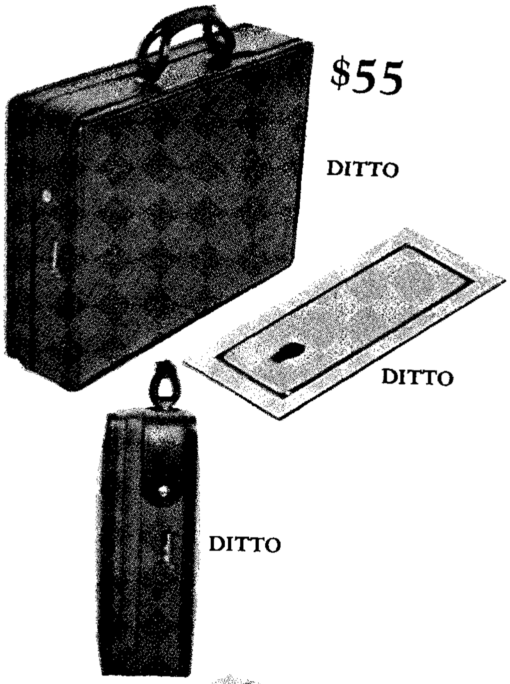


The most flexible frame in luggage. When bumped around, it gives in and bounces back instead of breaking.

Handle is sewn by hand instead of being machine-stamped. Soft, ridgeless, rugged.



Interior crafted and tailored by hand and completely backed. Edges are turned and bound. Removable desk and file sections. Zepel® treated lining repels stains.

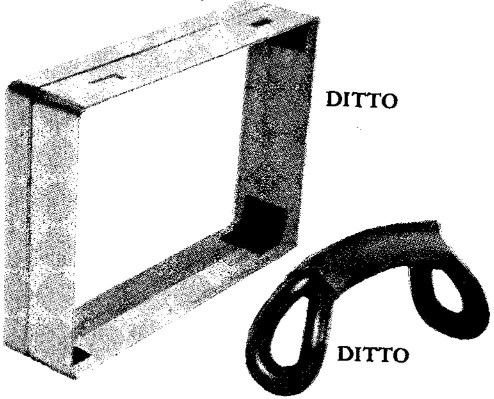


$55

DITTO

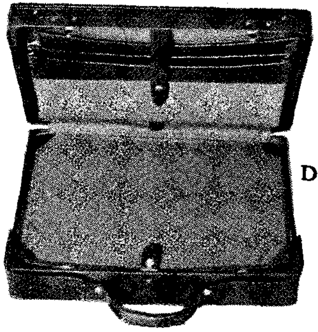
DITTO

DITTO



DITTO

DITTO



DITTO

There is a difference, of course. A big one. The $180 case is made of imported industrial belting leather.

No two pieces of it are ever exactly alike. This leather is completely natural; no finish is needed to preserve its toughness and individuality. The case is bound in rugged rawhide and the interior is trimmed in rich gabardine with more belting leather. For unique luxury, nothing surpasses it.

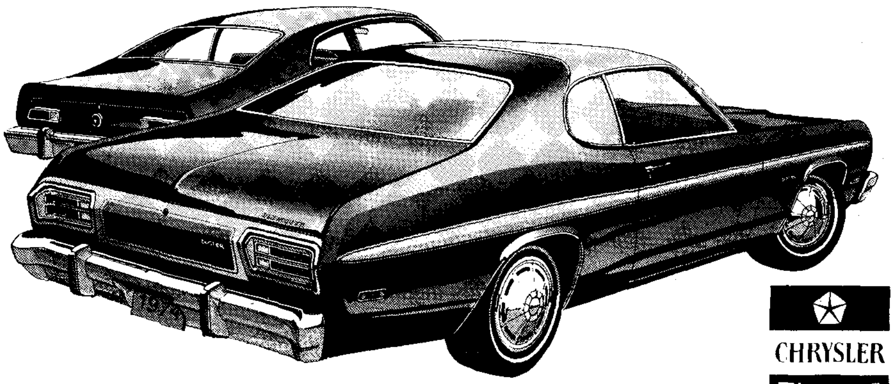
Our $55 attache is made of the finest, most expensive vinyl available. And because both of these pieces are Hartmanns, the craftsmanship is the same in each case.

DUPONT
ZEPEL®
SOIL/STAIN REPELLER

AVAILABLE IN INDUSTRIAL BELTING LEATHER, $180; HUNTER FAWN SUEDE, $140; RUBBED WALNUT NYLON FABRIC, BELTING LEATHER-TRIMMED, $85; TIGER EYE BROWN OR ONYX BLACK VINYL, $55. AN EXTRA-SLIM MODEL AVAILABLE AT SLIGHTLY LOWER PRICES. EACH HARTMANN CAN BE MATCHED TO LARGER PIECES FOR COMPLETE SETS. **FOR BROCHURE, WRITE: DEPT. UE, HARTMANN LUGGAGE, LEBANON, TENN. 37087** may take a scunner to the old lady when he learns that Scrub Jenkinson, of Tupperware Way, Cedar Rapids, and LeRoy Sidewinder, of R.F.D. 2, Pawtucket, have also met friendly personalized giraffes, named Burcs and YorEl.

BOOKWISE, as we information pros would say, the world of the young is in a sorry state. To begin with, the cost of children's books continues to rise, along with that of meat and milk and postage stamps, but the quality of book-making does not, for the most part, improve. Nor does the quality of book-writing. Happily, more and more houses are putting out paperbacks, a great many of them reprints of meritorious works wrought before language was replaced by hot air. Harper & Row offers a bargain—all nine of Laura Ingalls Wilder's Little House books, boxed, for eight dollars and ninety-five cents. The print is large and clear, and the generously numerous and genial illustrations, by Garth Williams, are intelligible and helpful to children for whom Mrs. Wilder's pioneer West has been so falsified by "Gunsmoke" and "Bonanza" that its historical reality can be no better visualized than can the hanging gardens of Babylon. Mrs. Wilder's family saga of Ma and Pa and their four children, who travelled, in the eighteen-seventies and eighties, by covered wagon from the Wisconsin backwoods through Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and the Dakota Territory, is so rich in history and in American lore that it is hard to imagine anyone's not following it raptly. Winters were long and the snows of yesteryear were mammoth, wolves lurking near the kitchen door drowned out the wind with their howls, but the Ingalls were snug within their houses, safeguarded by Pa's gun, hung beside the door, and by the brindle bulldog Jack. In the magical springtime, the children played in tree houses, ran barefoot through wild flowers, and marvelled at new lambs and colts, at piglets, at infant birds in nests in the woods. They were acquainted with bears and bobcats and Indians; Pa hunted game while Ma made cheese and butter and dresses and minded the kitchen garden—for, nomadic as the family were, when they did stop they settled in for a good spell. Sometimes rations were short: in Minnesota an enormous host of grasshoppers descended to devour the wheat crop and strip the trees of fruit and leaves, to spit tobacco juice on the little girls' pinafores, and to lay millions of eggs and thereby to kill the hope of

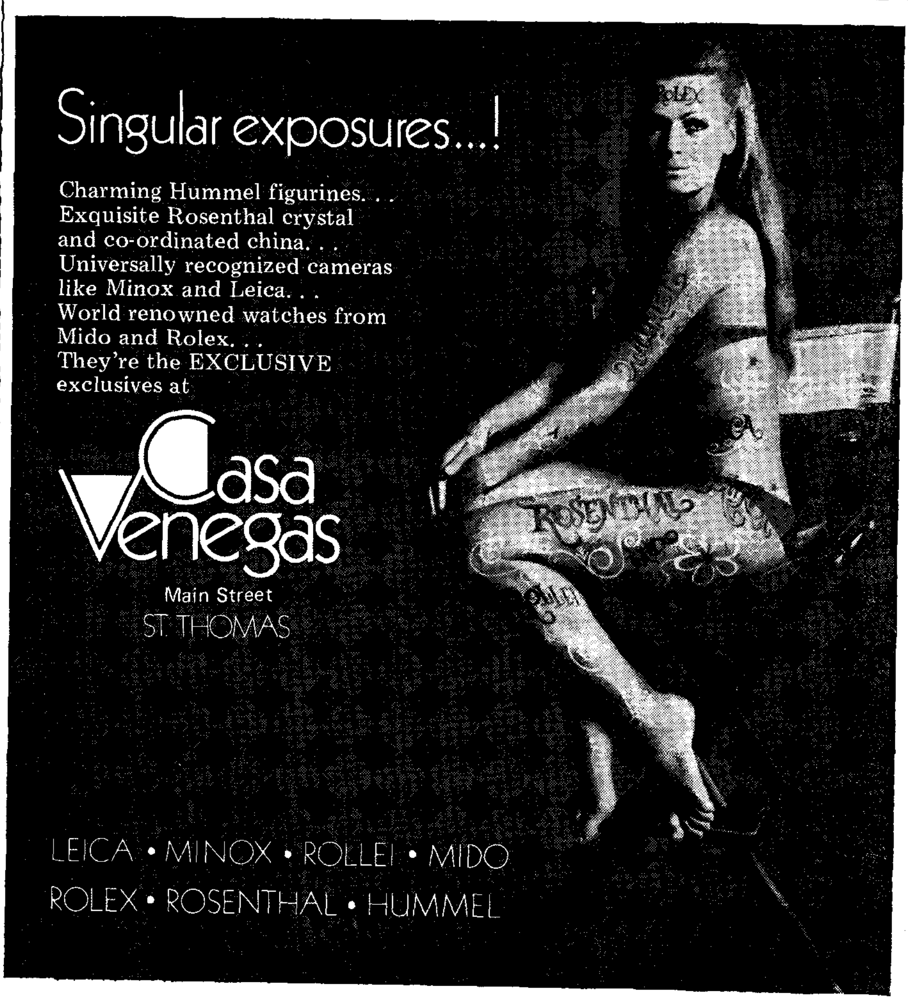
The Duster Coupe is more car than the Maverick Coupe.
It has room for one more passenger.
And it has half again as much trunk space.
It offers more options.
It gives you more weight, which you'll notice at freeway speeds.
It has more width.
Duster's price is more, but not that much more.
So, of course, this year, we've been selling more.
Small wonder.



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Plymouth Duster.
Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.



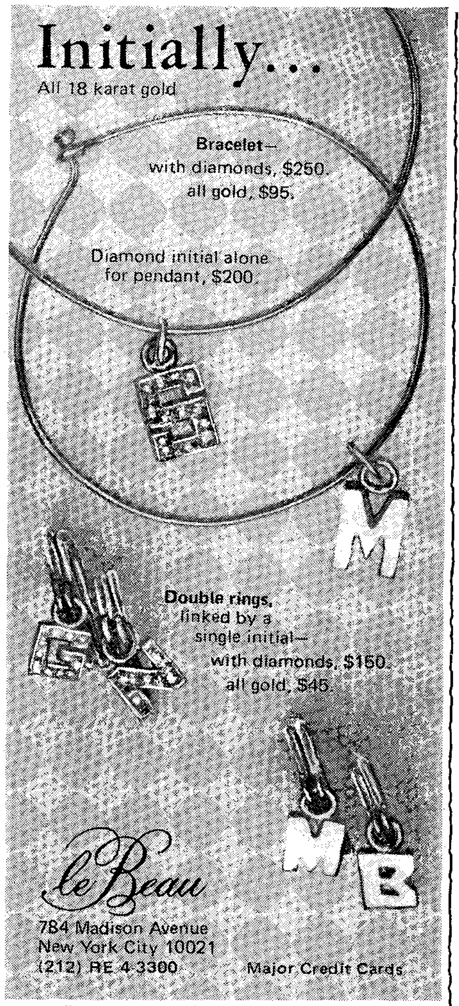
Singular exposures...!

Charming Hummel figurines. . .
Exquisite Rosenthal crystal
and co-ordinated china. . .
Universally recognized cameras
like Minox and Leica. . .
World renowned watches from
Mido and Rolex. . .
They're the EXCLUSIVE
exclusives at

Casa Venegas
Main Street
ST. THOMAS

LEICA • MINOX • ROLLEI • MIDO
ROLEX • ROSENTHAL • HUMMEL

We accept American Express Credit Cards.



Initially...
All 18 karat gold
Bracelet—with diamonds, $250. all gold, $95.
Diamond initial alone for pendant, $200.
Double rings, linked by a single initial—with diamonds, $150. all gold, $45.
le Beau
784 Madison Avenue
New York City 10021
(212) RE 4-3300
Major Credit Cards

The Icelandic Poncho
Versatile, unusual and beautiful–the 100% Arctic wool poncho from Iceland. Naturally colored–no dyes–in a blend of white, brown and grey, this thermal knit lovely is light, toasty warm and naturally water repellent. And gorgeous. Shipped postpaid $47. Check or money order. Order one for yourself and one for a special gift. Coordinate with one-size Icelandic mittens at $8.50. Hurry, use the coupon below and receive our free 12 page full color catalog of other Icelandic beauties.
One Size Fits All!
LANDAU PRINCETON, N.J.

LANDAU, 114 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, N.J. 08540
Please rush me:
______poncho @$47. ______mittens @$8.50
☐ Send your 12 page catalog – free.
Total amount enclosed______
Name______
Street______
City______
State______Zip______

crops the next year. The disasters and the daily hardships were compensated for by merry Christmases, sleigh rides, triumphs at school, the discovery of fawns in the forests, socials, growing up. Most parents these days are themselves too young to have any first-hand knowledge of farm life and domestic science before technology plucked the heart from it, and they should be as eager as their children to get on with the next chapter of "The Long Winter" or "Little House on the Prairie."

Windmill Paperbacks, distributed by Dutton, sell for ninety-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, and quite a number of them are exactly right for a bedtime snack. One is William Steig's bittersweet (the tears almost fall from the full eyes, but then, oh, joy!, all's right with the world) "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble." Robert Kraus is an entertaining man, and I like his "The Tail Who Wagged the Dog," "How Spider Saved Christmas," "Junior the Spoiled Cat," and "Daddy Long Ears." The hero of the last is a rabbit whose wife, after bearing her thirty-first child, does a bunk with a muskrat, leaving her old man to do the cooking and washing and scrubbing for that mob of bunnies—to say nothing of teaching them manners and morals and providing them with appropriate treats for holidays. One year, he paints eggs for them at Eastertime, and because this simple, homemade jollity catches on in the community, Daddy Long Ears henceforth is to be known as the Easter Rabbit. Mr. Kraus is prolific as well as amusing; in this same series are "Leo the Late Bloomer," with pictures by José Aruego, as well as "Ludwig the Dog Who Snored Symphonies" and "Shaggy Fur Face," both of these illustrated by Virgil Partch, and "Bunya the Witch," with pictures by Mischa Richter.

Voyager Books, a division of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, has three titles (at a dollar-twenty-five to a dollar-sixty-five) that I wouldn't mind reading aloud: "Over in the Meadow," a rendering by John Langstaff of the old counting rhyme, with beguiling pictures of small animals by Feodor Rojankovsky; James Thurber's "Many Moons," dressed up with Louis Slobodkin's illustrations, which are at once agreeably slapdash and ethereal; and "Finders Keepers," about two dogs and their dilemma when they discover a single bone. This one is by the team of William Lipkind and Nicolas Mordvinoff, who call themselves Will and Nicolas for short and who must have a

There are happy wives
who have discovered
that Back Bay shopping
blends very nicely
with their husbands'
business trips.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

Preferred Hotel reservations:
800-558-9898

FABULOUS COLLECTION OF OLD-FASHIONED CALENDARS
with matching envelopes
Perfect gifts, easily mailable, and may be used as greeting cards. Replicas of antique originals updated for 1974. In full-color on antiqued paper; magnificent illustrations. With gold hang-loops.

"SHAKESPEARE"
Embossed cardboard, scalloped edges. Each page illustrated with scene from Will's plays. 7½" x 10½". 1751S...$1.40
"KATE GREENAWAY"
Featuring 12 of Kate's delightful watercolors. 7" x 8½". 2034...$1.25
"EARLY-AMERICANA"
12 unique Americana primitives, 7" x 8½". 2029...$1.25
"WILDFLOWERS"—Each month features 4 different specimens, 7" x 8½". 1986...$1.25
"AMERICAN BIRDS"—Each month features 4 different birds. 7" x 8½". 2109...$1.25
ALL OR ANY 5 FOR $6.00
3 Fancy Color Catalogs: $1.00. or FREE with purchase.
Satisf. Guar. We pay postage; no c.o.d.'s. N.Y. res. add tax.
VISIT US. Trade Inquiries Invited.
MERRIMACK PUBL. CORP. Dept. NY-3
85 Fifth Ave. (16th St.), New York, N.Y. 10003

MORE THAN A RESORT... A WAY OF LIFE!
Cheeca Lodge
ISLAMORADA, FLORIDA
Hotel and cottage rooms available, phone (305) 664-4651

very good time when they are putting their sassy texts and their sassier pictures together.

Pinwheel Books, by Knopf/Pantheon, sell for ninety-five cents. Among them is "The Biggest House in the World," written and illustrated by Leo Lionni, which, dealing with snails on a cabbage leaf, gives this gifted man the opportunity to ring all the changes on his voluptuous palette. Another Pinwheel, "Veronica" (she is an inconspicuous hippopotamus, who hates her condition so much that she sets about to change it), is the creation of Roger Duvoisin, whose line and color delight the eye. In one more Pinwheel, "Our Veronica Goes to Petunia's Farm," he introduces us to the goose Petunia, who has done a book of her own in the series, called "Petunia." "Red Riding," as told by Katy on a rainy day to her brother Tony, who keeps interrupting, is by Jean Merrill and Ronni Solbert. It, too, is a Pinwheel.

The Random House Please Read to Me books are simple and happy; among them are a "Mother Goose" illustrated by Aurelius Battaglia; Richard Scarry's "Please and Thank You Book" (this made me think of the Goops of long ago—those rotten children we were warned by Gelett Burgess not to imitate); "The Berenstain Bears' Nursery Tales," by Stan and Jan Berenstain; and "Meet Babar and His Family," by Laurent de Brunhoff.

Dover Publications presents two beautiful facsimiles. One, in black-and-white, is "Mother (Goose) in Hieroglyphicks," first published in 1849; the other, in color, is an alphabet book, circa 1835, titled "The Adventures of A, Apple Pie, Who Was Cut to Pieces and Eaten by Twenty-six Young Ladies and Gentlemen with Whom All Little People Ought to Be Acquainted." Both of these sell for a dollar. A perfect present for the toe of a stocking is another facsimile, Kate Greenaway's 1885 "Alphabet," brought out by Putnam; it is about three by two and a quarter inches, and its pictures are as winsome as its size.

OF the dozens of new hard-cover books for the child who still cannot read to himself, here are some I found worthy of their prices:

"The Wolf Who Had a Wonderful Dream" (Crowell), with pictures and story by Anne Rockwell. A wolf is outfoxed by a pig whose piglets he has fancied for his supper.

"Elephant Buttons" (Harper & Row), by Noriko Ueno. As a rule, I

A Limited Edition of Two Hundred Sterling Silver Tea Caddies made in England to commemorate
The Boston Tea Party and American Independence

Of contemporary design, the Tea Caddy is wood lined and on the lid are miniature "Tea Chests" floating in Boston Harbor where they had been thrown by the American Colonists, disguised as Indian raiders, in protest against the new taxation laws imposed by London.

The dimensions are approximately 4½ inches cubed, and the weight in Sterling Silver is approximately 30 ounces: Troy. It may be engraved on request. Leather presentation case.

Offered exclusively in the United States by Firestone and Parson. $850 each

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
Ritz Carlton Hotel Boston, Massachusetts 02117 (617)-266-1858
We are interested in purchasing your precious jewels or antique silver. Please call collect at (617)-266-5276
Member: The National Antique and Art Dealer Association of America, Inc.

You can buy a little AM/FM radio for twenty bucks. So why spend $119.95?

The answer is obviously better sound. But how much better? The fact is that most radio stations, particularly FM stations, are putting out a terrific signal. But by the time the music reaches you via a dinky radio, it sounds like it's coming through a paper cup on a string. What serious music listeners have always needed was a serious high fidelity radio. A radio with real power. Highs that sing. And lows you could feel. A radio with super sensitivity. And an AM section that made even traffic reports, time checks, "pop forties" and "moldy oldies" sound good.

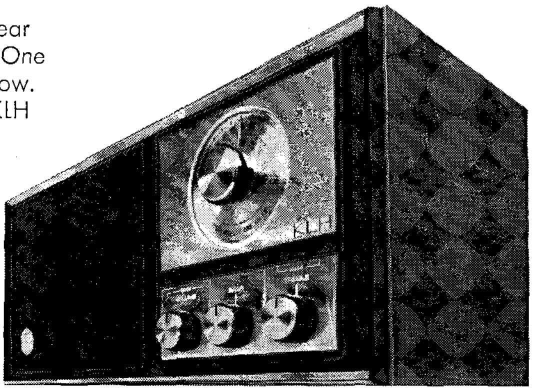
In short, what was needed was the KLH Model Twenty-One . . . a neat, compact AM/FM radio that delivers an astonishing amount of sound. Now you might think it takes a lot of nerve to charge $119.95† for a small radio.

Not really.

What it takes is a lot of radio. Hear it soon. The KLH Model Twenty-One AM/FM radio. At your dealer now. For more information visit your KLH dealer or write to KLH Research and Development, 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORP.
30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139
A Subsidiary of Eastern Air Devices, Inc.

†Suggested retail price.



TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946

Handsome Classic Polka Dot Travel Robe 29.50

Our handsome classic polka dot robe of a lightweight cotton & Avril blend. Shawl collar, three large pockets. Fully cut in length & breadth. Ideal for travel, leisure. White dots on Navy or Maroon ground. Sizes: S(34-36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46-48).

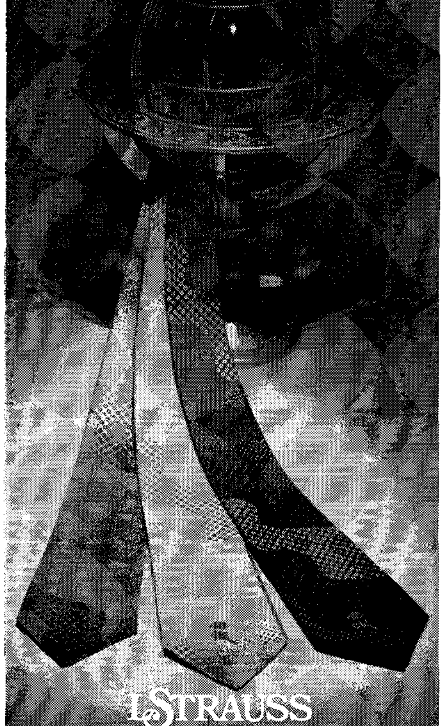
Mail Orders to: Polka Dot Robe 79602
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Item	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
White on navy			Cable Charge ☐
White on maroon			Sorry, No C.O.D.'s

☐ **Please send catalogue** **(415) 397-4740**

Name..
Address..
....Zip..........
Add $1.75 Ship. & Hdlg. ;5½% Sales Tax in Cal. M12-3

Countess Mara
This original composition,
designed and woven exclusively
for L. Strauss.
In all the world, ours alone.
Navy, brown, grey or blue. 12.50



L. STRAUSS
Mail orders to 41 West Washington Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46204
We honor American Express,
BankAmericard and Master Charge

do not like books without words, but this one I liked very much. Out of an elephant comes, when the buttons down his front are undone, a horse with buttons down *his* front, and when *they* are undone out comes a lion with buttons, etc., etc., until a mouse, having emerged from a duck, has his buttons unbuttoned to release the original owner, the elephant. This is like one of those elaborate dishes for epicurean trenchermen which involve stuffing a big turkey with a goose stuffed with a capon stuffed with a pheasant stuffed with a woodcock stuffed with a lark stuffed with a hummingbird. Only, in real life, the hummingbird could not start the rigmarole all over again by putting forth a turkey.

"The Moving Adventures of Old Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat" is the same old jocular song, but pranked out by Paul Galdone's new pictures. McGraw-Hill publishes it.

"What Did You Bring Me?" (Harper & Row), by Karla Kuskin, deals with a problem-child mouse who is obsessed with owning things. Her mother "spent so much of the day dusting Edwina's things she hardly had time to knit a vest for a butterfly she knew." One morning, a witch steps through the window, "tripping over five jump ropes and landing on six sets of Chinese checkers," and by means of some common-sense sorcery brings about Edwina's reformation and restores her parents' peace of mind.

Piper, of "No Kiss for Mother" (Harper & Row), by Tomi Ungerer, is a Katzenjammer grade-school cat (he sets garter snakes loose in the infirmary and creates diversions in the classroom with stink bombs) who cannot abide his doting mother's kisses and her "darling"s and "Honey Pie"s. But everything turns out all right when, after a battle with a schoolmate, he becomes less obnoxious and, in reciprocation, his mother suppresses her maternal moonshine.

Ellen Raskin, published by Atheneum, has produced a wonderful joke in "Who, Said Sue, Said Whoo?" The story uses incremental repetition (surefire with me), and every character who will next join the group appears half hidden in a tree or a bush on the page before he walks onstage. Sue wears a Lorelei Lee cloche and drives a town car.

Lore Segal, in "All the Way Home" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), also uses incremental repetition, in a noisy and snappy little yarn about a flustered mother whose baby, as she is wheeling her home from the park, commences to

ENCHANTING
JAMAICAN PARADISE

Escape now to the spacious, enchanting paradise of Montego Bay's beautiful Royal Caribbean.

Sun on 800 feet of protected private beach. Enjoy gracious, attentive service, gourmet dinners, and festive entertainment. Swim, sail, water ski, play tennis, golf, and relax in privacy.

A great place for adults (16 or over) to get away to.

FOR COLORFUL BROCHURE, WRITE:
Box 1297R Dept. N12J
Scottsdale, Ariz. 85252
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL
YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR
CONTACT:
Leonard Hicks Organization
(212) 765-5800

ROYAL
CARIBBEAN
MONTEGO BAY JAMAICA

For Boatmen, Fishermen,
Golfers —
other
V.I.P.'s

new $5.95
Chris★Craft
Commander Cap

*Jaunty new Skipper's Cap just like those which look so good on U.S. Astronauts as they step down from recovery helicopter to carrier deck. Premium quality, all wool, with unique Velcro adjustment for precise fit and head comfort. Colorful emblem and Commander "scrambled eggs" embroidered in gold on the broad visor make this a cap of distinction indeed. One size fits all from 6¾ to 7⅞. Only **$5.95** (add 50¢ for shipping).*

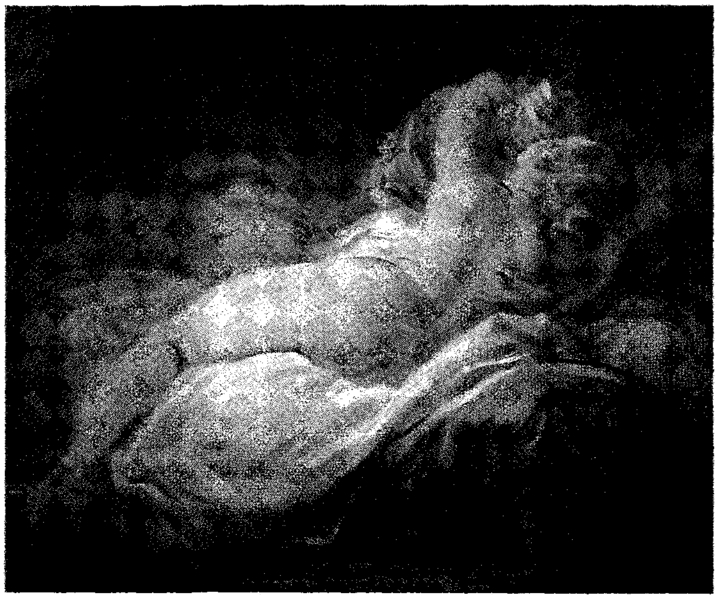
Mail Orders:
Chris-Craft Marine Accessories Division
2000 Detroit Road, Algonac, Mich. 48001

Send for FREE, color-filled Chris-Craft catalog of Great Gifts and Gear

SKI·INN
to ski for the season
to dine well
to sleep
CheSTER INN
CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

The Story of Zizanie.

You may have heard of Jean Honoré Fragonard, a master painter of the French Romantic Period. But did you know he was also a master perfumer, member of the renowned Fragonard family of French perfumers?



"The Longed-for Moment" by Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806), who obviously knew something about love.

One day this great artist was painting the portrait of a certain important Duke. During the sitting, the Duke complained that things were not going well with his current mistress.

Fragonard's answer was to present the worried nobleman with his latest fragrance, saying, "*Si vous adoptez cette fragrance, vos problemes d'amour n'existent pas!*"*

The name of that fragrance was Zizanie. And the results were all that Fragonard predicted. From the very next morning, the grateful Duke told all who would listen about the remarkable powers of Zizanie. And the success of Zizanie was assured.

This all actually took place in the south of France more than 200 years ago. And today, Zizanie is still being made in the famous French perfume district at Grasse—precisely as it was made when Fragonard first formulated it.

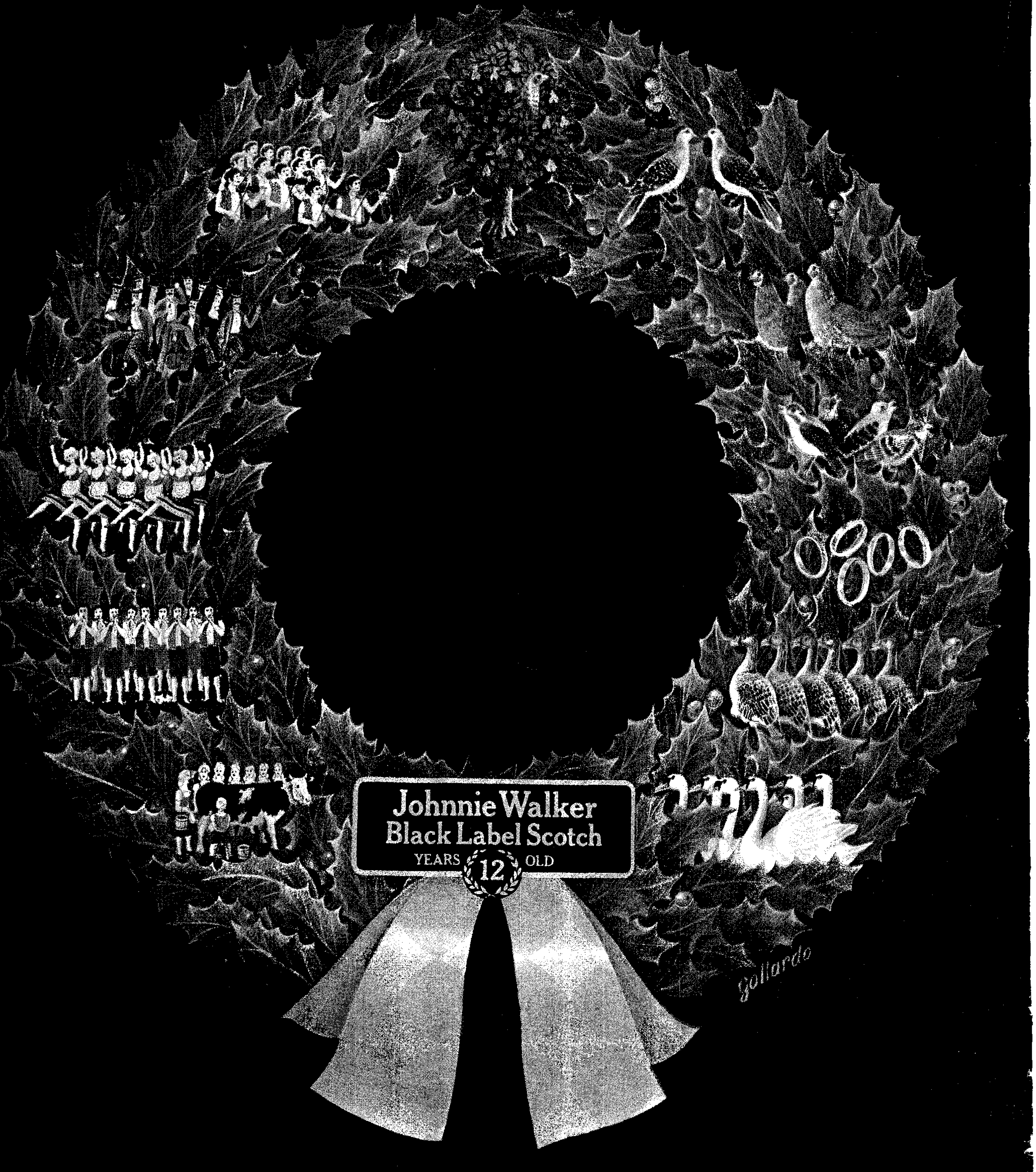
Until recently, Zizanie was only available to those actually visiting the Fragonard estates at Grasse. But now it is being introduced to the United States. (You won't find it in every store but if you have a nose for adventure, you will find Zizanie.)

After reading its history, you won't be surprised that Zizanie is the world's most expensive men's fragrance. Is it worth the price? Just remember what Fragonard told the illustrious Duke, so long ago, when romance was still considered an art form.

**If you wear my fragrance, all your love problems will be over.*

**Zizanie de Fragonard:
the newest men's fragrance
is over 200 years old.**

EAU DE TOILETTE
ZIZANIE
DE
FRAGONARD


Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD
gallardo

Joy to thyself.

ABOUT $10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

bawl, for no good reason; the baby's brother, who has been toddling along behind the pram, catches up, and then the little dog joins in, and the racket attracts other animals, who have nothing better to do, so by the time the original group gets home the mother is leading a sizable parade, yapping and yammering so loudly that the poor woman can't hear herself think. The pictures are by James Marshall.

Still another of these is "Whizz" (Macmillan), an Edward Lear concatenation of six limericks. Janina Domanska draws the pictures for the cast of eighteen beings, among them a few old men and a variety of quadrupeds and winged things.

The villain who starts the parade in "Whizz" is a bee, and in "buzz buzz buzz" (sic), also put out by Macmillan, another bee lands a lot of people and animals in a pretty kettle of fish. Byron Barton is the author and artist.

The old song "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" is revived by Robert Quackenbush (Lippincott); in each of his pictures something is hidden, and you have to turn the book every which way to find it. I know no child who can resist such a challenge.

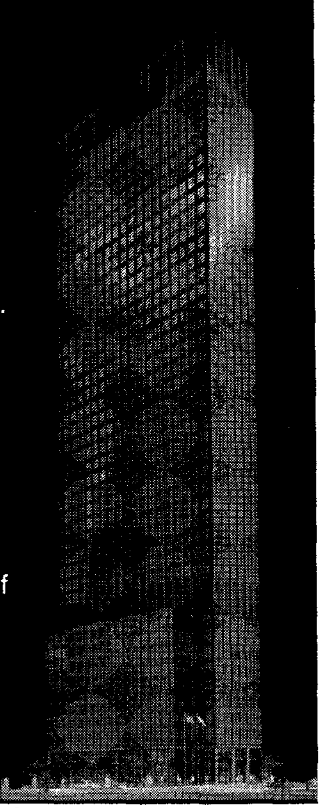
And what child can resist "Tom Thumb"? A handsome new version is by Felix Hoffmann, and it is published by Atheneum.

"Georgie Goes West," by Robert Bright (Doubleday), relates further adventures of the amiable young ghost and his friends Herman the cat and Miss Oliver the owl when they travel with their human companions in an unusual mobile home, which has a steeply pitched roof and an oldfangled cookstove.

Roger Duvoisin tells, in "The Crocodile in the Tree," the cheering story of a crocodile who wins the affection of Farmer Sweetpeas' wife by saying it with flowers. This is published by Knopf.

Knopf also publishes his splendid "Jasmine." Jasmine is a cow of great originality of mind, and she is a denizen of the Pumpkins' farmyard, where also dwell a chicken named Ida, a sheep named Rose, another cow, named Canary, and a pig named Pig. The Pumpkin farm is where Veronica, the paperback hippo I mentioned earlier, visits Petunia. I'd like to see them all again.

By Jove! Here is Mr. Duvoisin showing up again, in McGraw-Hill's publishing house, illustrating "Hector Penguin," who, having been unceremoniously (but accidentally) dumped out of a van in which he was being



NEW YORK MERCHANDISE MART*

New York's first total market center

A luxurious new building expressly designed for home furnishings, lamps and lighting, decorative accessories, china and glass, gifts, and related industries. The NYMM offers every luxury, comfort and convenience to both exhibitors and buyers.

Among the ever growing list of prestigious exhibitors at the NYMM: Barwick Clocks, Russ Berrie, Frederick Cooper, Cosco Household Products, Fall River Fireplace, Nora Fenton, Haeger Potteries, Noritake, Turner Manufacturing.

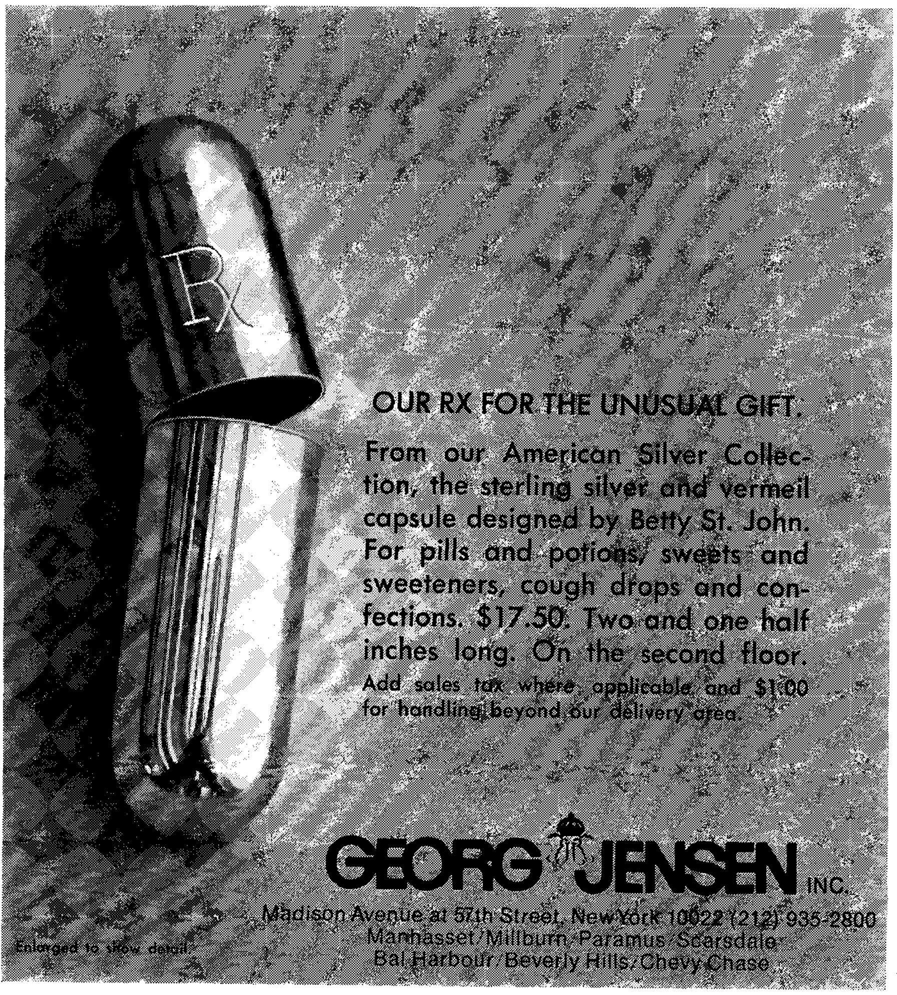
May we suggest that you give serious consideration to space in the New York Merchandise Mart now while choice locations are still available. For complete list of exhibitors, write New York Merchandise Mart, address below.

nymm
THE NEW YORK MERCHANDISE MART

Judson H. Spencer
Executive Director

*Service Mark

NEW YORK MERCHANDISE MART, 41 MADISON AVE. AT 26TH ST.
A RUDIN MANAGEMENT BUILDING
For NYMM leasing information contact FEDER & CO., 355 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017 (212) 682-2709 or (212) 889-6540.



OUR RX FOR THE UNUSUAL GIFT.

From our American Silver Collection, the sterling silver and vermeil capsule designed by Betty St. John. For pills and potions, sweets and sweeteners, cough drops and confections. $17.50. Two and one half inches long. On the second floor.

Add sales tax where applicable and $1.00 for handling beyond our delivery area.

Enlarged to show detail.

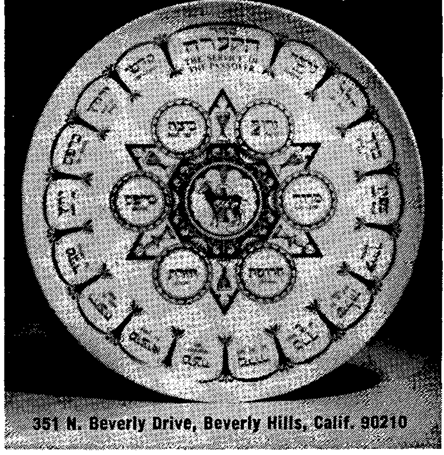
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 935-2800
Manhasset/Millburn/Paramus/Scarsdale
Bal Harbour/Beverly Hills/Chevy Chase

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Passover Plate of Imported China enhances the fine old tradition of a special service for Passover. This plate is decorated in Israeli blue with inscriptions in both Hebrew and English. 10¼-inch size. Each **4.50** Set of four is 16.00. Postage for any order is 1.00. Add 5% tax in Calif.

Use Geary's Charge • Master Charge
BankAmericard • American Express

קערת פסח



351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210

We'll teach you to ski in 5 days. Promise.

Waterville Valley, New Hampshire's largest, most popular ski resort, has a great 5 day learn-to-ski package for you:

- daily lessons, in the graduated length method or American technique
- lifts
- all equipment
- luxurious accommodations
- two gourmet meals a day
- all the apres-ski activity you can handle

All for just $160 per person, double occupancy. Call or write now. You'll parallel ski on moderate slopes in 5 days or we'll return the cost of your lessons.

Waterville Valley Associates, Box 29, Waterville Valley, NH 03223, (603) 236-8371

Send me your free package of information on alpine and ski touring ski weeks at Waterville Valley.

Name________________
Street________________
City________________
State________ Zip________

ski waterville valley ®
NEW HAMPSHIRE

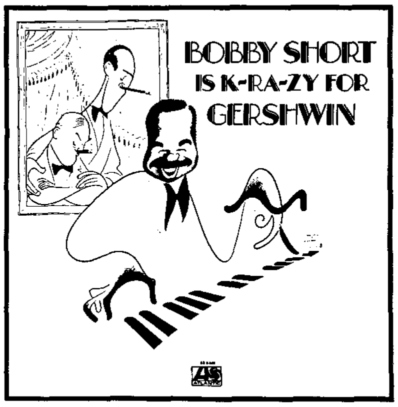
transported from one zoo to another, fetches up in a community of fish and fowl and other kind, who make fun of him for being, so they think, none of them but some other—and unacceptable—kind. But he is a four-square aquatic bird, and proves it. I'd not be a bit surprised to find him in the Pumpkins' sociable barnyard one of these days. The book was written by Louise Fatio.

There is a moral to "Stewed Goose," by James Flora (Atheneum), and it comes at the end of a brisk skirmish between a bear who is bored by honey and berries and a young goose who has whetted the bear's jaded appetite.

Raymond Briggs introduces a brand-new "Father Christmas" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), whose modern pleasures and antipathies are revealed in comic-strip format. Truth to tell, the jolly old fellow hates the cold, hates having to go down chimneys full of "blooming soot!," and hates getting entangled on rooftops with "blooming aerials!" He carries a transistor radio, and deepens his gloom by listening to forecasts of bad and worse weather ahead. He likes his tot of cheer, and when his job is through for another year and he is home again, he warms himself up with tea, smokes a pipe in a good hot tub, and finishes his dinner with a dollop of brandy.

Wiltrud Roser, whose translator, from the German, is Eva L. Mayer, tells "Everything About Easter Rabbits" and illustrates her information with bright good will. There are three breeds of the species: the Genuine, Original Easter Rabbit, who lays eggs and goes around in his birthday suit; the Hardworking Easter Rabbit, who wears clothes and cannot lay eggs, so buys them at the store but colors them by hand; and the World-Travelling Easter Rabbit, who can't lay eggs, either, but who moves about extensively by motorcycle, car, steamboat, and helicopter. This one is put out by Crowell.

CHILDREN who have learned to read will rejoice in William Steig's "The Real Thief" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the story of a noble goose (it seems to me I've met up with an unusually large passel of geese this year) named Gawain, who is the chief guard of the royal treasury. He is falsely accused of stealing rubies and ducats and diamonds, and is tried and sentenced to imprisonment in the dungeon vile. But he flies away and exiles himself in a cave until a True Friend, who

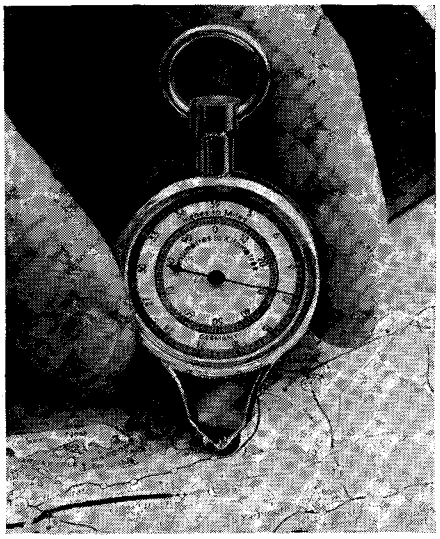


Bobby Short Is K-RA-ZY For Gershwin

Bobby Short, having helped spark the revival of the songs of Cole Porter and Noel Coward, now turns his attention to George Gershwin.

A delightfully melodic album that should be in the library of every Gershwin fan.

ATLANTIC
on Atlantic Records and Tapes.



tight lines® Map Measurer

For motorists, canoers, hikers, cyclists. The easy way to measure a road, trail, or river. Graduated dial measures in inches, miles, centimeters or kilometers. Magnetic compass on reverse side. Complete with lanyard ring and leather case. 3" overall............. $3.95 ppd.*

Send for free outdoor catalog.
*Mass. residents add 3% tax.

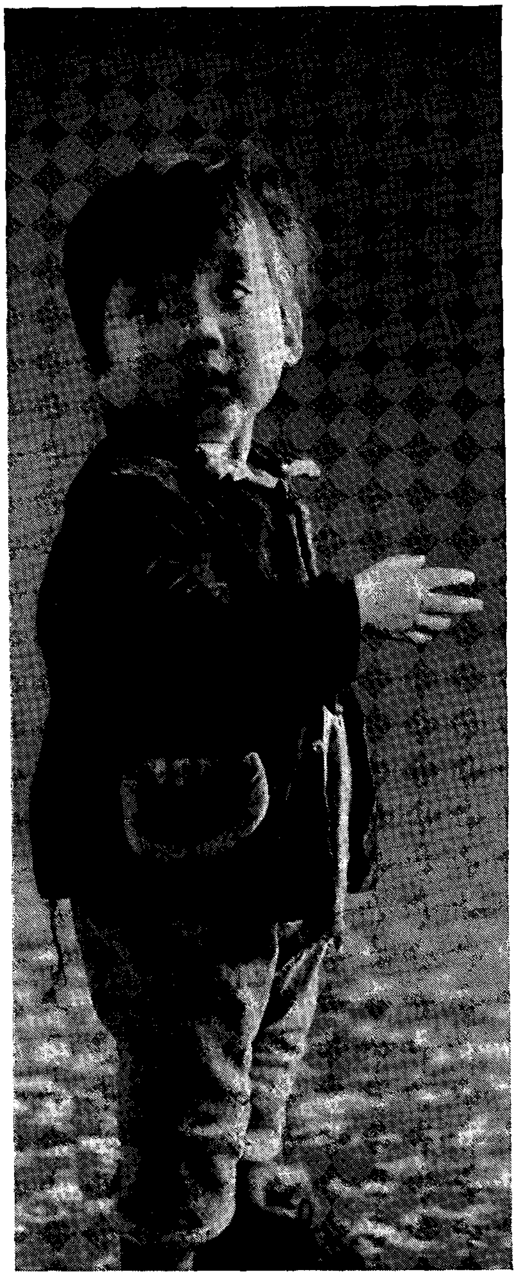
tight lines, inc.
223 Route 28
W. Bridgewater
Mass. 02379

More than a restaurant...
Swiss Chalet
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Cocktails, Luncheon, Dinner, Dancing

is the Real Thief, saves the day, and Gawain is welcomed back by the King and promoted and decorated.

"The Glassblower's Children" (Delacorte), by Maria Gripe, translated, from the Swedish, by Sheila La Farge and illustrated with winning pictures by Harald Gripe (they look like woodcuts), is a sombre and sometimes spooky tale of a brother and sister, Klas and Klara, stolen by a lord to amuse his lady, who has lost the power to wish because she has been given everything her heart desires. The children are spirited away to the lord's great house, which is surrounded by the River of Forgotten Memories, and they are put into the hands of one of the most horrifying nannies ever conceived; she is of fabulous—truly *fabulous*—embonpoint, because she eats a vast meal every two hours, and then takes a fifteen-minute nap, snoring like a gale and like thunder and rocking her bed as though it were a ship in the seas that wrecked the Hesperus. A sweet-hearted witch, sweetly named Flutter Mildweather, and her sagacious familiar, a raven, Wise Wit, restore the children to their rightful hearth and rightful parents.

Lionel, the hero of Lloyd Alexander's "The Cat Who Wished to Be a Man" (Dutton), gets his wish and is transmogrified by his owner, the wizard Magister Stephanus, who lives in the woods as a hermit, having long since eschewed the society of gold-greedy mankind. The cat, in lads' clothing, sets forth to town despite his master's warnings. Here he is beset by pickpockets, shell-game swindlers, corrupt municipal officeholders, and all other manner of rascals. But, in collaboration with a Dr. Tudbelly, an itinerant quack who is fond of Latin tags (" 'Bona Fides,' he declared briskly. 'That is, as we say in the *lingua medica*, good day to one and all' "), Lionel rights many wrongs the townsfolk have suffered at the hands of the tyrannical Mayor Pursewig and his staff; he saves the pretty innkeeper, Mistress Gillian, from bankruptcy, and routs the rats in her larder and the two-legged rats in her bar who rambunctiously flirt with her. Alas, poor tom-fool tom, he falls in love with Gillian, and when he takes her and Dr. Tudbelly back to the forest, he asks Magister Stephanus to allow him to remain a man. I would send any cat of mine to the knacker before I'd let him cop out in such a nitwitted way. Apart from this quite unforgivable disappointment, I found the book a pleasure to read, and I was grateful that the sermon against filthy



She Needs Your Love

When this picture was taken, little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knew many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she had never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can help give children like Mie-Wen the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters, and create a bond of love between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. And your love is demonstrated in many practical ways . . . nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . school books . . . understanding housemothers.

In return you receive a personal history, photograph, plus a description of the Project where your child receives assistance. You can write to your child and your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Won't you help? Urgent requests come from overseas every day. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with children around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love — won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country)________________________
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $________. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $________.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name________________________
Address________________________
City________________________
State________________Zip________

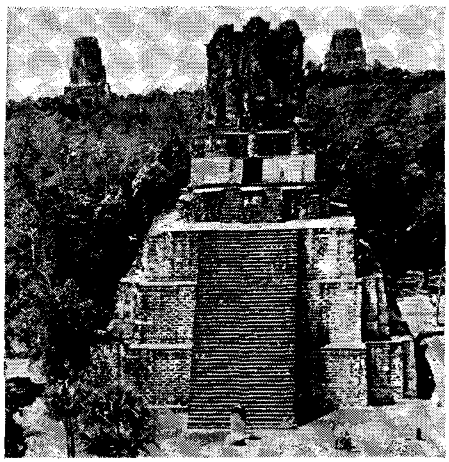
Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

NK40D0

lucre was not merely pious but truly sensible.

E. Nesbit was surely one of the most adroit of all the storytellers who flourished in the ages of Victoria and Edward VII. She used magic with such surefootedness that she never stumbled into whimsey, and in her "The Complete Book of Dragons," published by Macmillan, the monsters of the title are handled by their conquerors so neatly that they never seem improbable. In one of the stories, "The Book of Beasts," Lionel (unlike the Magister's turncoat, a boy to begin with and a boy to remain) is building a castle out of blocks in the nursery when the Prime Minister and the Chancellor come to fetch him to be King. This is the first news he has had that he is heir to the throne, but he is a good little tyke and he goes obediently along. He has worn his crown not more than a few hours when, leafing through a bestiary, he releases from its pages a red-hot and ravenous Red Dragon, who begins, with great success, to terrorize the citizenry. The Dragon is at his hottest and hungriest on Saturdays: on the first one he gobbles up all the football players, and on the second he has Parliament for high tea; on the third, being somewhat off his feed, he is content with only an orphanage. "The Dragon was a perfect nuisance for the whole of Saturday, except during the hour of noon, and then he had to rest under a tree or he would have caught fire from the heat of the sun." Finally, when he carries off King Lionel's own Rocking Horse, His Majesty gets down to brass tacks, and, with the help of some good and merciful animals, vanquishes the bad, bold pest. In another story, "The Deliverers of Their Country," there is a nationwide invasion of dragons of all sizes: the smallest ones get into the soap and the butter, the ones as big as pigeons get into drawers and bite the fingers of people needing handkerchiefs, the ones the size of sheep like to curl up under eiderdowns, and they scorch the bed linen badly; the largest eat elephants as long as they last, and then fill up on horses and cows. The plague is ended by young Harry and young Effie, who rouse St. George from his eternal sleep in marble long enough for him to give them puzzling instructions, but they are bright children and break the code with no trouble at all. This jim-dandy book is illustrated by Erik Blegvad.

"Phoenix Feathers: A Collection of Mythical Monsters," edited by Barbara Silverberg and published by Dutton, is


Tikal

Voyage to Mayaluum

January 19 to February 2

Fly to Jamaica, join fewer than 150 passengers aboard a vessel built as the world's largest private yacht. Sail an exclusive course to Grand Cayman, Cozumel, Yucatan, then inside Central America's great barrier reef to Belize, Guatemala, Honduras and The Bay Islands. Visit magnificent and remote Mayan sites, unsurpassed in the Americas, and enjoy untracked beaches and islands still unknown to tourism. New York rates are from $990 to $1325 per person, double.

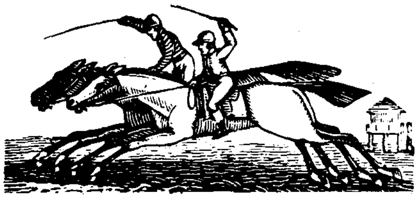
Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017—(212) Plaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"

The Extraordinary Brandy

ROTHSCHILD
Extra Fine Brandy
NAPOLEON
V.S.O.P.

ROTHSCHILD NAPOLEON V.S.O.P.
Maison Fondée en 1875

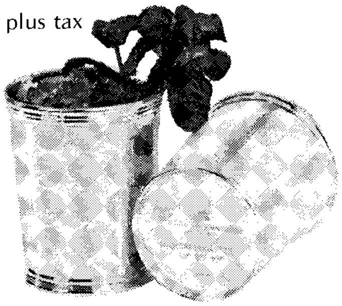
Sole Agents, U.S.A., Les Caves, M.A.R. & Co., Cleveland, O. 80 Proof



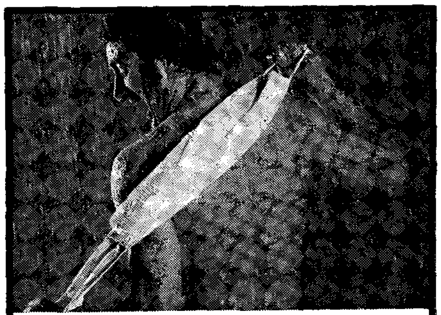
THE SECRETARIAT JULEP CUP

Authentic reproduction of a coin silver julep cup made between 1795-1835 in Lexington, Kentucky. This year's cup bears the name of the '73 Derby winner plus three crowns in honour of Secretariat's historic Triple Crown victory. In Sterling silver, of course.

$41.50 plus tax



MERKLEY KENDRICK
Registered Jewelers/Jewelers since 1832.
Send mail orders to:
138 Chenoweth Lane, Louisville, Ky. 40207.
Kentucky residents add 5% Sales Tax.



THE AUSTRIAN BACKSCRUBBER

Try it...you'll like it! It massages, cleans, stimulates, relaxes...generous sized brush area of sheared Sisal bristles in heavy canvas belt with large sturdy hand grippers—by Baekgaard, Ltd.

Natural color................ $6.50
Red & black stripe.......... $7.50
Yellow, red & black stripe $7.50

MAIL ORDERS ADD 50¢ plus 3% GA. SALES TAX

Gifts for Men, Inc.

LOCATED IN THE REGENCY HYATT HOUSE
265 PEACHTREE STREET, N. E.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30303

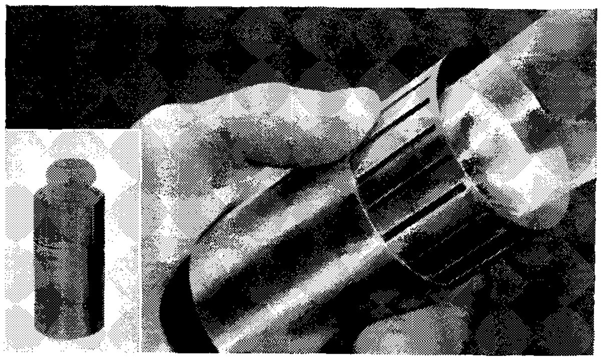
HIDDEN VALLEY
ADIRONDACK'S FINEST SKI RESORT
Featuring All Winter Sports,
Entertainment, Fine Food and Accommodations.
Call Toll Free (N.Y.) 800-342-2439
Other States: 800-833-2429
WRITE FOR BROCHURE.
Lake Luzerne 20, N.Y. 12846

a rich storehouse of information about the Griffin, the Kraken, the Dragon, the Roc, the Unicorn, the Basilisk, and the Phoenix; the informers are (among others) Herodotus, Frank Stockton, Marco Polo, Kenneth Grahame, Pliny (whether the Elder or the Younger we are not told; naturally, we assume that it is the Elder, but in our persnickety way we like to be given the full title), and E. Nesbit—writing here not about the Dragon but about the Phoenix.

Taking advantage of the insurrection of women but using titles that are bound to inflame, Seon Manley and Gogo Lewis have gathered together two collections of stories—"Mistresses of Mystery: Two Centuries of Suspense Stories by the Gentle Sex" and "Grande Dames of Detection: Two Centuries of Sleuthing Stories by the Gentle Sex." The ladies on Edward Gorey's insouciantly grisly jackets for both books are willowy and elegant, a trifle reminiscent of Mary Petty's daft plutocratic and poetic spinsters, and, while not exactly sex objects, are clearly feminine. The horrors are disclosed by such fine artisans as Agatha Christie, Baroness Orczy, Margery Allingham, Dorothy L. Sayers, Edith Wharton (she disappoints; the forms of the haut monde get in her way), E. Nesbit (it is good to see her all over the place this year), Monica Dickens, and Lillian de la Torre. The last of these has written a most unseating one-act play, "Good-Bye, Miss Lizzie Borden," which gives us the lowdown on what happened after Lizzie was found not guilty of giving her mother forty whacks and her father forty-one. Her sister figures prominently, and so does a tough and indefatigable sob sister from a West Coast newspaper. Hot stuff! The books, beautifully made, come from Lothrop.

The introduction to "Mistresses of Mystery" begins, " 'The art of self-tormenting,' said Dorothy Sayers, 'is an ancient one, with a long and honorable literary tradition.' " Joan Kahn, who has been up to her ears in the macabre for a good while now and will, we trust, go on for a long time more ferreting out tales to make our hair stand on end and give us gooseflesh on stormy nights when we can hear the cobwebs swaying in the attic, has turned out a new compilation, "Some Things Strange and Sinister" (Harper & Row), which includes fourteen stories by master reporters of the supernatural; among them are Bram Stoker, Wilkie Collins, John Collier, and H. G. Wells; "The Co-

The MoonBeam.

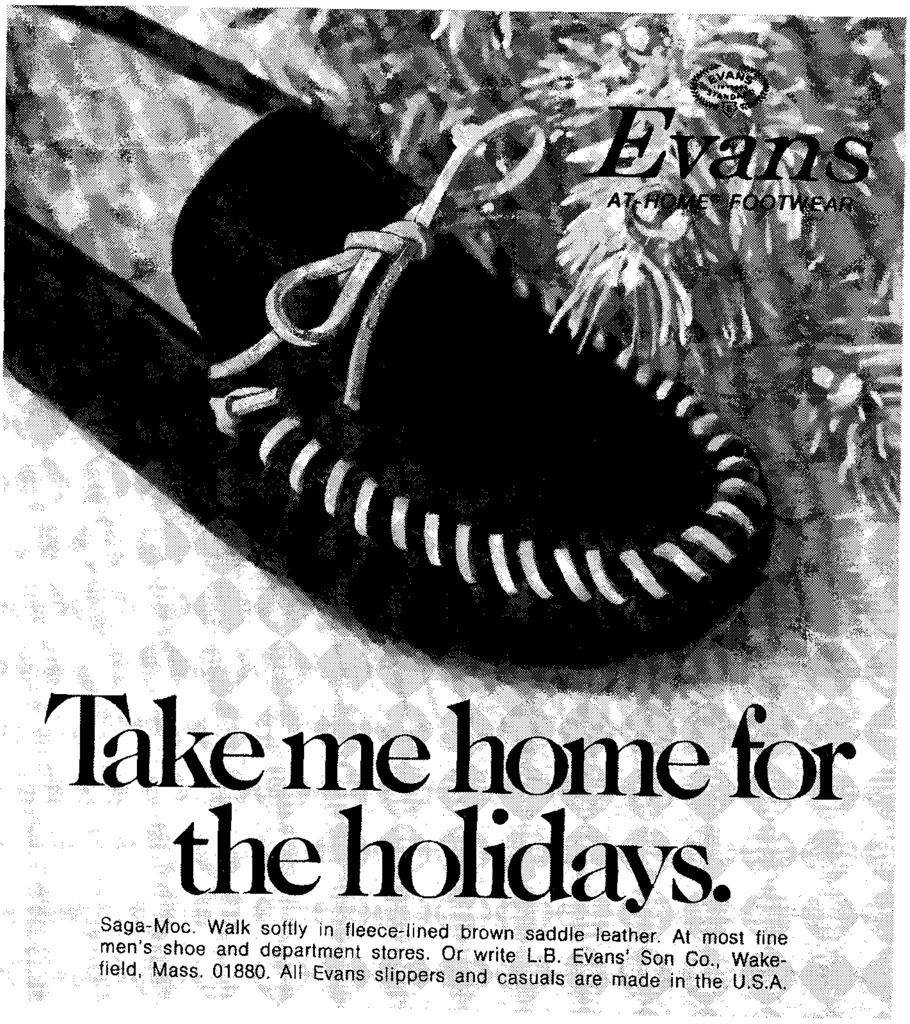


Space technology dividend: use it today or wait five years—this fool-proof flashlight will shine as bright.

The people who make MoonBeam pack into it everything they learned making all the flashlights our astronauts took to the moon: Zero power loss when not in use—you get a powerful beam even if you don't touch it for five years! (Think of the money you've been wasting on batteries that die unfulfilled.) Extraordinary light cell with ten times the staying power of regular batteries. Bright, bright light focused for keeps. A can't-corrode, fail-proof switch. Wherever you put it and forget it—car, summer home, night table—in that moment of crisis it will work! Give it to campers, hostesses, travelers—it's a uniquely American gift. Because Christmas is coming, they're **5 for $27.50**. One MoonBeam, **$5.98** Emergency flasher, 5-year life, visible 1000′ or more, same bulb as all military-commercial life jackets: gift of love for driver, boater, camper, **$10** or **5 for $47.** Flashlight and flasher Survival Set, **$16** or **5 for $75.**

By mail: write Dept. Y, House of Wares, 884 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Please add any tax and $1 delivery. Sorry, no c.o.d.
Our catalog of other unexpected treasures, 35¢.

House of Wares
assorted east side amenities
884 Madison at 72nd—1053 Madison at 80th
Trafalgar 9-8090 © 1973 house of wares, inc. Daily till 6:30 p.m

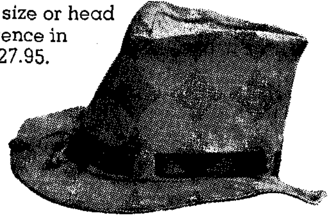


Saga-Moc. Walk softly in fleece-lined brown saddle leather. At most fine men's shoe and department stores. Or write L.B. Evans' Son Co., Wakefield, Mass. 01880. All Evans slippers and casuals are made in the U.S.A.

IF YOU CAN'T HIKE TO KREEGER & SON,

WE'LL SEND KREEGER & SON TO YOU.

Kreeger's **suede hiking hat.** Even people who don't think they look good in hats like this one. Made of sueded cowhide. Send hat size or head circumference in inches. $27.95.



Please fill in the coupon (be sure to include size and quantity) and mail to
KREEGER & SON, 30 W. 46, New York 10036.
If you're not 100% satisfied, I'll make an exchange or refund with no hassle. That's my policy. Doug Kreeger Prop.

____ Suede Hiking Hats, size ____
Enclosed is check or money order for ____
N.Y. residents add sales tax.
Add $1.00 for postage and handling.
Please charge my American Express__Mastercharge__
Card #____ Expiration date____
Signature____
Name____
Address____
City____
State____ Zip____

The best of everything in

NASSAU

And then some. Ten great spots for dining, dancing and fabulous entertainment — our own 18-hole championship golf course, 4 tennis courts — lighted for night play, 1,800 ft. private beach (all on premises), and of course all water sports — the best of everything and then some.

Robert M. Souers, General Manager

See your Travel Agent or phone from anywhere in U.S.
800-327-0787
In Florida **800-432-5594**
In Miami **305-661-3346**

SONESTA BEACH
HOTEL & GOLF CLUB
CABLE BEACH, NASSAU, BAHAMAS

Most rewarding way to buy English china: order Spode, Coalport, Royal Doulton, Minton, Wedgwood–all the famous names–direct from London. Send for free, 24-page colour catalogue with dollar prices from

The General Trading Company
144 Sloane Street London SW1X 9BL England

coon," by John B. L. Goodwin, is a corker.

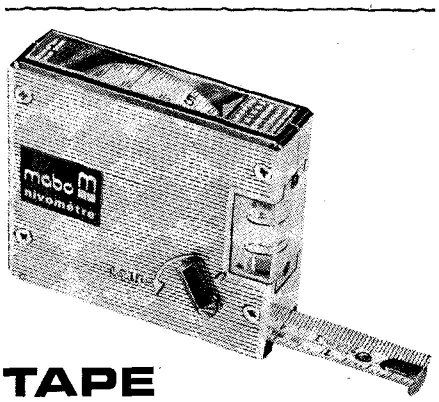
The debate over whether the works of the Brothers Grimm are suitable for children will be feverishly and solemnly carried on until the end of the world, and until that time psychologists both accredited and self-appointed will parse them and lay bare the armatures on which have been built up perverted sexual motives and their realizations. Erich Fromm interpreted "Little Red Riding Hood" in an essay almost as ponderously silly as Leslie Fiedler's on "Huckleberry Finn." Over the years since "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" was published, in 1812-15, the stories have been so often bowdlerized and their language so contorted to fit the taste and the usage of succeeding generations that hardly anyone can remember (if he ever knew) what translation he first read. They have been assimilated into folklore the way ballads and Mother Goose were, and they are thought by the imprecise to be a genre rather than specific tales that came to the Grimms from oral tradition and were written down and polished by them to become a permanent part of literature. I am not sure, but I believe that when I was a child I was introduced to "Rumpelstiltskin," "The Bremen Town Musicians," "Hänsel and Gretel," and all the others that were available in English in books illustrated by Arthur Rackham. This year, twenty of the stories Rackham decorated have been collected in a book ("Grimm's Fairy Tales") published by Viking, and nowhere is there any mention of the translator or translators; it is probable that the first versions in English, translated by Edgar Taylor, which appeared in 1823 (with etchings by Cruikshank), were used as models by successive adapters. The Grimms themselves went on bringing out revised editions, adding and subtracting, simplifying and elaborating, until the middle of the nineteenth century. This book isn't bad, and I can see why, when I was a child long ago, I liked the pictures—the princes are generically handsome and the princesses are generically beautiful and the giants, the witches, and the dwarves are generically grotesque; the text reads smoothly if you are accustomed, as I was those decades ago, to "thee" and "thou" and "canst" and "shouldst."

The Rackham book isn't bad, that is, unless you have seen the miracle now passed by Lore Segal and Maurice Sendak in "The Juniper Tree and Other Tales from Grimm," in two volumes, boxed, and published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. As physical ob-

It's not the most expensive hotel in San Francisco. But maybe it should be.

The Mark Hopkins

AN INTER•CONTINENTAL HOTEL
Number One Nob Hill, San Francisco
Call Inter-Continental Hotels
or (415) 392-3434

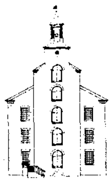


TAPE MEASURE
by Nivometre, France

An elegant, functional tape measure, absolutely the best we've seen. Made in France of tempered stainless steel, heavily chromed case. Spring loaded 10 ft. rule. Measures not only feet and inches but also meters and centimeters. Hairline reading window and clear, bold read-out. It's also a square and level with built in bubble gauge. Retractable point to scribe lines or draw circles. *Guaranteed the best tape you've ever owned or Your Money refunded.* Order by mail or visit the store. Prompt service.

$7.95 ea. **2 for $15.00** **4 for $29.00**
please add 50¢ post per order. 5% tax in Calif.

J. D. BROWNE 900 Northpoint
Ghirardelli Square • San Francisco, Ca. 94109



Museum gifts inspired by the Brandywine tradition and the Hagley Museum. Send 25¢ for a full color brochure to the: Hagley Museum Store, Greenville, Delaware 19807.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

$15.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$10.00 for each additional one-year gift subscription

(ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00.)

Your Name ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

☐ Start a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ______________________________

Your signature ______________________________

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

4 48 3

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has serving pantries.

Gracious dining
in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay
in the fashionable heart of the city,
just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy
HOTEL

Single, $35 to $37; Double, $42 to $44;
Two-Room Suite, $58 to $70.
Also by the week, month or annually.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

Johnny Appleseed's Nylon Jacket

Wind-proof, cold-proof, a topper for town or country, sport or casual wear . . . wherever you require warmth without weight. Made of two layers of Nylon with 5 oz. Dacron Polyester fiberfill insulation between. Car-coat length (34"), has side vents, brass buttons, slash pockets. Good looking, feather-light, and comfortable! Color choice: OYSTER, NAVY, or GREEN.
Sizes S, M, L, XL.
$28.00 ppd. ***Free catalog***

Johnny Appleseed's
64 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!

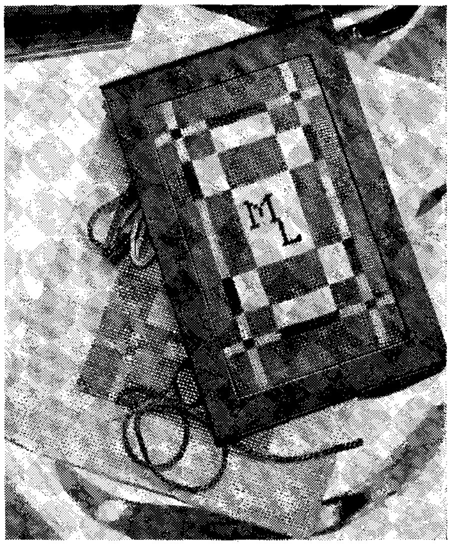
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT
Martha's Vineyard Land

A joy for now and forever.
From $22,500. Terms.
Tea Lane Associates
Chilmark, Mass. 02535
(617) 645-2628

jects, the books are uncommonly agreeable, being of a size exactly right to hold, having comely print on paper tactilely attractive. The work is a real collaboration, since Mrs. Segal and Mr. Sendak together selected the twenty-seven tales from the original two hundred and ten—those she was most inclined to translate and he was inclined to illustrate. They have included four tales that were translated by the late Randall Jarrell and first published in 1962. Except for a few ("Hänsel and Gretel," "The Fisherman and His Wife," "The Golden Bird," "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"—these four by Jarrell), the stories are not so embedded in recollection as to be familiar conceits, and they will come as refreshing surprises. (Although Jarrell's choices are as common as an old shoe, his translation is not: I always thought that the fisherman and his o'erweening wife lived in a "wretched hovel," but he tells me, to my abounding joy, that they lived in a "pot.") I had never before read "The Story of One Who Set Out to Study Fear," which treats of the peculiar case of the younger of two brothers who has never felt his flesh creep and wants to learn how this mysterious condition can be induced. The father of the two boys is pleased with his firstborn, who is obedient and normal and eager to master a trade, and he is impatient with his feckless second, whose only aim in life is to be scared out of his wits. The father arranges with the sexton to teach him what fear means, so that he will be finished and done with the experience and hence will sit up and take notice of the workaday world, where money doesn't grow on trees. But an incident at midnight in the belfry which would turn anybody else's hair white leaves the lad as cool as a cucumber; so does an evening spent under a gallows while the hanged men oscillate in the wind. On a tip, he goes to see the King, who sets him a task that has undone countless headlong boobs before him; that is, to set free a castle in the thrall of a band of evil spirits. A treasure is within the enchanted keep, and whoever vanquishes the wicked ones will have the princess as his reward. The foolish, fearless boy spends three nights in the castle, and in spite of swarms of big black cats and snarling dogs, in spite of weird men who come down the chimney and play ninepins with dead men's skulls and bones, in spite of the ingratitude of a corpse which he attempts to warm up by taking it into his bed (the cadaver comes viciously to life and tries to strangle his would-be

Appointment in needlepoint

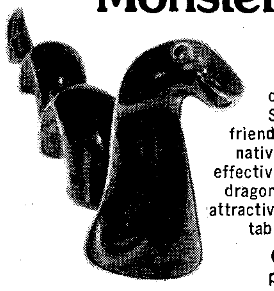
Needlepoint devotees' notepad cover with days-of-week memo pad. With space for initials. Border is vinyl with a leather-look in navy with white/red/green needlepoint; brown with beige/yellow/orange/brown; green with red/green/yellow; black with red/green/grey/black, $16. Needlepoint Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.



Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Loch Ness Monster



A lustrous blue-green ceramic from Scotland, the friendly monster's native land. Most effective in keeping dragons at bay. An attractive four piece table ornament.
Only $6^00^ postage paid.

Kinloch Anderson Ltd
Scotland House, 607 South Washington St.,
Alexandria, Virginia 22313

JAMAICA AT ITS VERY BEST

- luxurious club atmosphere
- 2 golden beaches
- all rooms private balconies overlooking the sea
- terrace dining; dancing nightly
- superb cuisine
- golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, all water sports

Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
Plantation Inn
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. (212) 586-4500.

Luxuriously furnished penthouse in well maintained midtown office building now available to grant-making foundation or equivalent non-profit organization. Suite of three private offices plus large reception area; central access shared with compatible group owning building. Maximum security with attended elevators and starter. Address inquiries on organization letterhead to: Box N.F. The New Yorker Mag., 25 W 43 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

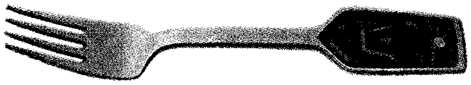
The 1973 Michelsen Christmas Spoon from Royal Copenhagen:

It's only a spoon. That's all that it is. But oh, what a spoon!

Collectors, here comes another Michelsen Christmas Spoon, the 64th since 1910. This one is designed in sterling silver and covered with gold plate. The handle is hand-painted enamel, 3 layers deep.

If you're not yet a collector of Christmas Spoons, and this is going to be your first Spoon, perhaps we ought to explain that these Spoons were from the beginning meant to be dessert spoons. But, for some reason, many of our customers can't bear the idea of dipping these beautiful works of art into a Pêche Melba or a chocolate soufflé. For these connoisseurs, the real pleasure in the Spoons is in owning them, displaying them, and looking at them. But if you want to use your Spoons to eat with, you go right ahead. If you can.

Christmas Spoon and matching Fork:
$36.00 each.
Collectors will be interested to learn that our Christmas Spoons and Forks from 1950 through 1972 can be ordered from now until the end of the year. On December 31st, the molds for 1950 through 1959 will be destroyed.



Available at fine stores everywhere
and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022
This is ad No. 9 in a series. Prints on glossy paper are available upon request.

Photographed at Round Hill, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

More native than
the Limbo.
More exciting than the
beat of a steel drum.
It's Tia Maria,
the essence of Jamaica.
Tia Maria. Jamaica's
haunting liqueur.

Tia Maria
Tia Maria
THE JAMAICAN LIQUEUR

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y. 63 PROOF LIQUEUR

Send for colorful booklet containing dozens of Tia Maria drink and dessert recipes. P. O. Box 5077, F.D.R. Station, New York, N. Y. 10022

savior)—in spite of all this, his flesh does not creep, and he is as cross as sixty. However, he has rid the castle of its evil spirits and the King must give him the princess to wed, but he learns on his honeymoon, through the offices of his wife's clever maid, how it feels when the flesh creeps: one night as he sleeps, his bride douses him with a bucket of cold water filled with minnows brought to her by the servant, and when the little fish wiggle and flip over his shoulders and back, he wakes with a joyous cry, "Ah, now I know what it's like when one's flesh creeps." It's not the same thing, Dear Reader wants to tell him; still, if he's satisfied . . . Nor had I ever read the very short "Mrs. Gertrude," a story in which a naughty little girl who perpetually flies in the face of parental authority goes, though strictly forbidden, to call on a witch and is turned into a log by her hostess and put into the fire; the last sentence is the witch's comfortable "There now, isn't that nice and bright!" Reading alone in an empty house, I laughed aloud at "The Devil and His Three Golden Hairs," and I devoured "The Poor Miller's Boy and the Little Cat," "The Frog King, or Iron Henry," and "Hans My Hedgehog." Hans is half hedgehog and half man, and is kept behind the stove, and his father wishes and wishes and wishes that he would die, but Hans is too contrary to oblige; quitting his disgruntled parents' house, he goes forth into the world, and fortune smiles on him so broadly that if his father knew, *he* would sicken and die with envy. In the title story of the book, "The Juniper Tree," a cruel stepdame decapitates her stepson and then chops him up to cook in sour-soup. This is an absolutely awful story and absolutely marvellous and absolutely beautiful. The abiding value of the Segal/Sendak collection is that it can be read over and over, and each time one will discover a sparkling mot juste that Mrs. Segal has implanted in the text, and each time the study of Mr. Sendak's drawings will show forth a felicity not seen before. These two geniuses soar and dance together in the empyrean.

Sendak illustrates another short Grimm tale, "King Grisly-Beard," using the original Taylor translation; this one tells of a saucy, choosy princess who is brought to book for her sin of pride, and then repents and lives happily ever after. The characters have comic-strip balloons over their heads saying "Pooh!" and "Ha-ha!" and "Sigh," and a small and rather scruffy

Give the warmly dependable Zippo® windproof lighter... a lasting gift.*

*it will work, always, or we will fix it free!

Zippo Manufacturing Co. Bradford, Pa. 16701
In Canada: Zippo Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Lighter shown $27.50
Others to $560.00

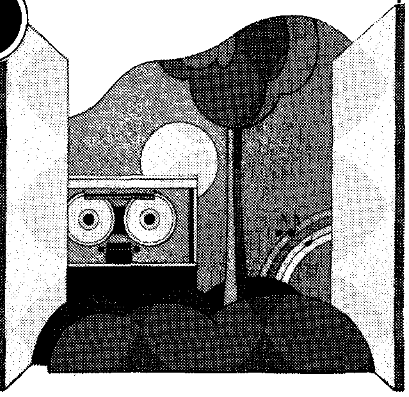
THE PARADISE PROGRAM

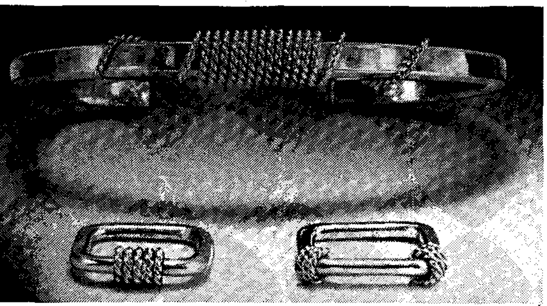
Travels through Muzak, Hilton, Coca-Cola, Texaco, Walt Disney, and other World Empires

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

"One of England's most extraordinary and outlandish wits" (so says Tom Wolfe) infiltrates some very large corporations, some world empires, and comes away with reports that will amuse, anger, and educate while giving you a view you've never seen before. $6.95

WILLIAM MORROW




CIRO SAYS:

The twist is back! But now it's 14 Kt. gold twisted around sterling silver. The bracelet, $50. The square rings (for round fingers), $25 each. Please state ring size when ordering.
Please add $1.25 per order for delivery. Add tax where applicable.

711 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10022 791 Madison Ave.
6 West 57th St. Waldorf Astoria Statler Hilton
Manhasset San Francisco Beverly Hills

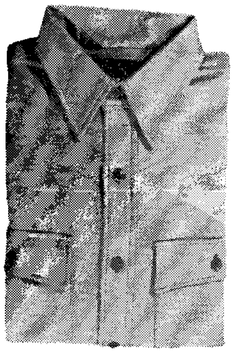
Major Credit Cards Send For Christmas Catalog

CIRO

Bean's Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Chamois Cloth Shirt

For Men and Women



Sueded cotton. Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally used this shirt on his hunting and fishing trips. Colors: Tan, Bright Red, Forest Green. Ladies' sizes: 10 to 20. Price, $8.75 postpaid. Men's sizes: 14½ to 19. Price, $8.85 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship ——— Ladies' Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $8.75

Size——— Color———

Ship ——— Men's Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $8.85

Size——— Color———

Name———

Address———

Zip———

L. L. Bean, Inc.
366 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

go east this winter. ON A RUSSIAN WINTER TOUR.

Fabulous, low-cost, all-inclusive tours. From $475 to $840 per person.

Frequent weekly departures—now until April 1974.

It's all here. Moscow. Leningrad. The Bolshoi. The Kirov. The circus. Traditional Russian cuisine, wines, folk dances, troika rides. And more.

For detailed brochure on this winter's hottest travel buys, see your travel agent or us.

Intourist

USSR Company for Foreign Travel
Travel Information Office in the USA
45 East 49th Street, New York 10017
Telephone: (212) 371-6953

NORWICH INN

SINCE 1797
THE REAL VERMONT

Popovers with pure Vermont Maple Syrup. Maple Sugar Cured Ham. Smoked Bacon & Native Cheeses. Oatmeal bread. Quaint cocktail lounge. Comfortable lodging.
BARBARA & BILL DIBBLE, Skinkers

Box I, (802) 649-1143 • NORWICH, VERMONT 05055

and incidental dog says "Grr." Farrar, Straus & Giroux published it.

I am afraid that parents who have themselves been brought up on the liberties Walt Disney took (and his successors continue to take) with children's classics may fall for a soupy, gaudy version of "Snow White" in which the dwarves have those dumb baby names and stupid baby faces. This trash is purveyed by Random House at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents, and is worth, at the outside, two bits. The book has as much to do with the Grimms as the magic computer has to do with a flesh-and-blood writer.

The admirable Iona and Peter Opie, probably the greatest living scholars of literature for children, add another gem to their crown this year with "The Oxford Book of Children's Verse" (Oxford). They begin with Chaucer and end with Ogden Nash, and they include such treasures as Matthew Prior's "A Letter to the Child Lady Margaret Cavendish Holles-Harley," Wordsworth's "We Are Seven" (never, not *ever*, to be confused with A. A. Milne's "Now We Are Six"), Browning's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," T. S. Eliot's majestic "Macavity: the Mystery Cat," and a goodly helping from Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," which remains my favorite poetry for the young—well, except for Lear.

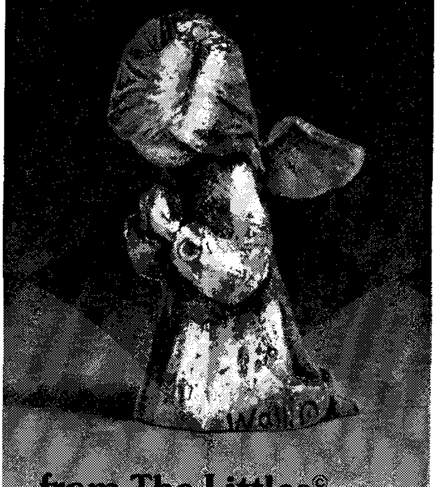
Another collection of verse well worth the money is "A Book of Animal Poems," selected by William Cole and illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker (Viking). The contents are arranged according to species, beginning with "The Birds" and ending with "Animals Together;" in between are "Hunters and Other Horrors" and "Cold Bloods," "Insects" and ". . . and Bat," so readers who do not fancy serpents or winged mammals can avoid those pages.

"Opposites," poems and drawings by Richard Wilbur (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), grew, the flap copy tells us, out of a game played at table by the author, his wife, and their four children. The questions are blithely goofy, and the answers are pert and pertinent:

> What is the opposite of *bat*?
> It's easy enough to answer that.
> A bat sleeps upside down in trees,
> Whereas a *horse*, with equal ease,
> Can sleep while upright in his stall.
>
> Another answer might be *ball*.

It sounds like a good game, excellent for playing while motoring, now that it is no longer possible to count mules

Angel



from The Littles© by Hudson Pewter™

The lustrous charm of pewter takes wings, in this beautifully devout angel for holiday giving. Sculptured by the famous Walli Ortman, it is solid pewter with a copper accent. Crafted by America's leading pewter specialists, it is 4 inches high and priced at $30 in all fine stores. Write for the name of the store nearest you. Exclusively distributed by Schmid Brothers, 55 Pacella Park Drive, Randolph, Massachusets 02368.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Devilishly clever."
—Barbara Bannon, Publishers Weekly

JULIAN SYMONS'

masterful new whodunit has everything—infidelity, murder, "a glittering cast, a labyrinthine plot." —Stanley Ellin

THE PLOT AGAINST ROGER RIDER

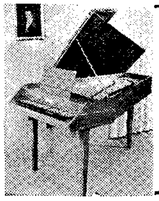
2nd printing

$5.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Jamaica's Finest Resort
Tryall
GOLF AND BEACH CLUB

On a beautiful 3,000 acre plantation. Beautifully appointed guest rooms—fully air conditioned, private residential villas, swimming pool, championship golf course, tennis courts for day or night, horseback riding, beach, international cuisine. For reservation call your travel agent or Wolfe International, New York 565-1114.



HARPSICHORD

. . . the instrument that opens to you a whole new world of fascinating music and sound. The choice of universities, artists, teachers and music lovers. From $1195.00. Brochure $1.00 from:

SABATHIL & SON
Dept. NY, 1084 Homer,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

in fields or, on freeways and turnpikes, to read Burma-Shave ads.

There are two first-rate books about games and how to play them. The first, illustrated with photographs by Don MacSorley, is written by John and Carol Langstaff, and its title is "Shimmy Shimmy Coke-Ca-Pop!" (Doubleday). I never knew that name-calling was a legitimate sport, but I'm happy to learn that it is; no rules are given for this, since obviously none are needed, the only qualification to play being a sharp tongue. I hope I can remember, the next time I meet somebody named Sam, to greet him thus:

"Sam, Sam, the dirty man,
Washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with the back of a
chair,
And danced with a toothache in the
air!"

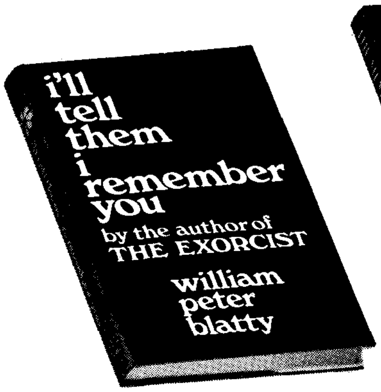
The usurper of the King of the Castle cries out,

"I'm on the King's land,
The King's not at home,
The King's gone to Boston
To buy his wife a comb."

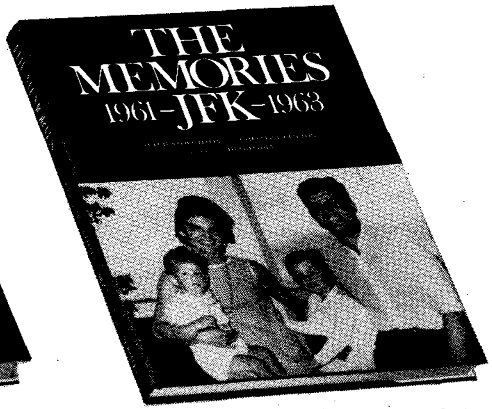
And the song to accompany the bouncing of a ball—it used to be about Mary down by the river where the green grass grows washing her clothes and making a dumpling—is now political: "Down in the valley where the green grass grows,/There sits Kennedy as sweet as a rose./Along came Nixon and kissed him on the cheek./How many kisses did he receive?" I hope the franchise is not extended to include the graduates of kindergarten. There are scores for the lilts, and the photographs of dirty city children, scuffed and scarred, holding nothing sacred, playing savagely, are abundant and captivating.

Anne Rockwell's pictures for "Games and How to Play Them" (Crowell) and her text are effervescently alive. She describes forty-three games, many of which I wish I could play after school today—Leap Frog (my bones would either lock or break if I played that, but I used to be a whiz), I Spy (one I held in contempt, because it was so tame—as was Button, Button; both of these were taught me and my sisters and brother by the tamest of our aunts), Prisoner's Base, Sardines, Kick the Can. I knew this last game in the time before the invention of can openers that leave smooth edges; the cans I kicked were rimmed with razor-sharp bobtailed tin arrows, and because I generally played barefoot, why I did not early die of lockjaw I cannot imagine.

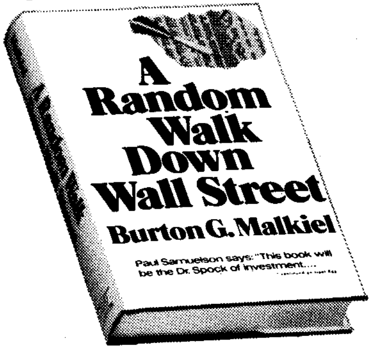
Of the numerous books about pandas


i'll tell them i remember you
by the author of THE EXORCIST
william peter blatty

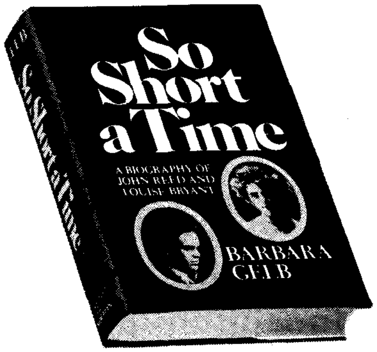
"A lovely, loving book."—ROBERT NATHAN. "Delightful . . . full of beautiful descriptions."—*Miami Herald.* $5.95


THE MEMORIES 1961-JFK-1963

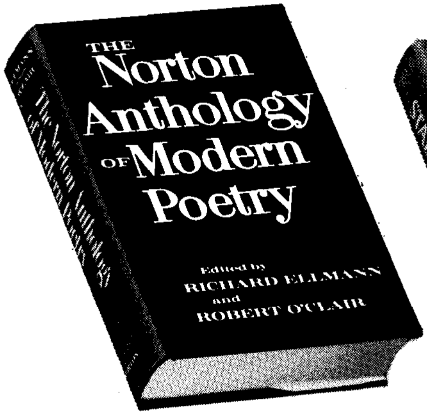
Nearly 200 photos, 14 full-color, of the Thousand Days. With text.
$10.00 until 12/31/73; then $11.95


A Random Walk Down Wall Street
Burton G. Malkiel

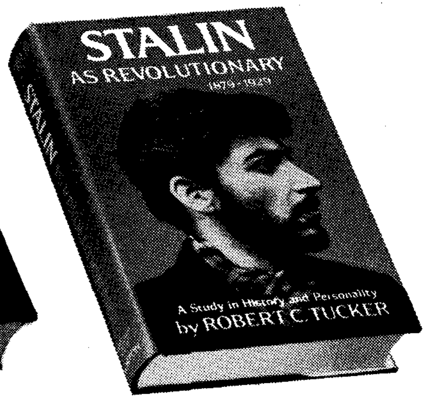
"Will be the Dr. Spock of investment." —PAUL SAMUELSON. "Belongs in the classics category."—*Forbes.* Charts. $7.95


So Short a Time
A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN REED AND LOUISE BRYANT
BARBARA GELB

"Simply wonderful . . . What a story!" —THEODORE H. WHITE. "A remarkable achievement."—JEAN KERR. Illus. $7.95


THE Norton Anthology OF Modern Poetry
Edited by RICHARD ELLMANN and ROBERT O'CLAIR

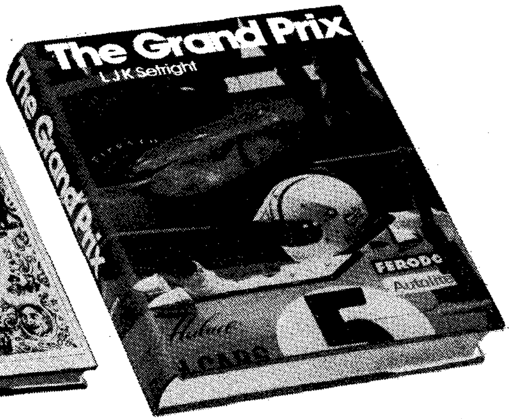
Over 1200 poems by 155 poets, selected and brilliantly annotated by two distinguished editors. 1500 pages. $14.95


STALIN AS REVOLUTIONARY 1879-1929
A Study in History and Personality
by ROBERT C. TUCKER

"A superb work comparable to Isaac Deutscher's multi-volume history of Trotsky."—*Library Journal.* Illus. $12.95

The Marx Bros. Scrapbook
By Groucho Marx and Richard J. Anobile

The unexpurgated Groucho—on a tour through the Marx Brothers' career. Over 300 photos. $13.95

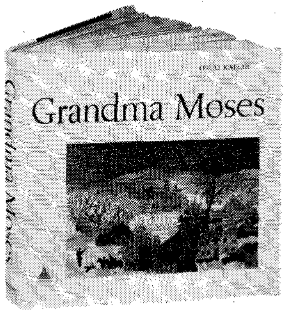

The Grand Prix
L.J.K. Setright

The history of Grand Prix racing—the evolution of engineering advances and design philosophies. Illus. $19.95

Norton AT ALL BOOKSTORES
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

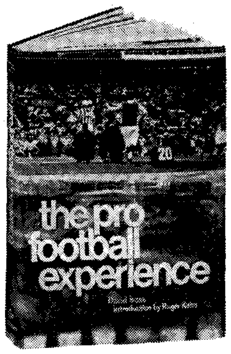
...from HUNTER'S

'For Mother'



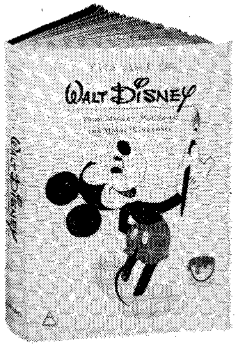
$32.50

'For Father'



$22.50

'For the Family'



$35.00

Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

HUNTER'S BOOKS

463 North Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, California
Phone (213) 274-7301

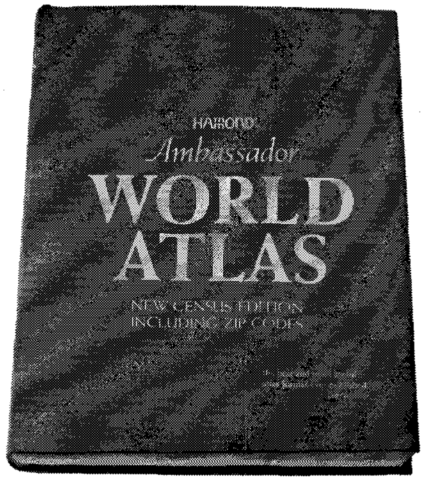
Since 1851
...we take bookselling personally

this year, the one I would buy for a wild-animal-loving child is by Anthony Hiss—a Golden Book, with illustrations by Greg and Tim Hildebrandt. The information in their "The Giant Panda Book" is easily digestible, and the pictures make one long to have—if not, indeed, to *be*—a panda. I was immediately engaged by Mr. Hiss when he explained the taxonomy of animals. A panda is an *Ailuropoda melanoleuca*, the second part of his name meaning "black and white"—a term also applicable to zebras and skunks. "No other animal has a front foot like a giant panda," says Instructor Hiss, "so the scientists call the panda *Ailuropoda*, the-animal-with-the-panda-kind-of-front-foot. This means that if you see an animal, and you look at its front foot, and it has a front foot like a panda, then you must be looking at a panda. That is how scientists think." He tells the story of Chi-Chi, who was swapped in 1958 in Peking for a mess of giraffes, zebras, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses and was to be brought to America, but who never reached these shores because "the United States government decided, unexpectedly, that not one thing that was Chinese could come to this country, even if that one thing was a small giant panda named Chi-Chi." She went instead to the London Zoo, where she refused to be vamped by An-An, who had been brought from Moscow to be her mate. She was friends only with her next-door neighbor, a neat little male onager named Leslie. Thanks to President Nixon's good sportsmanship vis-à-vis China, two pandas, Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing, are resident in the National Zoo in Washington, and they are the only ones living anywhere in the Western world, Chi-Chi and An-An having died without issue.

THE American scene fares so-so this year, as it generally does for children. "Mark Twain in Love," by Albert G. Miller, aims to catch the wit of the Master, and, failing to do so, is alternately quaint and tacky; it seldom pays to imitate the inimitable. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich is responsible for the mistake.

"Me and Willie and Pa" (Simon & Schuster), by F. N. Monjo, illustrated by Douglas Gorsline, purports to be told by Tad Lincoln. It is sometimes embarrassingly folksy ("I'm not going to try to tell you about all the soldiers and generals that was in and out of Washington when we was there. Seemed like every time me and Willie

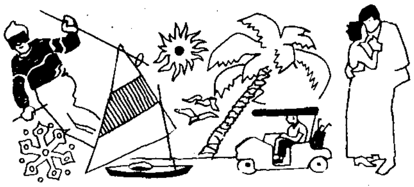
Where in the world...?



in a
HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS
OF COURSE!

For the perfect gift, give one of these outstanding, fact-filled, all-purpose atlases. U.S. zip codes of towns, villages and cities shown on maps. Indexes list latest population information. Maps clearly show all new border information. Businessmen, students, housewives, puzzle fans, scholars, savants . . . all will appreciate this great gift.

$16.95
at better book counters



Very Special RESORTS

3.50 A NEW BOOK FROM THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER

Now the "Country Inns & Back Roads" Traveller presents the *story of visits to 85 notable resorts for sun and snow in Florida*, California, the Rockies, New England, Canada and Hawaii. Includes vital information about facilities, accommodations and recreation. Condominiums, too. An excellent vacation planner. At bookstores, or order directly.

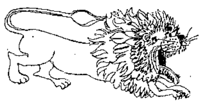
Berkshire Traveller Press
Box 679, STOCKBRIDGE, MA.01262

Complete
Bookbinding
Services
in Leather
or Cloth.
Brochure
25¢

THE CLASSIC BINDERY
P.O. Box 572-0 Mendham, N.J. 07945

SAFARI SUPERLATIVE

140 E. 56 St. NYC 10022 212 688-6291

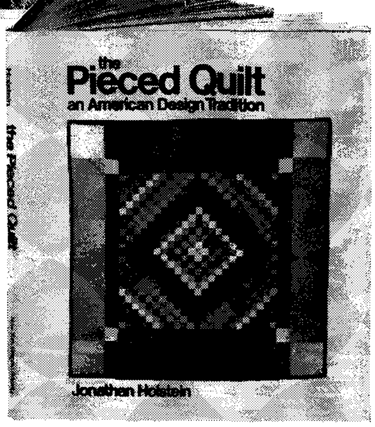


for people who
don't join tours
these are the
lowest price/highest quality
safaris available
January, February & March departures

New York Graphic Society

Superlative Christmas Gifts

IN THIS PROUD LAND
AMERICA 1935-1943 AS SEEN IN THE FSA PHOTOGRAPHS
VINCE LOMBARDI on FOOTBALL
NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
The Art of Andrew Wyeth
EYELIDS OF MORNING
THE MINGLED DESTINIES OF CROCODILES AND MEN
The Barn
A Vanishing Landmark in North America
Eric Arthur and Dudley Witney
The Barn
A Calendar for 1974
VICTOR VASARELY
Planetary Folklore
REGINALD MARSH
Edward Laning



the Pieced Quilt
an American Design Tradition
Jonathan Holstein

IN THIS PROUD LAND

AMERICA 1935-43 AS SEEN IN THE FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION PHOTOGRAPHS

By Roy Emerson Stryker and Nancy Wood. A wonderful portrait of rural America by some of the nation's best photographers. 200 b & w ills. 192 pp. 9 x 12 ins. $15.00

VINCE LOMBARDI ON FOOTBALL

Edited by George L. Flynn. "The most extraordinary book of its kind I have ever read. Beautifully put together . . . it reveals all there is to know about the greatest football genius of all time." —HOWARD COSELL. 64 color plates, 250 b & w ills. 200 line drawings. 448 pp. 8½ x 11 ins. Two volume set, gold stamping, slipcase. $19.95 until 3/1/74; then $25.00

EYELIDS OF MORNING

THE MINGLED DESTINIES OF CROCODILES AND MEN

By Alistair Graham. Photographs by Peter Beard. A stunningly illustrated account of an extraordinary expedition to determine civilization's impact upon primitive man and prehistoric beast. 16 color, 400 b & w ills. 260 pp. 9 x 12 ins.
$17.50 until 1/31/74; then $22.50

VICTOR VASARELY

PLANETARY FOLKLORE

By Victor Vasarely. In this witty, visually exciting book, the inventor of Op Art reveals the full range of his creative imagination. 88 pp. of b & w and color ills. 9¼ x 9¾ ins. $15.00

THE ART OF ANDREW WYETH

Edited by Wanda Corn. "In this lavishly illustrated volume superb reproductions are combined with perceptive commentaries on his work . . . a visually rewarding and insightful study."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* 110 color plates, 52 b & w ills. 176 pp. 12 x 9 ins. $19.95

THE PIECED QUILT

AN AMERICAN DESIGN TRADITION

By Jonathan Holstein. A brilliant study of a unique American folk art by "the most looked-to scholar in the field." —*New York* magazine. 96 color plates, 59 b & w ills. 192 pp. 9 x 12 ins. $17.50

THE SKETCHBOOKS OF REGINALD MARSH

By Edward Laning. Selections from Marsh's hundreds of sketchbooks provide a fascinating record of New York City life from 1920 to the early 50s. 8 color plates, 200 b & w ills. 160 pp. 9 x 10½ ins. $15.00

THE BARN

A VANISHING LANDMARK IN NORTH AMERICA

By Eric Arthur and Dudley Witney. "An admirable pictorial study of barns built in North America . . . Full of homely information."—*New Yorker.* 135 color photos, 278 b & w ills. 256 pp. 11 x 12 ins. 3rd Printing. $25.00

THE BARN: A Calendar for 1974

Photographs by Dudley Witney. A magnificent calendar incorporating the finest work from *The Barn,* plus striking new shots. 27 color photographs. 14 x 12 ins. Boxed, $4.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY 140 Greenwich Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. 06830. A Time Incorporated Company

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946

English Woollen Socks Individually Sized

There is nothing to beat the feel, comfort and lasting quality of these handsome soft, pure woollen **Byford** socks with 5% nylon heel and toe reinforcement. Wool permits breathability. Machine washable. Non-elastic top. Black, navy, dark brown, dark grey, maroon, olive. Individually sized: 10½, 11, 11½, 12 & 13.

"Non-Elastic" top anklet **6 prs. $15.** "Non-Elastic" top Over-the-Calf garter length. **6 prs. $18.**

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mail Orders to: English Woollen Socks
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Color	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Anklet			Cable Car Charge ☐
Over-the-Calf			Sorry, No COD's

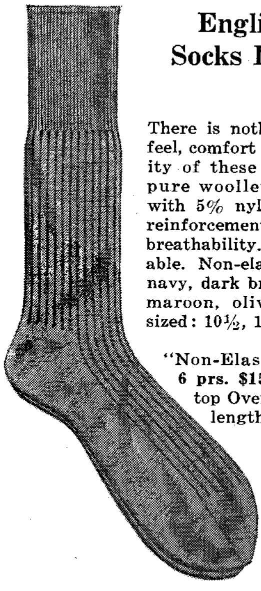
☐ Please send Catalogue (415) 397-4740

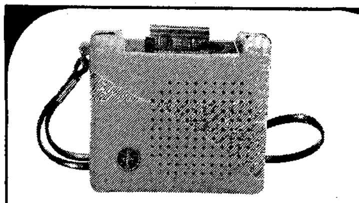
Name..........

Address..........

..........Zip..........

Add 1.75 Ship & Hdlg • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M12-3





ELECTRONIC MOSQUITO CHASER

Inspired gift for golfer, sports fan, fisherman, boater, camper, any outdoor enthusiast. Emits tone that repels the mosquito. Effective range three to eight feet. Clip on belt, waistband, purse, pillow, chair. Expected battery life up to 200 hours. $21.95

Mail orders add 75¢; Georgia residents add sales tax. All major credit cards.

Gifts for Men, Inc.
In the Regency Hyatt House
265 Peachtree St., NE
Atlanta, Georgia 30303 404/525-5123

OUT ISLAND RETREAT

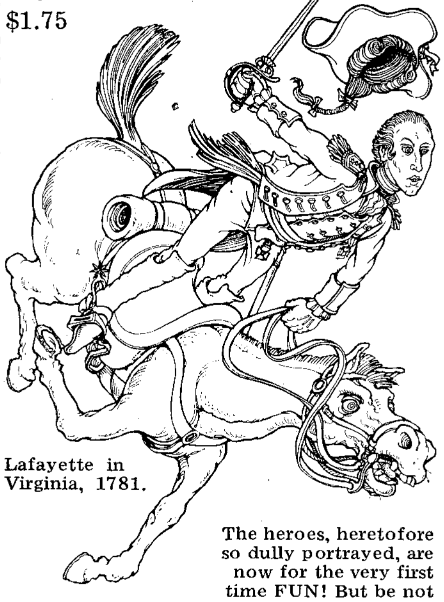
Small, private, remote, casual, quiet 1,000-acre island (Normans Cay, The Exumas, Bahamas) with 10 rooms in guest cottages. Dining room, bar, tennis, water sports. Rates and brochure: The Island Company, Ltd., 375 Park Avenue, NYC 10022 (212) 832-8830

looked up, there was some plaguey general, asking some favor of Pa—just when we was about to start playing marbles with him, or Pa was fixing to spin our tops"), but I can see that it might capture the fancy of a young history buff and encourage him to immerse himself in the Civil War.

That buff might begin earlier, with the Revolution, if his interest is sparked by "And Then What Happened, Paul Revere?," by Jean Fritz, with pictures by Margot Tomes (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). In this case, however, he might lose sight of Revere's importance as a historical figure and be admiringly flabbergasted by the perpetual motion of that dervish as he whirls away to a fare-thee-well in Boston, where he was a silversmith (besides making porringers and goblets and that sort of thing, "once he made a silver collar for a man's pet squirrel"), a bell ringer at Christ Church, a philoprogenitive husband, who fathered eight children by his first wife (two died young) and eight by his second (three of these died young), an engraver, a dentist ("he fixes them in such a Manner that they are not only an Ornament, but of real Use in Speaking and Eating"). Thus he advertised his choppers, which were made out of the tusks of hippopotamuses. At any rate, that is what Mrs. Fritz says, and I hope she is telling the truth, because I have absorbed this fact into a permanent file of startling miscellaneous information. After the war, Paul Revere opened up a hardware store, in which he sold playing cards as well as nails and sleigh bells, and he set up a foundry, and he learned how to roll sheet copper, so, when it was ready, he sheathed the dome of the Boston Statehouse in gleaming copper. And he didn't play out until he was eighty-three.

This hypothetical student of ours who is interested in wars on American soil would be well instructed by Franklin Folsom's "Red Power on the Rio Grande" (Follett), which, while scholarly and reliable, is told colloquially. It recounts the uprising of the oppressed Pueblos in Aztlán (now New Mexico) against the Spaniards in 1680. The Spaniards had appropriated the Indians' land and had enslaved the people; taking for themselves most of the crops the slaves had planted and harvested, they taxed them unmercifully for the meagre share they were allowed to keep for themselves. The Spanish lords took squaws as their concubines, and they meted out torturing punishments. It was the impo-

A COLORING BOOK of The AMERICAN REVOLUTION
$1.75

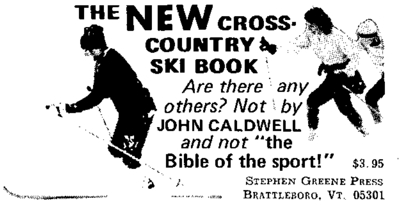


Lafayette in Virginia, 1781.

The heroes, heretofore so dully portrayed, are now for the very first time FUN! But be not misled; this book is loaded with magnificent history. Other BELLEROPHON coloring books: SHIPS, INCAS, HENRY VIII, QUEEN ELIZABETH I, ANCIENT EGYPT, JAPAN, INDIANS, SHAKESPEARE, RENAISSANCE, MOTHER GOOSE, ONE OLD OXFORD OX, CHAUCER (with a record showing how fun it is to speak Middle English), $1.75. THE WIFE OF BATH, $1.95. Cook Books: FOODSTAMP GOURMET, $1.50, EAT IT, $1.95 at your store or add 25c and write BELLEROPHON BOOKS 153 Steuart St., San Francisco CA 94105

A lilting portrait written in three-quarter time
JOSEPH WECHSBERG'S
THE WALTZ EMPERORS
THE LIFE AND TIMES AND MUSIC OF THE STRAUSS FAMILY
Lavishly illustrated/Just Published
$15 from your bookseller/PUTNAM

Hotel Barranquitas...
the Puerto Rico you might have never seen!
A rustic country hotel... tucked away in the mountains near San Juan... An ideal paradise for a relaxing family vacation... heated pool, horseback riding, pitch and putt golf, excellent cuisine...and many more attractions.
Hotel Barranquitas P.O. Box 68
Barranquitas, Puerto Rico 00618
For information call your Travel Agent. Member of Leonard Hicks organization.

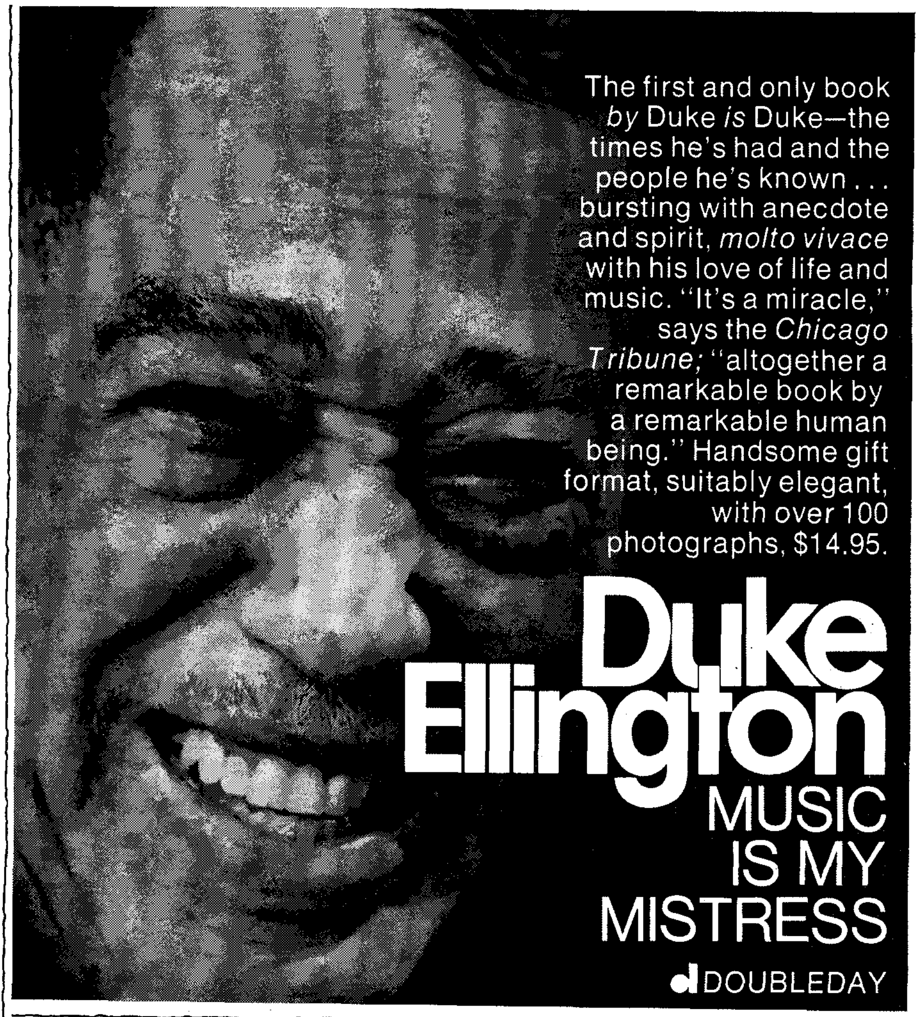


THE NEW CROSS-COUNTRY SKI BOOK
Are there any others? Not by JOHN CALDWELL and not "the Bible of the sport!" $3.95
STEPHEN GREENE PRESS
BRATTLEBORO, VT. 05301

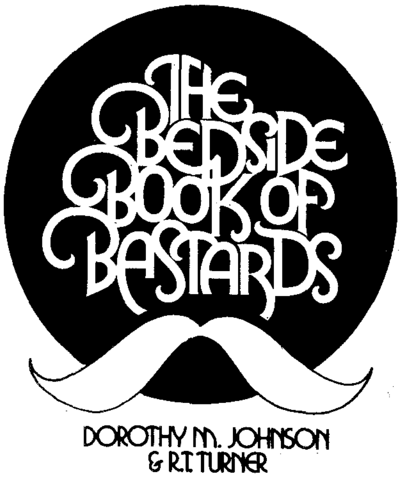
sition of the zealous missionaries' religion on the Indians that kindled them to blazing fury, and under the leadership of a much revered medicine man, Popé, they bloodily routed the Spanish. Popé's strategy was prodigiously clever, and it was carried out against great odds: his people had neither horses nor firearms, and, moreover, they were disunited, each village observing its own customs and taboos and using its own dialect (there were seven separate languages, and many dialects within each). After Popé's death, the Spanish raiders came again, in 1692, and the Indians, who had lapsed back into parochial ways, capitulated, but while they observed the rituals of the Catholic Church they openly celebrated their own as well, and they existed in a tolerable if somewhat ignominious compromise. Soon after the second occupation of Aztlán, a new people began to drift in—descendants of both Indians and Spaniards; they are known today as Chicanos or Hispanos and, with the full-blooded aborigines, they are working to establish their independence and to resuscitate their ancient traditions.

If this same student, bewitched by the past, is serious enough to want to go back to the dawns of civilizations, he will find what he wants in a series of books for the beginning archaeologist published by Henry Z. Walck. Three titles from last year are "Introducing Archaeology," by Magnus Magnusson (he was born in Reykjavik but now lives in England as a journalist and a translator of Icelandic sagas); "The Archaeology of Ancient Egypt," by T. G. H. James; and "Digging up the Bible Lands," by Ronald Harker. This year, Mr. Magnusson is on the list again, with "Viking Expansion Westwards." Another new book is "The Archaeology of Minoan Crete," by Reynold Higgins. The information in all these books is readable, and there are many photographs, maps, and drawings.

TWO books that should be burned at once and their plates destroyed are "Wheels for Kids," by John Gabriel Navarra, and "Big Name Hunting," by Charles and Diane Hamilton. The first, published by Doubleday, and with photographs by Mr. Navarra's wife, Celeste Scala Navarra, applauds—nay, *urges*—the use of motorbikes by people too young for any means of vehicular transportation more complex than roller skates. "It's a thrill to hear the engine roar," says Mr. Navarra. It may be a thrill to him and it may be a thrill to the driver; to me


The first and only book *by* Duke *is* Duke—the times he's had and the people he's known . . . bursting with anecdote and spirit, *molto vivace* with his love of life and music. "It's a miracle," says the *Chicago Tribune;* "altogether a remarkable book by a remarkable human being." Handsome gift format, suitably elegant, with over 100 photographs, $14.95.

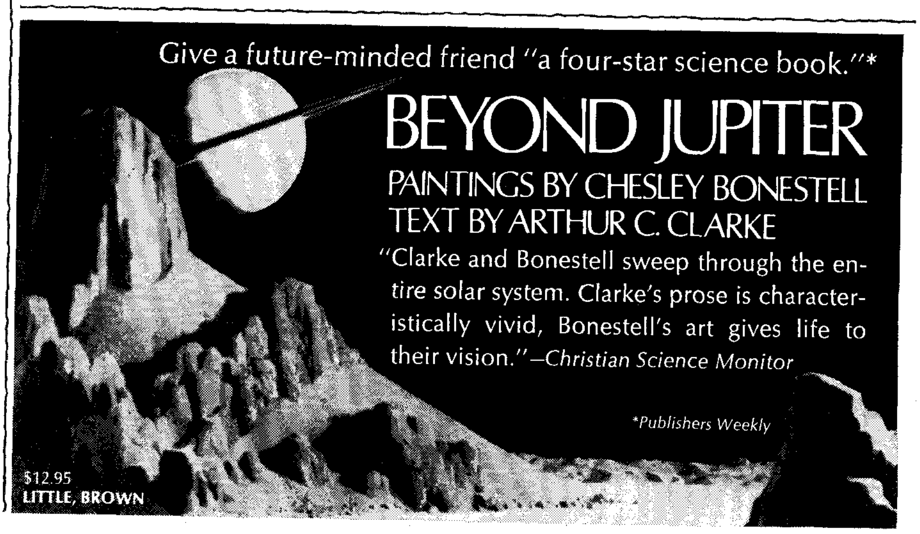
Duke Ellington
MUSIC IS MY MISTRESS
DOUBLEDAY


THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF BASTARDS
DOROTHY M. JOHNSON & R.T. TURNER

Give your nasty side a treat!

Next time you feel Mr. Hyde taking over, dip into this "unabashed romp through the fields of human villainy . . . Nero, Caligula, Torquemada, de Sade—in all, thirty-six of history's nastiest bastards gouge, rape, and flagellate their way through these breezy, irreverent sketches."—*SR/World*
With pictures, yet! $8.95

McGraw Hill


Give a future-minded friend "a four-star science book."*

BEYOND JUPITER
PAINTINGS BY CHESLEY BONESTELL
TEXT BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

"Clarke and Bonestell sweep through the entire solar system. Clarke's prose is characteristically vivid, Bonestell's art gives life to their vision."—*Christian Science Monitor*

*Publishers Weekly

$12.95
LITTLE, BROWN

YOUR FIRST TASTE OF THE ORIENT IS FREE.

Cathay Pacific Airways
Discovery Tours of the Orient

But very valuable. Cathay Pacific's free tour book gives you a look at the most colorful people and places in the Far East. All kinds of tours, from the airline of the Orient for 27 years. All kinds of experiences you could miss without this book.

Yes, give me a free taste of the Orient.
Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is

Cathay Pacific Airways – Dept.NYC-12/3/73
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102

CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

"Colette comes alive in this clear-eyed, perceptive and important study."
—Publishers Weekly

Colette
The Difficulty of Loving
A Biography
by Margaret Crosland
Introduced by Janet Flanner

"Fresh...unusual...meticulous... uncensored, scholarly and entertaining."
—Janet Flanner, in her Introduction

20 black-and-white illustrations
$8.95

A Selection of the *Readers Subscription Book Club*

At your bookseller
BOBBS-MERRILL

The Season's most Unusual Cards, Posters and Tissues.
BirthdayBook
740 Madison

it is a call to arms. He goes on to say, "During the last few years, more than one-half million cycles have been sold each year. This means that a lot of bikes are on the roads and the country trails." You can say that again, Buster. The treacherous tots swarm by day and by night all through the pastoral bylanes of my rural neighborhood, threatening—they're only pretending, of course, in their slapstick youngster way—to run down old ladies on botanical rambles, obliging motorists to veer sharply to avoid killing them and thereby putting their own lives in jeopardy, drowning out the bark of the fox and the song of the lark and the bray of the ass with their *varoom! varoom!* and their thunderous whine as they race nowhere for no purpose. The Navarras tell and show how the driver should dress and should conduct himself, but they have no recipes for the extermination of the pests.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, who are published by Simon & Schuster, seek, in their "Big Name Hunting," to encourage another variety of privacy invaders. They demonstrate how to profit, in dollars and cents, by breaking down the reserves of the famous and conning them into putting their John Hancocks on five-by-three filing cards or any other paper that readily comes to hand. If the collector is on his toes, he may be able to insinuate himself even further into a notable's sanctum and abstract a whole letter out of the unwary bloke. At the end of the book, there is a list of likely quarries, together with their home addresses. Most of them have staff members to deal with this sort of odious nuisance—Philip, Prince Consort of England; Charlie Chaplin; Henry Ford II—but some of them are people who I know would not be pleased at being importuned by teen-aged entrepreneurs who ought to be studying their Latin lesson.

Caveat emptor.

Don't take any wooden nickels.

Buy shares in Dart Industries (its stock seems to be doing right well), but buy Me-Books only if you aim to lose friends and estrange people.

Tell your local librarian in no uncertain terms that "What the heck is National Library Week?" is a silly question deserving of only a silly answer.

—JEAN STAFFORD

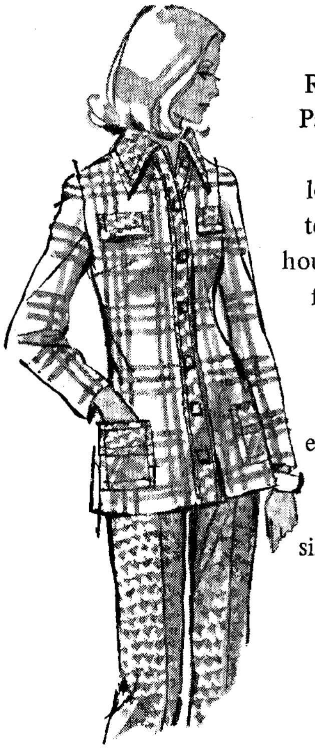
•

CHEVROLET 1966—Corvette, 327 300 HP, Crager mags, all original. 45,000 actual miles. Must sell to appreciate.

—*Adv. in the Bangor Daily News.*

We had a car like that once.

JOHN BALDWIN
Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.



Route One Pantsuit for the resort look. Plaid teams with houndstooth for a great new look in easy-care polyester. Red, green or navy in sizes 8–18, **$46.00.**

MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701

Country Inns and Back Roads
3.50 **By The Berkshire Traveller**

Deep winter at a country inn! Fragrant pine boughs, twinkling lights, robust good times, hearty food, snug beds, crackling fireplaces. Visits 116 inns including New England, New Mexico, Arizona, California. At bookstores, or order directly. A noteworthy gift.

Berkshire Traveller Press
Box 680, STOCKBRIDGE, MA.01262

Louie's Back Yard
An inexpensive place for people with money
Key West
305-294-2235

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.

Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

The world's most popular Christmas Club.

Luxuriously gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by
Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 U.S. PROOF
OSLO · MELBO
AMSTERDAM · N
MADRID · VIEN
TOKYO · SAN JU
CANADA CANADA
SPAIN

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

RTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1973

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

This Khalabar will simply not allow festivities to end!

NON-CIRCULATING

This is the carpet that begins to glow when you get it and then glows and glows. Isn't it just like the legendary Khalabar* to spring to such gorgeous life on your floors every day of the year?

How real are the pleasures of this genuine India hand-made Khalabar. Its pure long-life wool invites you to touch, stroke, walk on, sink into. Its crimson depths are as lustrous as only our own special dyes can make them. Its hand-carving gives a light-and-shadows sculptured dimension.

But, if you think this great elegance will pall when the poinsettias are no longer in bloom, you don't know Khalabar. Get to know and love this hand-woven carpet now . . . such beauty is truly a joy forever. You'll find Khalabar (Bengali* and Chindia* too), at a fine store near you.

GENUINE pc KHALABAR

Look for the distinctive gold and black medallion—it's your assurance that your selection is *genuine* . . . a Pande, Cameron original. And send for our full-color illustrated booklet of India hand-woven carpets . . . just $1.00 to

PANDE, CAMERON AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
Dept. PNY123, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.